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How FAMOUS AUTHORS Write Their STORIES

Inspiration Essential, Hard Work, and Regular Hours

As you read your favorite author's latest story in the pages of The Australian Women's Weekly, I suppose you are like me, and cannot help wondering how he or she works.

Most of us imagine them as living a carefree existence, writing only when they feel like it, and then only in glamorous surroundings.

As a matter of fact, they work regular hours, just as you and I do.

DO they wait for inspiration as did many writers of a more leisurely age? Or do they, after the manner of the late Arnold Bennett, regard authorship as a business and "get down to it" at regular hours?

The answer is that most present-day writers have more or less fixed methods and hours of work, although not disdaining that inspiration which is the hall-mark of genius.

Take, for example, E. Phillips Oppenheim, master of crime and mystery fiction, who has thrilled millions of readers.

He dictates regularly every morning from nine till one and sometimes in the late afternoon when not playing golf.

His "office" is usually an arbor on the lawn at his villa near Nice, from which he can look out over the Mediterranean.

He prefers to draw his characters from real life, though not necessarily from those closest to him.

By
V. EDMUND
GRIMLEY



A. J. CRONIN (top left) wrote "The Citadel" in an exercise book. VICKI BAUM (top right) writes carefully and at set hours. P. G. WODEHOUSE (lower picture), seen with a friend in Hollywood, writes brilliant humor with a battered typewriter.

It may be a face, a peculiar gait, a sinister look or even a way of lighting a cigarette, and almost at once an idea for a new book is born.

A. J. Cronin, whose world's best seller, "The Citadel," ran as a serial in The Australian Women's Weekly, writes his stories in long-hand in twopenny exercise books.

He writes slowly and likes to be alone. "The Citadel" was written in a lonely cottage in the Scottish highlands.

When the story is finished it goes to the typist—but not before.

Mention of the typewriter recalls a museum piece possessed and much prized by humorist Pelham Granville (P.G. to you!) Wodehouse.

The machine is so old that he can hardly remember when he bought it, though necessity has made it new in parts. Offers from relatives and others to replace it with an up-to-date model have been gently but firmly refused.

The creator of Jeeves, Psmith, and other famous humorous characters says that he does not consciously draw from real life.

He may recollect having met somebody somewhere, and then the finishing touches are provided by his fertile imagination.

An item in a newspaper may suggest an idea for a humorous yarn. Copious notes will follow covering, perhaps, 200 pages or more, although not all of it will be used.

Serious Business

Often whole scenes will be scrapped, pages cut down to paragraphs. Even after the story has been written he may decide it is not good enough and start again. Being funny is a serious business.

P. G. Wodehouse can work anywhere. All he needs is his pipe and his old typewriter and he feels at home, whether it be in London, New York, Hollywood or Le Touquet.

The one thing he would not think of using for his writing is a pen. He says it dries up his powers of imagination.

Contrast that with Rebecca West, who has no use for the typewriter as a medium of expression. Her method is quite unlike that of any other writer.

Using a series of pads she jots down a sentence or paragraph on one pad, then alters it on another pad, and continues until she is satisfied that the last effort is better than all the others.

Newspapers and correspondence engage J. B. Priestley's attention first thing in the morning. At eleven o'clock he is ready to begin the busi-



EDGAR WALLACE, the first English novelist to use a dictaphone.

ness of authorship, writing straight on to the portable typewriter on his desk.

Part of the afternoon is given up to rest, tennis, or painting, which is his favorite hobby. Then from 4.30 until 7.30 he again retires to his study for more work.

Gilbert Frankau and Vicki Baum also keep to regular working hours. They are both tremendously careful about detail, but otherwise their ideas come fairly steadily and easily.

H. G. Wells has no regular working hours. He writes when the mood is on him, and if an idea comes to him after he has retired for the night, as it sometimes does, he will get out of bed and do his writing before it has had time to get cold.

The late Edgar Wallace was the first English author to use a dictaphone.

Sometimes he dictated a full story into the machine in the one day.

He reeled off articles into the dictaphone in between play and story, writing without effort.

Sydney Horler, called Wallace's successor, also uses the dictaphone. In fact, he said it was Edgar Wallace who gave him the idea.

Winifred Birkett, Australian author and literature medallist, types her stories after having let the plot work itself out in her head. She likes the country to write in or the quietness of the night.

E. V. Timms, author of "Conflict" and other historical romances, says he has written ideas for stories on the backs of bills and receipts, and thought out plots in trams and trains. But as a rule he likes to treat writing as a business.

He advocates the author's three R's for budding writers—reading, research, revision. Without these, he says, it is difficult to avoid slipshod treatment.

Let's Talk Of
Interesting
People



Exchanged Jobs

SOME little time ago Miss Clark, a typist of Wellington, New Zealand, wrote to a firm of London solicitors asking if they knew of a girl typist who would like to exchange homes and jobs with her. The firm was replying that they knew of none when the typist filed the letter read it. She offered to go, with the result that she went to Miss Clark's job in New Zealand and Miss Clark took over her duties in London.



Television Expert

DR. J. D. MCGEE, M.Sc., Ph.D., of the Research Department of Electrical and Musical Industries, England, was among distinguished overseas visitors to the World Radio Convention, held in Sydney recently. Dr. McGee is Australian born and a graduate of the University of Sydney, and also of Cambridge. His people live near Canberra. He has been closely associated with the growth of television in England and has been directly connected with the development of the Emitron camera, considered the most outstanding television apparatus in the world.



Famous Actress

MISS RUTH DRAPER, world-famous American character actress, engaged to tour Australia, is one of the highest paid actresses in the world. Her repertoire of 40 sketches—satirical and humorous—includes portraits of people of many nations. Miss Draper uses no scenery and a minimum of costumes, yet it is difficult for her audience to realise that there is not a crowd of people on the stage instead of one clever actress. She has been enthusiastically received in all countries, as she speaks most languages as fluently as her own.

Lovely younger set member TELLS

I KNOW, LET'S HAVE A MANNEQUIN PARADE FOR THE BIG CHARITY DRIVE.

WE'LL NEED LOTS OF PRETTY GIRLS

OF COURSE, NO PARADE WOULD BE A SUCCESS WITHOUT THAT GLORIOUS O'BRIEN GIRL.

ISN'T SHE LOVELY? AND SUCH A MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION!

I DO HOPE SHE'LL GO IN THE PARADE.

THEN MAYBE WE'LL FIND OUT WHY HER SKIN ALWAYS LOOKS SO BEAUTIFUL.

WE'D GIVE A LOT FOR A COMPLEXION LIKE YOURS.

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I SAW the JOHNSON "QUADS"



HAPPY BIRTHDAY to us. This sums up the sentiment of the Johnson "Quads," Vera, Mary, Bruce and Kathleen, seen here celebrating their third birthday.

Charming Foursome Of Happy Babies Now Three Years Old

Apart from the world-famous "Quins," the New Zealand "Quads" are the most interesting children in the world. They have just celebrated their third birthday.

Australia has heard of these youngsters, but it has never seen them.

Because they represent something unique in our history, a personal close-up of the children in their own home is given in the article below.

From Our Special N.Z. Representative

THERE is no formality about a visit to the home of the Johnson "Quads," at Wakiri, just outside the city of Dunedin. You just go there and the parents are pleased to see you and show you their quartet of delightful babyhood.

The home of the Johnsons is a single-storied, seven-roomed building overlooking the city. There is plenty of open ground around it, with a view of the sea beyond.

A knock at the door caused a scuffling of childish feet.

Mr. George Johnson opened the door.

He is father of the famed "Quads," and is an employee of the city gas company.

Being engaged in night duty, he was at home on this bright autumn morn-

ing. A tallish, well-featured man, born in the south of England, he has dark hair and a pleasant smile.

The Johnsons are accustomed to visitors. "You would like to see the children?" Mr. Johnson queried. I admitted I would. Politely motioning me to a seat, he went off to collect his family.

The four children came into the room. I gazed at them, first with wonder, and then with admiration.

There are three girls and a boy. The American "Quins," as everyone knows, consist of five girls, but the New Zealand "Quads" have a boy among them.

Two Alike

THE boy, who is named Bruce, is a sturdy youngster, slightly bigger in build than his sisters, though there is not much difference between them.

He is the quietest of the group. He looked open-eyed at the visitors.

Of the three girls, one, Vera, is unlike the other two—quite curiously unlike.

She is a true blonde, with straw-colored hair, whereas theirs is brown, and inclined to be dark.

Vera is the least developed of the four.

She is not yet able to walk, but has a way of locomotion of her own. She propels herself with her hands, while in a sitting position.

Striking Resemblance

VERY attractive are the two remaining sisters, Kathleen and Mary. These little girls are worth coming a long way to see.

They are at first glance exactly alike. Even a second glance fails to reveal differences. They are of the same height and build.

They are dressed alike, or were when I saw them.

Each had a little blue jumper and white frock.

Each wore the same make of sandals. Their carefully tended hair was of the same shade and length. Their grey-blue eyes had the same sparkle, and their pretty childish lips the same curve and smile.

Their mother can tell them apart, but for the ordinary visitor the feat is impossible. It is the "double-cherry" over again.

THEY'RE NOT SHOW EXHIBITS

"WHAT struck me most about the 'Quads' was the happy, healthy look of them, and the natural life they were leading," says our special representative who saw the "Quads."

"Despite the fact that they aroused widespread interest throughout Australia and New Zealand, one has no feeling that the children are on show."

"The parents, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, treat you like a friend who has dropped in to see the children."

"There is no putting on side on the part of the parents or the children."

In this way I made the acquaintance of New Zealand's most remarkable family group.

The first and last impression is that of a happy, smiling quartet.

They talk, with the exception of Vera, much as do other children of their age.

They are perhaps less glib, and a shade slower at putting their infant thoughts into words.

Mrs. Johnson, the children's mother, is a young woman in her early thirties.

She is interesting in her own right, apart from her remarkable progeny.

She is of average height, robust without being stout, has good features, and a bright, alert manner.

The cares of a family of six—there were two girls, born at separate births, before the "Quads" arrived—have not damped her natural cheerfulness.

One would say she was proud of being the mother of the most remarkable family south of the line.

Mrs. Johnson showed me the room containing three cots, in which the girls sleep.

"Bruce used to have his cot here, too," she said, "but he is full of mischief. He used to throw pillows at the girls, and keep them awake, so I have put him in another room."

"Kathleen is mischievous, too."

"If you ask her her name, she says 'Mary,' though she knows it is her sister's. It is just her fun."

"What would you like your girls to do when they grow up?" I asked Mrs. Johnson.

"I would like them to travel," she said quickly. "I would like Australia to see them. The Australians who come here are delightful."

"And when you grow up, you would like them to marry?"

"I suppose so," she said, smilingly, "but it's too early to think of that."

"Anyway, I would like them to travel first."

Readers Vote Against Cathedral Design

A flood of letters has reached The Australian Women's Weekly office in response to the invitation to readers to express their opinions on the St. Andrew's Cathedral proposals.

A 95 per cent. majority supports the suggestion that the old cathedral should be kept intact and a new cathedral built elsewhere. Many of them are in favor of the Church Hill site. Letters continue to pour in.

PUBLICATION in last week's Australian Women's Weekly of photographs showing exactly what the proposed additions to St. Andrew's Cathedral would look like was warmly applauded by a number of churchmen who attended the Anglican Synod meeting to discuss the project.

Many of those who attended took their copies of The Australian Women's Weekly with them, to confirm their opinion that a new cathedral should be built on another site.

A number commended the suggestion that the general public should be allowed to express its point of view on the suggested scheme.

Plans to reconstruct the Cathedral have been held up pending further consideration of the design, which town planners describe as a "crematorium."

An indication of public feeling about the design is given in the following

letters, a few of those received from readers:—

J. Doolan, Parramatta: "I believe that the vast majority of Church members in their hearts, hopes and prayers are all with you in the views expressed in your article. Sydney people truly desire, and deserve, a new cathedral."

E. Evans, Blackwall: "St. Andrew's Cathedral should be left where it is and if any additions are made let them be exactly the same. If we must have a new cathedral in some other place, either copy the present St. Andrew's or some of the English cathedrals."

"The present chosen design looks more like a railway station."

Ivy Jones, Crows Nest: "If we must have a new cathedral certainly let it be built where it can be seen for miles around, not next to the Town Hall, where it would be like placing modern furniture in a room filled with antiques."

G. E. Vaughan, Lakemba: "Four opinions from our house are all detri-

OUR COVER

ALL the glamor of the East, the all-pervasive color of its setting and the customs of its people have been captured vividly by artist Carl Shreve on this week's artgavure cover of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Mr. Shreve has called his painting "Market Day in the Orient."

In his search for the beautiful and unusual on his present tour, Mr. Shreve has visited most of the famous beauty spots of the world. Mexico, Hawaii, Borneo, Indo-China, Siam, India and the South Seas have given him inspiration.

"Market Day in the Orient" he considers one of the best paintings done as a result of his tour of the East.

mental to the proposed alterations. They would spoil the grand old cathedral. Build a new cathedral (modern, if you like), but leave St. Andrew's as it is."

Mrs. L. E. H. Wallace, Haberfield: "If the cathedral must be enlarged, it would be far better to build a new one. Church Hill would be an ideal place as long as the site is large enough to beautify the surroundings of the cathedral. We want a cathedral to stand out in its beauty, one that we can be proud of, and that visitors would love to visit. Lincoln Cathedral is indeed handsome."

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HAVE MUSIC WHERE-
EVER YOU GO!

YOU WILL BE THE CENTRE OF
THE PARTY . . . IF YOU ARE
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TEDDIE GARRATT, STUDIO W., NATIONAL BLDG., 250 PITT ST., SYDNEY.
I have a piano at my disposal, and can spare at least 30 minutes daily to practice, so please send me your handsome, new, illustrated 44-page booklet, "The Secrets of Syncopation," and your special enclosure—a unique and surprising musical novelty—for which I enclose 2/6 (P.N. or stamps). This payment does not place me under any obligation.

NAME (Print in Block Letters)

ADDRESS

30/4/38

They Play Hockey to Forget Business

American Visitors Have Dual Careers



A GROUP of the charming American hockey players now visiting us. Donald Duck, the team's mascot, is held by the girl in the centre.



TOP RIGHT.—Betty Fehr, "baby" and glamor girl of the American women's hockey team, photographed at one of the many receptions to welcome the players.

CIRCLE.—Fashions on the field. The Australian girl (left) wears a workmanlike blue tunic. The American is attired in short pleated navy skirt and white blouse with red buttons.



I thought my towel was white until I saw baby's nappie... after all my washing experience, too!

At present you think your washing's all right—but until you use **PERSIL** it can't be white!

However great your washing experience, you'll find Persil by far the best washer for baby's nappies. Persil makes them whiter—safer too—because it gets them thoroughly clean. And Persil rinses out so easily and completely that nappies keep beautifully soft and never chafe. The reason is that Persil works quite differently from ordinary soaps. The oxygen-charged suds cleanse away every trace of stain and all impurities from between each tiny thread. It's the same with all your washing—Persil makes things absolutely white because it makes them absolutely clean.

Use Persil alone for the whole family wash—no other soaps or extras needed.

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Team Packed Everything in 52 Cases and Trunks

"We're business women who play hockey for relaxation." That's how the American hockey girls here to play against Australia best describe themselves.

"When the business man gets tired he plays golf; when the business woman grows tired she plays hockey." This is how one of the girls laughingly expressed it.

AND it's true. Most of them are business women in responsible jobs in America. There is an air of efficiency and worldly poise about the sixteen girls that suggests they are attending a business convention rather than a sports meeting.

But the high-powered business air breaks down frequently and, in spite of their average age of 25, they become as exuberant and frolicsome as bouncing schoolgirls.

"We're all sizes, shapes, and temperaments," explained Frances Elliott, captain and goal-keeper. "Look at Mardl Gable and me, for instance."

Frances is largely-built and muscular, with an attractive rounded face, grey eyes, Eton crop, and a breezy manner.

She wore yellow brocade silk pyjamas, a navy satin dressing-gown and comfortable blue leather slippers.

Mardl Gable, the manageress, is petite, with shiny brown eyes, crinkly brown hair, and a quiet, demure personality.

Their Luggage

SHE was dressed in a colorful housecoat with a red zip fastener, and very frivolous Hawaiian sandals.

"We'll tell you about the rest of the team, and you'll see that though we're a very united team we are—we think so, anyway—all individual personalities."

"Mardl is the team's 'baggage-smasher' which means she doesn't smash it, but looks after it."

"She has 52 trunks and suitcases to look after, and so far none of it has gone astray."

"She is a physical education teacher for the 5000 pupils at Olney High

School, an 'A' hockey umpire, and chairman of the National Umpire Committee."

"Frances is secretary to the medical staff—about 100 doctors—of Abington Hospital, Philadelphia."

"Nineteen-year-old Betty Fehr is the team's baby, and its No. 1 glamor girl."

"She's a great worry to me," said Mardl. "She brought seven evening dresses, and more clothes than anybody else, and everywhere we go she leaves a frock for her fur cape behind."

"Betty has only recently left school, but when we left America she had enough orchids and gardenias for a seasoned film star."

"Pete Wheeler, our centre half-back, is a physical education teacher at New Rochelle."

"Marion Leeson is a yachtswoman and holds the North Shore championship title in Boston; Anne Parry ranks No. 13 in Middle States tennis; Vera Trayford No. 1 in doubles tennis in Chicago; and Barbara Streibach mixes sculpture with dog-breeding—Alredales."

"Mrs. Agnes Bixley, only married woman in the team, collects locomotives—by camera."

"Both her husband and her father are railroad executives, and she photographs every train engine she sees. The star exhibit in her collection so far is an old steam tram she saw at Parramatta. She is looking forward to seeing Melbourne's cable tram."

"Formerly a sports mistress at Vassar College, one of the oldest women's colleges in America, she has been married less than a year."

"She's another worry, too," the captain chimed in. "If she gets a cable from her husband on a match day she's a good hockey player."

"If she doesn't she's likely to be just a lovesick wife."

"So far we've been lucky, the cables have arrived on the right days."

THE TIGER'S EYE

The friendly ghosts of Longacres Manor reach out kindly hands and help the victims of a freak will



"I THINK—" Velma Gilmour sat up very stiff and straight with indignation. "I think it's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of! That's what I think!"

Dick Rogers' eyes as they met hers were dancing. At any other time there might have been an answering twinkle in her own, for Velma was not lacking in a sense of humor, but not now. She resented the twinkle of fun. It was bad enough for her cousin, Steve Gilmour, whom she had never seen before, nor heard of until the lawyer Richards had called them together in his office, to look her over approvingly, but for his friend and attorney, Dick Rogers, to laugh at her was entirely too much. When she had first met Dick Rogers, five minutes before, she had felt a pleasurable little thrill as she realised how attractive he was, and recognised the little glow of admiration in those same dancing dark eyes. But that was before Mr. Richards had read Great-great-grandfather Gilmour's ridiculous will.

"The idea of leaving a will like that!" she stormed. "Why, Great-great-grandfather Gilmour never even knew us!"

Steve Gilmour laughed a little. "Of course not. That will was made when my father was only ten years old."

"How could he have known that there'd even be great-great-grandchildren?" she went on, her blue eyes burning indignantly. "And then to leave such an insulting proviso—'If fifty years after my death there are unmarried descendants of my line, Longacres will become theirs provided they marry each other.' Preposterous!"

"Who owns it now?" asked Dick Rogers. Velma's eyes shifted to him again. He was younger than her cousin, and bigger, and more the type she admired, with keen dark eyes and a nice smile, and a clean-cut strength of features.

"It's been held in trust by a group of men originally chosen by Mr. Gilmour with power to fill their own vacancies as they have occurred by death. The estate has been managed wisely. All accounts are open to your inspection, and as Mr. Gilmour's attorney, Mr. Rogers, you will probably want to make such inspection."

Mr. Rogers bowed. "How about it, Steve?"

VELMA arose suddenly. "It will be entirely unnecessary, Mr. Rogers. It takes two to make a bargain, especially a marriage bargain. I am not for sale, gentlemen!" Dick Rogers' eyes were dancing again, and she sat down and controlled herself with an effort. They must not know how bitterly disappointing this interview was turning out to be. "What is the alternative?" she asked quietly.

The lawyer turned a page of crinkly paper. "In case the descendants are eligible and do not wish to marry, the estate—which now, by the way, is valued at a cool half million—will be sold to the highest bidder and the proceeds will go to maintain a home for old car horses."

They sat in stunned silence. It was almost too much for Rogers' gravity, but it was not funny to Velma.

"And suppose there hadn't been any great-great-grandchildren," persisted Velma. "Then what?"

"The question is irrelevant," drawled Rogers, with a broad grin. "Miss Gilmour, we are here!"

"That isn't provided for," said Richards. "In those days when



Beside her bracelet lay a ring with a tiger's eye stone in it.

people married—er—ahem! He had great-grandchildren when he died."

"Quite so," murmured Steve, "and as Dick says, here we are!"

Velma twisted her gloves a little nervously. One of them was skinned at the fingers. Bargain basement gloves were not a good investment when one had small hands. She hoped Rogers didn't see the worn place, but she knew he had noticed her hands. People did notice Velma's hands, and Rogers didn't seem to be missing much, anyway. She rose determinedly.

"Well, there's no use talking about it any more. I'm not for sale. Something ought to be done to stop people from making such outrageous wills!"

"You're telling me," said Richards, with a sigh. "You'd better think it over, though. Half a million's a lot of money."

A disappointed sob caught in Velma's throat. "I wouldn't marry you, Cousin Steve Gilmour, if you were the last man on earth."

Steve smiled slightly. "As a matter of fact," he said, "you couldn't marry me even if I were the last man on earth. You see, I'm married already."

"What?" Richards, who had been swinging his glasses on the tip of his finger had presence of mind enough to catch them before they hit the desk. "You wrote that you were unmarried."

"But I didn't know it made so much difference," he confessed with a boyish grin. "I thought it would be a good time to combine business and pleasure, so I was married the next day in San Francisco, and we started east the day after. We've been married just a week."

"That seems to be that," said Richards.

"Yes. It does," Velma had

reached the door and at a looked at it through a mist of tears. Half a million dollars! And it would go to old car horses—as if there were any such things now! What about worn-out girls—worn out looking for jobs that didn't exist? Horse-car horses! Horse feathers!

"Wait a minute," Richards' voice stopped her. "There's a way out of this, after all." Three pairs of eyes turned in his direction. "You could divorce your wife, Mr. Gilmour—"

"Divorce?"

"Wait just a minute. Marry Miss Gilmour, thereby fulfilling the terms of the will, divorce her immediately and remarry your present wife. Your great-great-grandfather overlooked that contingency."

"No!" Velma's exclamation was so prompt that it was almost an interruption. "If you've nothing else to say—good-bye!"

She felt their eyes on her shabby purse

much at least, and you have as much right to be there as I have, and I'm not letting my conscience bother me any. I think it's a rotten thing, myself. There ought to be a law against freak wills. But there isn't. In the meantime you're going to have lunch with me, aren't you?"

She was all set to refuse when a whiff of broiling steak came from the opened door of a restaurant, and a wave of overpowering dizziness seized her. His hand was under her arm, steadying her, before he turned her toward the door. When things cleared a little there was a white tablecloth between them and they were sitting in a corner panelled in black walnut. It was a typical man's room. One of those places where meats were roasted on spits along one side of the room, and the firelight gleamed on copper and aluminium utensils just as romantically as if flames were in the fire-

ing remarks until he must know pretty well how things stood with her.

"What Richards said was true," he said finally. "It would be a feasible way to beat the will, and ethical enough."

"DIVORCE, you mean?" She shook her head. "No, Mr. Rogers. I couldn't marry anyone that way. Not even for half a million dollars. It wouldn't be fair."

"But if Steve understood—" "I'm not thinking of Steve. I'm keeping faith with—with an old man who trusted us whom he'd never seen—because—because—we're his descendants. Don't you see?"

"Yes," said Rogers slowly. "I see. But when folks make goofy wills they deserve to have them broken. But, as you say—anyway, you'll get a visit at Longacres, with all expenses paid. Steve's wife is a charming hostess, and she's temporarily in possession. You really owe it to your cousins to get acquainted with them."

There wasn't anything else to do, really. Velma didn't even have her cheap hall bedroom any more.

Steve's wife was to the manner born. She made the manor house seem like home within half an hour of their arrival.

It was a stately old place. Velma caught her breath at the beauty of it. There was nothing pretentious about it. It was intended to be a rambling old house, not a palace, and the spaciousness of it was the spaciousness of comfort; its decorations for charm rather than for ostentation.

Please turn to Page 36

By Florence Kerigan

and shapeless shoes, and jerked the door open angrily. To have half a million dangled before her eyes when she hadn't even five cents to buy a cup of coffee! She paused at the corner to let the traffic pass, and was conscious of a figure that fell into step beside her. It was Dick Rogers.

"Richards sent me to tell you that the heirs are staying at the manor house on Longacres. The caretakers have everything in readiness for us and we're to go there this afternoon." She stiffened and drew away. He smiled at her disarmingly. "You might as well," he urged. "The estate owes you that

place of a medieval tavern, rather than electric grills in a twentieth century cafe.

"When did you eat last?" he asked softly.

"Yesterday—at noon—" through stiff lips.

He made a clicking noise with his tongue. "These girls and their reducing! Thin girls may have their points, but I prefer curves."

She shot him a quick glance, but he was busy with the menu.

They were slowly finishing their dessert, when she realised that she had been talking a lot, answering his questions and responding to lead-

Continuing Our Thrilling Mystery Serial

By ELLERY QUEEN

Illustrated by
FISCHER

HALF-WAY HOUSE

Another dramatic episode of this absorbing mystery in which many lives are strangely interwoven

Lucy looked at the young girl, as if she were seeing her for the first time, with a dazed curiosity.



FATE sweeps Ellery Queen, famous detective, into a series of amazing events when he meets his friend, Bill Angell, in Trenton, after many years.

They duly celebrate and plan to motor to New York together, but before leaving Bill has an urgent appointment with his brother-in-law, Joe Wilson.

At the deserted cottage, where he goes to keep his tryst, he finds Joseph dying. The only clue he gives Bill before he dies is in murmuring of "a veiled woman."

Ellery is quickly on the scene, and makes his observations before the police arrive. Clues reveal that Wilson has been leading a double life.

Mrs. Lucy Wilson arrives at the scene of the murder, and complications arise when she is followed later by Jessica Gimball (sent for by Ellery Queen), who also identifies the dead man as her husband. Her escort, Grosvenor Finch, then astounds them all by announcing that the murdered man was insured for a million dollars, and suspicion falls on Lucy.

Characters You Will Meet in the Story are:—

ELLERY QUEEN, famous private detective.

BILL ANGELL, smart young attorney, who discovers the body of his brother-in-law.

JOSEPH WILSON, traveller in cheap jewellery.

CHIEF DE JONG, in charge of the case.

SERGEANT MURPHY, of the Trenton force, De Jong's assistant.

ELLA AMITY, newspaper woman.

LUCY WILSON, beautiful wife of the murdered man.

JESSICA GIMBALL, society woman, and her daughter, **ANDREA**, who

identify the body of the murdered man as

JOSEPH KENT GIMBALL, broker, of New York.

GROSVENOR FINCH, Executive Vice-President of the National Insurance Company.

Now read on.

THE small brown man who had brought Lucy to the shack came in, blinking a little in the light.

"Sellers, tell me again for the benefit of these good people what you did when you drove up to Mrs. Wilson's house in Philly last night."

"I found the house all right, got out of my car, and rang the bell," replied the detective in a tired voice. "No answer. House dark. Just a private house, see? I waited on the porch for a while, then I thought I'd take a look around. The back door was locked, like the front; cellar, too. I nosed around the garage. Doors shut. Iron staple across the door, rusted and broken, no lock there at all. I opened the doors and switched on the light. Two-car garage, empty. Closed the doors again and went back to the porch and waited until Mrs. Wilson came."

"That's all, Sellers," said De Jong; and the brown man went out. "Well, Mrs. Wilson, you didn't drive into town to see that movie; you said yourself you took the trolley. Then where's your car?"

"My car?" echoed Lucy feebly. "Why, that can't be. He—he must have looked in the wrong garage. I was out driving by myself a bit yesterday afternoon and got back in the rain and put the car into the garage and closed the door myself. It was there. It is there."

"Not if Sellers says it isn't. Don't know what happened to it, do you, Mrs. Wilson?"

"I just told you—"

"What make and year is it?"

"Not another word, Lu," said Bill quietly. He strode forward until he stood chest to chest with the big policeman, and for a moment they glared into each other's eyes. "De Jong, I don't like the nasty implications in those questions of yours; d'ye understand? I forbid my sister to say another word so long as your questions remain inquisitorial."

"Out of the way, bub," said De Jong through his teeth.

"Not until you understand one thing: I'm an attorney, and both as an attorney and as Lucy Wilson's brother I shall defend her from the slightest insinuation of complicity in this crime. Now, if you've got anything to say, say it."

De Jong considered him in silence; then he smiled crookedly. "Now, hold your horses, Mr. Angell. You know this is just routine stuff. I'm not accusing anybody. Just trying to get at the facts."

"Very laudable," Bill turned abruptly to Lucy. "Come on, Lu; we're getting out of here. Ellery, I'm sorry; but this bird's just impossible. I'll see you to-morrow, here in Trenton—if you're still with us."

"I'll be here," said Ellery.

Bill helped Lucy into her coat in the midst of a profound hush. The statuesque young housewife moved slowly, as if she were drifting in a dream. Bill led her like a child to the door.

"Just a moment, please," said Andrea Gimball.

Bill stood still, the tips of his ears reddening. Lucy looked at the young girl, as if she were seeing her for the first time, with a dazed curiosity.

Andrea went to her and took her large soft hand. "I want you to know," she said steadily, avoiding Bill's eyes, "that I'm frightfully sorry about . . . everything. We're not monsters, really we're not. Please forgive us, my dear, if we've—we've said anything to hurt you. You're a very brave and unfortunate woman."

"Oh, thank you," murmured Lucy.

Her eyes filled with tears, and she turned and ran out.

"Andrea!" said Mrs. Gimball, in a shocked, furious voice. "How dare you—how can you—"

"Please, mother," said Andrea quietly. "We're all to be pitied, I suppose; but, despite everything, this poor woman is the greatest sufferer. Can't you see that?"

"Miss Gimball," said Bill in a low voice. She looked at him then, and for a time he did not speak. "I won't forget this." He turned on his heel and followed Lucy. The door banged, and a moment later they heard Bill's car puffing off in the direction of Camden. There was a defiant snort to the exhaust, and De Jong was white with rage. He lit a cigar with a trembling hand.

"Ave atque vale," said Ellery. "You dislike him, De Jong, but he's a very estimable young man. Like all male animals, dangerous when his females are threatened . . . In the name of friendship, Miss Gimball, may I thank you?"

MR. GIMBALL,

her daughter, and Finch stood forlornly at the front door; Mrs. Gimball's sharp chin was forward, although her thin shoulders sagged like weighted panniers. Then, in a rather oppressive silence, they left. Neither man spoke until the thunder of their motor died away.

"Well," said De Jong, at last, "that's that. One devil of a mess."

The policeman was stowing away in a paper bag the plate on the table, with its contents. The broad back was surly and antagonistic.

Ellery said good-night and went out to his car whistling and drove back to the Stacy-Trent.

Mr. Ellery Queen left the hotel on Sunday morning with a guilty feeling. The soft arms of his bed had betrayed him; it was after eleven.

Downtown, Trenton was deserted in the young sun. He walked to

the corner and turned east, crossing the street, into a narrow thoroughfare quaintly named Chancery Lane. In the middle of the block he found a long low three-story building that looked remarkably like army barracks. Before it, on the sidewalk, there stood a tall old-fashioned lamp-post topped with lantern-glass; and on the post a square white sign announced in block letters: POLICE HQRS. NO PARKING.

He turned into the nearest doorway and found himself in a narrow, dingy reception room with streaky walls, a long desk, and a low ceiling; a room beyond was crowded with green steel lockers. There was a prevailing brown decrepitude and an odor of rancid masculinity in the air that depressed him.

The desk sergeant directed him to Room 26, where he found De Jong in earnest conversation with a short skinny man with pale features pinched by cleverness and dyspepsia; and Bill Angell in a chair, red-eyed and dishevelled, looking as if he had neither slept nor taken his clothes off all night.

"Oh, hello," said De Jong without enthusiasm. "Queen, meet Paul Pollinger, prosecutor of Mercer County. Where've you been?"

"Drinking weary childhood's mandragore," Ellery shook hands with the skinny man. "Anything new this morning?"

"You've missed the Gimball crowd. They've come and gone."

"So soon? Hi, there, Bill."

"Hello," said Bill. He was staring at the prosecutor.

Pollinger lit a cigar. "As a matter of fact, this man Finch wants to see you at this office to-morrow morning." He surveyed Ellery over the cocked match.

"Really?" Ellery shrugged. "Have you had the autopsy report yet, De Jong? I'm perishing of curiosity."

"Doc told me to tell you he didn't find any burns."

"Burns?" frowned Pollinger. "Why burns, Mr. Queen?"

Ellery smiled. "Why not? Just one of my usual aberrations. That's all your medico reported, De Jong!"

Please turn to Page 38

ONCE to Every WOMAN

By
**CAROLYN
DARLING**

Complete Short
Story

Illustrated
by
**WYNNE W.
DAVIES**

When a girl becomes involved in espionage unpleasant things are almost sure to happen . . .



LISA HERBERT lingered at the long window gazing across the flat Prussian countryside. Her shoulders rose and fell, pantomiming her thoughts. It was curious, she was thinking, the impression she had had when she first arrived, as a pupil, at Schloss Woernitz. The school then had seemed like something she had read about in a fairy story. Different, and more romantic than anything she had ever seen at home in England. The white castle, bedded in the green shadows of the old park, in its stillness, its sense of being far away, remote but safe—a haven.

She made a little face at her thoughts, dismissing them, and flung back the dark curls that were forever falling across her eyes.

A steady tread of footsteps echoed down the hall. Lisa turned as her classmates, led by a teacher, came into view. She joined the formation and marched with them into a large, square schoolroom. Without a word the pupils took their places at the different desks. The portraits of Hitler and Goering, on either side of the wall, stared down at them.

Lisa opened her book on the history of Germany. Frederick the Great was on the field of Mollwitz, the printed words informed her. But she was not thinking of Frederick the Great.

Something unusual had occurred during the last few hours; but what it was she had not yet found out. She had passed the great drawing-room downstairs and had caught a glimpse of two men and had heard Baroness von Fabian's voice in talk with them. It had been assured, even tranquil. And that, she knew, meant danger. Something was happening or was about to happen.

She wished the study period were over. She bent her head with an air of concentration in her book, so as to escape Fraulein Schiller's gaze, dropped her handkerchief and picked up a note that Hilda Muehlhausen had slid under her seat.

"Anton is bringing Roland March for the week-end," the note read.

Fraulein Schiller closed the large book of school reports, always a signal that the study hour was at an end and that the Baroness von Fabian would appear.

Lisa straightened the collar of her uniform. The baroness had once held her before the class and explained that hair over the eyes might be good for Skye terriers, but that Nature had not intended it for little girls. There had been much subdued laughter. Lisa would have shrugged her shoulders, but she had grown fearful of that particular gesture when the baroness was present. She had tried it once and received a sudden and resounding slap for it.

She might be a favorite with

her classmates, and even with some of the teachers, but it was evident that she was not with the Frau Baronin von Fabian, headmistress of Schloss Woernitz, a private school for young ladies of good family in Potsdam.

The sure, quick steps of the baroness were heard in the hall. The door opened. Fraulein Schiller stood up. The children rose.

Baroness von Fabian entered. Tall, thin, neither young nor old, with a fine head, a pair of extraordinary green eyes, and a mouth touched with disdain. She paused to give the Nazi salute.

"Heil Hitler," she said.

"Heil Hitler," the children responded, a little regiment in their black uniforms.

BARONESS VON FABIAN gave a glance at Fraulein Schiller, then turned to the class. She took a chair that had been placed near Fraulein Schiller's desk, which was on a slightly raised platform, and looked down at her young charges. There was a moment's silence.

"There is no one in the class older than fourteen or younger than twelve," she began. "From the papers I have examined, I should judge you all to be under seven."

There was another silence. Lisa lowered her eyes. The Frau Baronin was certainly in one of her bad moods.

"You received only sixty in history, Elsa," she said to a girl with large, inattentive eyes.

"I try, Frau Baronin," Elsa began with an excusing cough.

"That's exactly what you don't do." The baroness's eyes swerved to a girl whose German face had, for the moment, lost its placid expression. "Hilda, your French grammar is deplorable."

"I try," Hilda began.

"So you, too, have tried," Baroness von Fabian observed in that voice that could play such havoc with the nerves. "Well, you will either make a greater effort or spend the next few weeks studying with the younger children."

It was on Lisa her glance fell now. Lisa shifted from

one foot to the other and in turning knocked the books off her desk. For a moment she simply stared down at them. And then she laughed. The tension since the entrance of the Frau Baronin seemed to make her slightly hysterical.

"Lisa," Baroness von Fabian threatened. Lisa straightened, at attention, holding her breath. "Go to my room."

"Ja, Frau Baronin." Her words came in a little gasp. She put the books back on the desk and left the room.

Baroness von Fabian again addressed the class.

"Deference, Madels," she said, "does not consist in springing to attention like animals in a circus, when 'hey hear the crack of a whip, it means, under the Fuhrer's regime, appreciation of position and

of knowledge. You reveal in your attitude, if it is a correct one, that you have the right to be respected for your respect."

The shutting of the door after she had left was like the falling of the curtain on a play in which terror had had its brief moment. The girls, even Fraulein Schiller, pitied Lisa.

Baroness von Fabian made her way down the broad oak stairway, crossed the hall with that swift grace that was, so unconsciously, a part of her, and opened the tall doors that led into her library. The room she entered was large, with french windows. A suffused light, an austere formality, reigned.

Lisa emerged from the embrasure of a window. She did not say anything, but her grey eyes sought the baroness.

"The Gestapo were here," the baroness said after a moment.

"The Gestapo!" Lisa gave a little gasp. "The Gestapo!" she repeated. "Yes, the Gestapo. They suspect me, but they suspect everyone." The baroness's expressive shoulders lifted. She took a letter from her desk, opened it, and turned towards the

window. "Don't worry, child," she said, with a glance at Lisa. "It's impossible for them to trace to me this leak in information."

Lisa's eyes darkened. The old fears began sweeping back to her. She knew the power of the Gestapo, the famous secret police of Germany.

"What did they say?" she asked with more than her usual insistence.

"Who? The Gestapo?" The baroness looked up. "The usual questions. Did I have any doubts about the teachers—the servants? I told you, Lisa, there was nothing to worry about." She turned back to the letter she was reading.

Lisa watched her in a sort of reverent awe. She wanted to tell her in large, forceful words the power, the almost unerring knowledge of the Gestapo. But she didn't dare. She knew, only too well, that should the baroness suspect her of being fearful she would send her away. There would be no explanations. She would simply be sent. And that, above everything, was what Lisa Herbert dreaded.

Here in this room, Lisa was thinking, just two years ago, she had first seen Anna von Fabian.

Please turn to Page 14



The color drained from Lisa's face and the plate of cakes she was holding fell to the floor.

WYNNE W.
DAVIES

SHEER IMAGINATION

An unusual story of an unconscious memory and the extraordinarily long arm of coincidence.

Complete Short Story

by . . .

PHILIP GIBBS

Illustrated
by
WYNNE W. DAVIES



THE thing was absurd! It was utterly preposterous! But it was also extremely unpleasant to the author of a novel entitled "The Price of Fame," who had been reading the first reviews which were highly favorable and suggested that he had scored a big success at last.

The novel itself—six copies of it—stood between two pewter mugs on the mantelpiece of the room in which he was having breakfast with his mother—in a cottage on the Chiltern Hills.

THE PRICE OF FAME.

A Novel

By RODERICK DANE.

Before sitting down to the breakfast-table—he had not yet shaved and was still in his dressing-gown and pyjamas—his eyes had rested for a moment, pleasantly, on this little row of books—the outward and visible sign of six months' hard labor, mentally and spiritually.

He had swotted at it eight hours a day sometimes. He had had to re-write wads of it. It had made him irritable, moody, absurdly introspective. It nagged at him when he was playing golf, so that he had fozzled his shots. He had neglected his mother—rather cut off from human society in this cottage in the hills—by going for long lonely walks when certain situations refused to work out as he had intended in his original plan.

His woman character—Katherine Shard—round whom the whole story was built, insisted on doing things to which he strongly objected. She developed a character utterly different from his first

generous—almost gushing. "This novel has a rare glamor," wrote one of them. "The character of Katherine Shard—so wilful, so wanton, and yet so exquisite—has added a new and living portrait to the long gallery of English heroines."

Another critic, in his own opinion and that of others the leader of his calling, was even more enthusiastic.

"Here," he wrote, "is a novel which does not depend upon plot or incident, but upon the subtle development of character. Mr. Roderick Dane is a young man whose previous work has been interesting, but of no more than average quality. Now he steps straight out as a front-rank novelist. The character of Katherine Shard is truly remarkable. She is ruthless in desire for self-expression, and yet adorable. She is a thief—at least for one moment of her career—and yet we are glad that she is not found out. She makes men suffer for love of her, using them for her own advancement—taking all and giving nothing—and yet we do not condemn her. On the contrary, we are willing to be one of her victims. She ranks with Becky Sharp as a great woman character in English fiction. This is a most outstanding novel."

RODERICK DANE had just read these reviews at the breakfast table. By his elbow lay a few letters which he neglected for the great pleasure of all this praise.

"You're not eating your egg, Roddy," said his mother. "Put those reviews away until you've had your breakfast. Surely they can wait?"

"They're pretty good," said the author of a most outstanding novel. "You're the mother of a famous son! I can see a villa and the Riviera for our winter quarters."

"I shouldn't object," said Mrs. Dane. "I must say a winter in this cottage is apt to be dreary. It's a draughty little hole. Besides, I miss my fellow-creatures—however objectionable."

Roderick Dane held her hand for a moment after she had passed him a cup of coffee.

"I know! . . . It's been pretty rough on you, mother. But I couldn't have written this novel unless I had crept into this little dog kennel. Now I'm going to give you a good time. I believe I'm going to wallow in wealth . . . The Price of Fame!"

"Well, Mr. Ridgeway will be pleased," said Mrs. Dane in her matter-of-fact way.

Mr. Ridgeway was the grocer in the nearest village. He had been getting a little impatient regarding unpaid bills.

"Oh, curse old Ridgeway!" said Roderick. "I'm rather thinking of a decent little car. What about a Daimler?"

Then he read one of those letters which had been waiting at his elbow. He read it twice with an intensity which attracted the attention of his mother. She noticed that his hand trembled slightly as he reached out for his coffee-cup.

"What's the matter, Roddy? Anything wrong?"

He looked up at her in his odd, boyish way, which reminded her of days when he had been spanked for some naughtiness. He thrust his fingers through his shock of hair. He laughed harshly, as though at some grim and ghastly joke.

"Utterly preposterous! Perfectly idiotic! Holy snakes! I'm a ruined man."

"Tell me," said Mrs. Dane, getting alarmed.

It was rather alarming. It was a letter from the publishers of "The Price of Fame."

Please turn to Page 20



So it had been with Katherine Shard, as far as he could remember. The character as well as the name had just floated into his consciousness.

Wynne W. Davies

Questionnaire

WHAT have you done to merit my attention?

What do you own, to claim the years I live?

Have you achieved deservedly of mention?

What have you learnt of life that you may give?

This is the heart of me, that seeks no sorrow,

This is the soul of me, and asks no woe,

And in the planning of a sweet to-morrow

I must be certain where my feet shall go!

—Yvonne Webb.

conception. She was an obstinate and wilful creature who had no consideration for the feelings of an author.

"Confound the woman!" he had said a hundred times on those lonely walks. And yet she had put a spell on him, making him forgive her for her revolts against his ordered plan. Of course, really, what was happening was a conflict between his subconscious mind, in which this imaginary character was taking shape—in that mysterious way which is the secret of creation—and his conscious and critical faculties. Well, there she was between the covers of his book—a live thing, he thought—and he was now to reap the reward of brain fag and mental writtings.

The reviewers were astonishingly

The Fashion Parade by Petrov

CONSIDER the . . . One-Color FROCK

● It provides a delightful contrast to the season's mania for combining three or four colors.



AS a contrast to the season's mania for combining three, or even four, colors, consider the "one-color" frocks here depicted. From left to right:—

- A PENNY-TAN woollen is draped yoke-wise across the chest. Gathered patch pockets. Bandings of dull grosgrain in same color.
- CARNATION-PINK dress features a zipper-held drapery suggesting a short jacket.

- VIOLET-BLUE WOOL makes an appealing dress, with diamonds of shirring controlling the drapery.

- A "SPRING-PROMISING" green, which looks brilliant beneath a winter coat, has an interesting arrangement of collar, sleeve and front fullness.

FASHIONS IN PHOTOGRAVURE

HERE COMES THE BRIDE!



● THE BRIDE and her bridesmaid make fascinating wedding fashion harmony in parchment satin and pastel-green. The bride's gown of parchment satin has insertions of hand-made lace in the bodice and train. Pastel-green for her bridesmaid's gown, which is carried out in lace and net and elaborately trimmed with rows of fine quilting. Both gowns are Patou models.

● THE SECOND BRIDESMAID, looking very demure at the top of the page, has chosen pastel-blue tulle for her picturesque frock, with its old-world air. Lots and lots of lace-edged flounces enhance its Edwardian charm.

● AN HONORED PLACE in the glory-box for the romantic evening gown at the left. The full, filmy skirt is of tulle posed over satin in pastel-pink shades, and the rucked corselet bodice of a deeper shade. This is a Norman Hartnell model!

These fashion photographs were selected in London by Mary St. Claire and sent by air mail.



MARCH OF THE MODE



• ABOVE: A flaring black net jacket spattered with tiny gold sequins.

• THE TINY theatre veil at the top of the page is held in place with a gay flower piece. It is midnight-blue and little matching sequins sparkle with its movement.

• CARNATION RED suede makes the gloves at the right. Their tops shimmer with tiny sequins.

• THE SEQUIN bolero at the left is in iridescent twilight-blue.

• THE LOVELY velvet wrap above has a neck-piece and tiny muff of blue ostrich.

• LEFT: Hair piled high in Edwardian fashion to wear with gowns influenced by that period.

• ABOVE: Skeleton sandal made of tiny steel beads and black velvet shoe with silver kid-lacings and heel.

BE ALERT ABOUT ACCESSORIES!

The choice of your accessories, bits and pieces, if you prefer the phrase, is the thing that most definitely establishes your taste in the eyes of your friends.

YOU may have the grandest and most discerning color sense, a beautiful feeling for line, and yet your neighbors will not consciously notice what you are doing; your dressing may be so good that they cannot analyse what makes you the best-dressed woman of your part of the world.

But pieces and bits, on these they can and will seize as a subject of small-talk. The woman, too, with a new clip, new vanity case, new hand-bag or hair ornament is the woman who breaks the ice among the other women in the after-dinner hiatus while waiting for the men to come in.

And though they should not act as a criterion of your taste, accessories do in fact show whether you are a good judge of what is appropriate, do indicate whether you are alert and up to the minute or a dragger-behind, do prove whether you can add spice and flavor to what may be a very inexpensive, limited-income outfit.

If you use certain bits of jewellery, certain belts, bags, scarfs, just because you happen to own them, not reasoning out that they add a definite something of chic to your total out-

fit, then you ought to be a rich woman.

For only a rich woman can afford to make that kind of mistake. And even she only once.

You who haven't money to toss about must use your bits and pieces to make a definite effect and know what that effect is, and how you mean to do it. The great dressmakers now show gloves, handbags, shoes, hats, clips, even handkerchiefs and umbrellas with their models because they know that the wrong bit-and-piece can so easily and quickly ruin even the loveliest outfit.

Striking Designs

DINKINESS has totally and finally gone out. The correct good jewellery, real "costume" or sports is big and bold. Indeed, unless it is well designed it may tend even to seem vulgar. Better that, however, than the meaningless little squiggles of brooches and whatnots that women dotted on their front. (It was just a miracle, since appropriateness guided them so little, that they did not also so dot their backs).

The meaningless dot has now been replaced by something of a size to show as a part of a thought-out plan of dress, something adding point and meaning.

Just as costume jewellery makes an enormous difference to the woman

By . . .
ALISON SETTLE
Famous English Fashion Expert,
Exclusive to The Australian
Women's Weekly.

who has to wear or vary just one frock, so again alertness as to interesting kinds of neckwear makes a whole scale of changes for her, using larger designs for the larger woman and adding nothing without a reason.

Alertness in the things that cost little—there you have a keynote to good dressing. Watching what is the new note in flowers; whether the small buttonhole or the big bouquet is now in fashion; watching the colors and textures; watching, too, the shape and make of handbags, the new way to tie the scarf as well as the material and color of which the scarf is made; thinking out ways to vary one evening dress. . . . But always remember this must be done with a meaning, never as nigglediosities.

PARIS SNAPSHOTS

RING watches for the first finger of the right hand are the latest jewel novelties in the windows of the Rue de la Paix. They are "marquise" shape, and have ivory faces framed in chip diamonds. The rings themselves are platinum.

The more expensive varieties have a cover on a hinge that clips over the tiny face of the watch. It is of platinum lattice with a minute diamond set where each lattice square is joined.

THE newest evening sandals have very thick soles, rather like those on Chinese shoes.

They are not intended for dancing—their object is to add height to the "tinies" at receptions and cocktail parties, where otherwise they might pass unnoticed.

DON'T BLAME YOUR SHOES IF FEET ACHE

Put Them Right With

Zam-Buk

FASHIONABLE shoes greatly improve your appearance, but how many women can wear them in comfort? High heels put extra weight on the toes, often causing corns, aching insteps and ankles.

But you can wear the smartest shoes in perfect comfort, even in hot weather, if you adopt this easy treatment. Every night bathe the feet in warm water and, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into the ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation

are allayed, and feet, toes, ankles, and joints are greatly strengthened by Zam-Buk. Should you have troublesome corns or hard growths, Zam-Buk will soften them and bring wonderful relief.

Start with Zam-Buk to-night, use it regularly during Summer and make sure of having happy feet.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. Of all chemists & stores



"Uncomfortable shoes chafed my toes and made my feet so sore I could hardly walk. But using Zam-Buk gave me healthy feet and enabled me to get about with perfect ease."—Mr. J.M.

"I suffered intensely with inflammation and a thick callous until Zam-Buk brought wonderful relief and removed the callous. For the first time for years I have comfortable feet."—Mrs. N.K.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

An Editorial

APRIL 30, 1938.

WILL WE KILL THE SEASONS?



In a little while it will be winter—and we will be living in a different world.

Not only the temperature changes with the change of season. The keener air wakes our physical senses to a sharper life. We tend to live more indoors, especially of nights, and that means different diversions, more reading, more entertaining, more dancing.

Sport becomes less a lazy sun-worship than a vigorous activity to stir the blood. Work becomes easier for many, harder for those who have to face the rigors of the weather.

But every year science is making winter more comfortable for the majority of us. Weather means little when you spend most of your time in conditioned air, when your diet is regulated by the season, and when increased leisure enables you to keep warm by play.

With the city of the future almost impervious to weather changes because of artificial heating and ventilation, will the changed environment mean a change of nature?

One of the greatest stimulants humanity knows is a change of weather. How we long for winter on the hot days, and yearn for warmth in the depth of the cold!

Still, if our conquest of nature goes much further, we may have to introduce artificial winter and summer to keep ourselves alive.

Already there are artificial sunbaths, producing a healthy tan, for New Yorkers and Berliners.

Will Australians some day go in for synthetic snowstorms to recapture the glow of winter health?

It is not unlikely. For the real aim of science should not be to abolish any of the elements of life, all of which are vital, but to regulate them so that we don't suffer too much from chill or heat-stroke.

When mere Man plays with the vast machinery of Creation, he has to be very, very careful.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Curtain Fall

THEODOR CHALIAPIN, one of the greatest singers of our time, died as though Shakespeare had written the death scene for him.

"What theatre is this?" he gasped with his last breath. "I can't sing here!" And, saying that, he died.

What scene appeared before his falling vision in that last moment of life?

Was it just the drab reality of a hospital where his sense of drama, conscious that this was a pregnant hour, expected a theatre?

Or was it that Chaliapin, dying, saw suddenly the inartistic reality of the world he was leaving, and found it far inferior to the world he had always imaginatively lived in—the artificial but majestic world of the theatre?

In that world, Chaliapin will always live. For he was no mere deep voice, no musical machine. He was an actor, and a being with a soul.

A Declining Curve

TASMANIA is an island surrounded with tears, vast areas of Victoria are overcast with clouds of gloom, and over the New South Wales potato belt sweeps a blight.

And all because fashion still insists on the slim silhouette.

At a recent agricultural conference both growers and Government experts agreed that the falling off in potato consumption was largely due to the belief that potatoes were fattening.

But this belief is not justified. Doctors declare that the potato is not fattening and that it contains valuable vitamins.

After all, it's just another case of "giving a dog a bad name."

Politics on the Road

IN Old Austria, traffic kept to the left. In Germany it keeps to the right.

So one of Hitler's first orders in his new dominion is that all the tramlines must be shifted and all the traffic signs altered.

Very appropriate, for a party of the Right, this change over.

But suppose a Centre Party ever gets into power? There'll be a few head-on collisions.

Let's Have Lovely Labels

ANY man, says a magistrate, may take whatever name he likes, and make it his own, without benefit of law.

But what about women? Many's the girl who married a dull Thompson just because she couldn't bear being a Beery.

Why then, if she dearly loves a Mr. Hogg, can't she marry him and call herself Laval-lere?

What's in a name? Nothing except the sound of it—and that's plenty.

LYRIC OF LIFE

PARTING

You will not know the hurt that's in my heart
When we shall say "good-bye," when we shall part,
You will not know because for just that while
I'll try to jest and train my lips to smile;
I'll think of all the kindest things you've said
And not the empty years that lie ahead.
I know I'll have the courage to disguise
The breaking heart from your unheeding eyes.

—P.D.B.

Magic of the Evening

AN after-dinner speaker at a big conference dinner startled his fellow-guests by criticising three-quarters of them for attending in day clothes.

"Get into glad rags," he said, "clothes have a remarkable influence on people."

They have—and particularly on the people who wear them. In dress clothes a nervous "ninny" may be a dashing Romeo, a tongue-tied business man turn to a flashing wit, and a simple fellow become an arrogant bore.

But in general, the dignity of dress clothes merely mellows ordinary good fellows. It's a marvel men don't take to it more.

Women never have to be forced to wear evening gowns—they know too well what a glamor a few yards more on the skirt and a few less on the shoulders can lend to the world—and themselves.



THEY HIDE PRETTY ANKLES, but they keep them dry. These "leggings," the work of an American designer, are ideal for rainy weather. They are light and not hot, and are rather attractive.

Time and the Man

ONE man in England's 45,000,000 refused to put his clock an hour ahead for "Summer Time."

He is Ephraim Holden, 75-year-old sexton of the village of Ebernoe, Sussex.

"My clock," says Ephraim, "goes by God's time, not Man's."

The mystery of Time is one that breeds many queer notions in old-fashioned minds. People like Ephraim can't grasp that while Time itself is a part of Creation the measurement of it is entirely an arbitrary invention of mankind.

There have always been riots whenever a change of the calendar was suggested, and so we still struggle on with complicated systems of varying months.

The "Summer Time" system has been of inestimable value to British industry, and has given the people precious hours of leisure in daylight.

Fortunately, Ephraim is the only active objector left, but the idea took a lot of selling. Reforms always will.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By WEP



Bachelor's Way of Travelling the World

Four suitcases, a camera, lots of books, very little conversation, comfort without luxury—these are the ingredients for perfect travelling, according to Mr. Ignatz Singer, who has travelled all over the world for 42 years, and is now in Australia.

"ON my way home to England I shall cross the Atlantic for the sixty-sixth time," he told The Australian Women's Weekly in a special interview. "I visited Russia twice a year for sixteen years before the war, and I got to Paris and Vienna four times a year."

"I have crossed Siberia, visited Egypt and the Far East. But I have not been to the North or South Pole, and until now I had not seen Australia and New Zealand."

"Travelling on ships, I avoid conversation. I like to read and study, and to do this one cannot have many acquaintances."

"With many acquaintances one is continually bobbing up getting chairs for people, and talking of things that do not interest one."

"I do not dance and do not drink, therefore my fellow passengers are better off without me."

"From Singapore to Australia I read 'The Bible Designed to be Read as Literature.'"

"For forty years I travelled on business. For the last two years I have been travelling for pleasure."

Mr. Singer, who is a Hungarian by birth, has lived for twenty years in England, where he has made a fortune in the shoe and leather industry.

Although he could live in princely luxury, he prefers to have no valet, and he gets up at 7.30 a.m. and goes to bed early whatever part of the world he is in.

Cost of Progress

"I HAVE friends all over the world, and like to renew acquaintance with them on my travels," he continued. "I like, too, to be by myself in new places I visit. It is pleasant just to stand in the street and observe the people."

"I have been sight-seeing in Australia, and your country is extremely interesting."

"Modern life has given us a great deal, and in many ways is working in the right direction for the comfort and happiness of mankind, but at the same time we have thrown away much that is good and beautiful in the old ways of living."

"Particularly is this so in our attitude to women."

"It is right that women should be the equals of men in the commercial and professional world."

"But it is so much more charming, both for men and women, that women should still be treated with the same courtesy, the same gallant attentions we gave them when they were considered the weaker sex."

No Time for Romance

MR. SINGER, who is 68, looks much younger than his years, and is a bachelor.

"For forty years I have chased the Golden Calf, so I have had no time for romance and marriage," he said. "Women are charming and I like their company, but when a man wants to succeed in business he cannot spare the time that their grace and charm deserve."

"But too much money is bad for a man; when the world's wealth is so unevenly divided. So, now that I have reached the top with enough money for my needs, I have handed over almost all interest in my business to my oldest employees. In a couple more years I shall retire completely."

"Will I marry then? Dear me, I'm afraid I shall be too old for romance then, though one of our greatest Hungarian poets did marry when he was ninety. But, then, I am not a poet."

HOW TO BE Glitteringly GLAMOROUS...



L. W. Lower's Simple Hints for Home Treatment

There are quite a number of beauticians from abroad in town at the moment.

It hardly seems fair to us local beauticians to have the country flooded with outsiders, but still I suppose we mustn't be selfish. If we can't learn anything new from them at least we can teach them something.

It's pure carelessness, more than anything else, that makes a woman look a down-and-out deadbeat.

Exercise is the great thing. Try standing with the feet apart and swinging the arms around madly for half an hour. Have an ambulance waiting outside. When being carried out on the stretcher, let the arms relax and drag along the ground. This soothes the tendons and gets rid of superfluous flesh off the knuckles.

Deep breathing is excellent for toning up the system. Breathe in through the nose and exhale through the mouth, taking care before commencing to nail down all light articles in the house.

Nothing is more conducive to good health than deep breathing. As a matter of fact, practically any of breathing does you good. People who don't breathe soon get a pasty, haggard look.

There are all sorts of ways one can

By L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

take necessary exercise in one's own home.

Shaking cocktails vigorously is one way. Let yourself go when shaking. Shake all over. Let the cheeks flop up and down so that they completely envelop the ears at intervals.

When feeling tired, relax, drink the cocktail and then start over again with a fresh shaker full.

You will find that after a couple of hours one has such a feeling of well-being that it is only with great difficulty that the neighbors can restrain you from smashing all the windows in the district.

That, of course, is merely laying the foundations of good health, which is essential in beauty culture.

There are quite a number of good skin foods on the market, but the best are those you make yourself.

A simple way to tone up the complexion is to rub the face with egg. Leave the egg on for two or three days and wash off by dabbing with milk while holding the face over a bowl.

When removed from the face the mixture in the dish can be used for making excellent pancakes simply by adding a little flour and sugar.

Many women are worried by an over supply of fat on the hips. For this, try rolling on the floor whenever you think of it.

Don't do it in the street if this can possibly be avoided as it ruins the clothing and accidents may occur.

Be Thorough

THIN, scraggy necks will yield to treatment, but as in all other things it must be done thoroughly and conscientiously.

Hang a large iron ball—or if this is unobtainable, a couple of flat irons—around the neck. They may be concealed under the frock when going out. This develops the muscles and improves the carriage.

Whatever you do, don't lean forward as you might get a run on and finish up on your ear.

The hair should never be neglected. It should be brushed every month. Stand in front of a mirror and brush the hair with long downward strokes. Don't try any upward strokes to finish off with unless you want to look like a Zulu.

Of course, many women look most attractive as Zulus, but these women are mostly Zulus. Be natural.

The double chin has long been a bugbear to women, and yet how easily one can get rid of it!

Put a bread poultice on the back of the neck when going to bed and wear a mustard plaster on the same spot in the daytime.

This will draw most of the double chin away from the front of the face around to the back. All that one needs to do then is to turn up the coat collar at the back.

If unable to afford a bread poultice, wear high-necked frocks and tuck the chins in at the top. You will have to keep your head down a bit, but people will take this as a sign of modesty.

For toning up the body skin there is nothing to equal a mud bath.

The best thing about mud baths is that they are within the reach of all, and in moist weather one mud bath will stay on for weeks.

A scene in L. W. Lower's glænor gymnasium, any hour, any day, anyhow.

When the mud starts to peel off, don't try patching up the bare spaces. Re-mud yourself all over.

Freckles have for a long time been regarded as almost impossible to shift. People who freckle easily should wear a light, soft bag over the face during the day.

Lemon juice and whisky do a great deal towards lightening freckles, especially whisky. A wineglass full after meals will work wonders. If you find the stuff getting a grip on you, go easy for a while and break it down with ginger ale.

Finally, never use a razor on your

corns. You know what a row there was last time. Use the bread-knife.

Some people prefer a hammer and chisel, but a certain amount of skill is necessary in using them, and it is better and far cheaper to go along to a reliable blacksmith and have the thing done by an expert.

You'd better cut this page out and paste it in your scrap-book. Something might happen to me and then you'd never be able to get information like this again.

How does she keep so Slim & Youthful

PROBABLY not one in ten could guess her real age. For, thanks to Bile Beans, her figure is still attractively slim—her complexion flawless—and she's as active and happy now as when she was a girl.

You, too, can look years younger and enjoy perfect health by taking Bile Beans nightly at bedtime. Bile Beans are purely vegetable, they tone up the system, purify the blood, and daily eliminate fat-forming residue.

So start to-night with Bile Beans if you want to keep youthful, healthy and slim.



"I thank Bile Beans for the good they have done me. I used to feel awfully tired and low-spirited. But Bile Beans made me bright and cheerful again and so improved my general health that I feel years younger. I also find that nightly Bile Beans prevent excess fat forming and keep the figure normal."—Mrs. M. Sims.

"For my attractive figure, clear complexion and bright spirits I give all credit to Bile Beans. Nobody takes me for a day older than twenty-one and even my doctor is surprised at my youthful appearance."—Miss I. Leckie.

By Nightly Taking BILE BEANS



Let Health you've gained be Health maintained

SUMMER has come to an end. Holidays and week-ends in the warm sunshine have built up your health and given you abundant stores of vitality. Why not carry this holiday health right through Autumn into Winter?

The best way to keep up your vitality is to drink delicious "Ovaltine" every day. "Ovaltine" is supremely rich in the nutriment necessary to maintain body, brain and nerves at the highest level of efficiency.

Start the "Ovaltine" habit now, and make it your safeguard against Autumn and Winter ailments. But be sure it is "Ovaltine". There is definitely nothing "just as good".

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of "Ovaltine", sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps to cover cost of packing and postage. See address below.

Prices: 1/9, 2/10, 5/-
At all Chemists and Stores

Drink Ovaltine

A. WANDER LIMITED
1 York Street North, Sydney.

this Winter



YOUR COMPLEXION

Keep it radiantly clear by

Skin Hygiene



Health is very much in fashion nowadays. The modern idea of a beautiful complexion is a skin that glows with health and freshness. That is why the Cuticura way of caring for the skin gets more popular every day—it is the recognised method of skin hygiene recommended by skin specialists and beauty experts.

Cuticura Soap is a beautifier in the best sense of the word. Its gentle, creamy lather removes all the accumulation of tiny dirt particles and grease from the skin, and frees the pores of every trace of "foreign matter" which has been clogging them. This soap is mildly antiseptic in action, so that the skin is not only cleansed but purified. It feels soothed, too—its texture is softer and finer. Cleanse the face twice daily with Cuticura Soap and watch your complexion get that transparent glow of health which only pore-deep cleanliness can give. Use Cuticura Ointment as needed for pimples, rashes or skin outbreaks. Give yourself a daily treat by always using Cuticura Talcum after your bath. Most refreshing and fragrant.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.



Cuticura For Clear
PREPARATIONS Healthy Skin

Get that little
**EXTRA
PLEASURE**
Out of life

To get that little extra pleasure out of life in these busy, hustling days it behooves you to—KEEP FIT. Be full of vim, vitality and vigour! How? By simply taking Beecham's Pills. Try them for a week or more, until the whole system—liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels—is working smoothly and happily again. Then you'll find that the colour comes back to your cheeks, smiles replace frowns. You feel fit and are living life to the full. KEEP FIT!



BEECHAM'S
'Worth a Box'
PILLS

ONCE to Every WOMAN

Continued from
Page 7

THE baroness had walked in through the long doors, and Lisa had stared at her in amazement. This was the woman whose photograph she had seen so often, but whom she knew only as Anna de Montfort. She was older than the likeness in the picture, but the head, with its sense of race, the slanting eyes, with their slightly lowered lids, this was Anna de Montfort.

"You're—my mother's sister," Lisa said a little breathlessly.

The baroness smiled and led her over to one of the long windows. She took her face in her hand and looked down at her.

"You're rather like Angele. The same coloring. The same accent—grey eyebrows," she said. It was difficult to tell whether her voice was tender or critical.

This was the woman, Lisa thought, whom her father had said was ruthless; who, because she disapproved of her sister's marriage, had refused to recognise her, and who, when word had been sent to France of her sister's death, had failed to acknowledge it.

"I had you brought here," the baroness was saying, "when I heard of your father's death. I wanted to see you." She turned away and looked out across the countryside.

There was a silence. It was difficult, Lisa thought, staring over at her, to believe that this tall, foreign woman was her aunt. Yet there was something in her smile, in the touch of her hand, that reminded her of her mother.

"Would you like to stay?" the baroness asked in that curious veiled voice, always so difficult to understand.

"Yes," Lisa answered, not knowing why she wanted to stay, yet knowing she did.

The baroness smiled and put back the curls that had fallen over Lisa's eyes. "How old are you?" she asked.

"Fourteen," Frail, not tall for her age, there was much of the child still in Lisa Herbert's slender body, in her changing face with its expression of wonder, as though she had just wakened up. And, indeed, the sudden journey from England, following her father's death, had left her a little breathless.

"You will enter my school as a child of twelve," the baroness told her. "An English orphan sent here by relatives. You will not be known as my niece. Your connection with the de Montfort family will never be spoken of. Why, I cannot tell you."

There was another silence. "Can I count on your friendship, Lisa?" the baroness asked suddenly, but not in the way that one speaks to a child.

"Yes"—and Lisa had gone to her and put her hand on her arm, clinging to it a little. Despite all her father had told her, for some reason, or for something beyond reason, she liked this arrogant woman. She was at home with her.

And so Lisa Herbert's school life in Germany began.

BARONESS VON FABIAN had by that time lived in Germany for fourteen years. When she had first arrived as the French bride of a Prussian officer she had been received, but not cordially. But as time went on the baroness made a place for herself in Germany.

Before she had been there long she had created a salon in the castle of Woernitz, a place where the martial world of Potsdam found expression for art, music and literature.

When, after the baron's death, Baroness von Fabian turned Schloss Woernitz into a school, it became an almost immediate success. In this school she stressed the training of her pupils in the manners and customs of the great world. This appealed to the officers of the Reichswehr, the rich industrialists, the Potsdam aristocrats and the foreign diplomats as a place to send their daughters. It was near at hand and managed by a distinguished and well-known woman.

As the only foreigner in the school Lisa was taken up by her classmates with enthusiasm. She was invited to their homes for the week-ends. Their families approved of the little English girl. She went in and out of the different great houses in Potsdam with a freedom granted a schoolgirl considered too young to be interested in affairs of State. And she often heard, during these unguarded hours, plans and counter-plans of the Third Reich. Bits of information, discussed by the officers

of the Reichswehr and their families, intended only for official Germany.

Lisa always returned to school on Sunday evenings, although the students' leave extended until Monday morning. But Lisa Herbert, it was explained, was not proficient in German, and on these Sunday evenings she received special instruction from the Frau Baronin.

Lisa treasured these evenings when she could be alone with her aunt. She would tell her many things that happened, much of what was said in the different houses she visited. It became a game with her to describe incidents, to give little imitations of people she met.

One night, she said, relating something she had heard: "You know the new building on the Geltow road?"

"Yes," the baroness answered sharply.

"Well," Lisa told her, "Lieutenant Archambaud said it's going to be a munition plant."

"A MUNITION plant!" the baroness exclaimed. "I want information, more information, about this. I must find out why they're transferring important armament factories from the frontiers to the interior."

Lisa looked at her in amazement. It was the first time the baroness had spoken directly; the first time she had used the word "information." It was then Lisa understood. And suddenly all she had heard, the discussions she had listened to in the different houses she had visited flared across her consciousness. Remnants of conversation regarding conspiracy stories of women, German women of rank, who had been put to death for plotting the downfall of the Hitler regime. Her mind went sick and cold with fear when she realised the dangerous work in which Anna von Fabian was involved. But she said nothing about her fears. It was evident that the baroness had taken for granted that she knew.

After that Lisa sought, through a maze of inexperience, to warn the baroness; to gain information for her, to find a safe exit; but, from whatever angle she sought, there seemed no escape. And somewhere at the end of the road she saw tragedy waiting for Anna.

Contrary to her usual reserve, her aunt had lately spoken of the past. Of Lisa's mother, of their life in the old chateau of Montfort in the north of France; but of her marriage to Baron von Fabian she said very little. She would start and break off, in her sharp, vital way, as though her mood had changed, or as though she feared she had said too much.

"But isn't it—dangerous—what you are doing?" Lisa had once ventured.

"Of course it's dangerous"—but the baroness dismissed danger with a wave of her imperious hand. "I'd rather die for something worth while than die from some stupid illness."

One night the baroness said to Lisa: "When I first came here there was a sense of peace. A poverty that had a certain surety in it. As though people no longer thought of war, but of building their homes. Well, that didn't last long. And then I began to see, day after day, year after year, a great war machine grow in power and strength. It was like living behind the scenes of life. Like an actor in a play who knows in the first act what will happen in the third. And that, my child, is why . . . But she had not gone on. It was the nearest she had ever come to an explanation.

Lisa glanced over at the baroness, now standing at the window, her black dress outlined against the long yellow curtain, her eyes lowered, her face a mask of pale amusement, still concerned with the letter she was reading.

"Who are the Muehlhausens having for the week-end?" The baroness put the letter back on her desk.

"Freiherr and Freifrau von Mitendorf, the Mullers, Countess Freudenbourg—Furstenau, Frau Webber, Lieutenant Archambaud and Roland March."

"March again," the baroness said. "What's his connection with them?"

"He bought one of the Muehlhausens' planes. He's flying to Egypt on an archaeological expedition," said Lisa.

"Nonsense. Roland March isn't in Germany for that reason. He's here to find out something of the secret Diesel engine."

"Oh," said Lisa.

Please turn to Page 16

Mummy RUBS AWAY MY COLD



with the 3-MINUTE VAPORUB MASSAGE

FIRST, rub Vicks VapoRub briskly on the throat and chest.

NEXT, rub VapoRub briskly on the back, between and below the shoulder-blades.

THEN—to strengthen and lengthen its famous double-action—spread VapoRub thick on the chest, and cover with warm flannel.

No Waiting—Acts Instantly

The brisk massage starts VapoRub working through the skin like an old-fashioned poultice. Even before you finish rubbing, the chest and back feel warm and comfortable.

At the same time, warmed by the body, VapoRub releases its powerful medicated vapours. These are breathed in for hours, 18 times a minute, direct to the irritated air-passages of nose, throat and chest.

Long-Lasting Double Action

Working in these two direct ways at once, VapoRub soothes irritation, loosens phlegm, relieves coughing, breaks up congestion. And, with the air-passages clear, breathing becomes easy again.

Relaxed and comfortable, the patient soon drops off to restful sleep. Meanwhile, VapoRub keeps on working for hours—breaks up most colds by morning.

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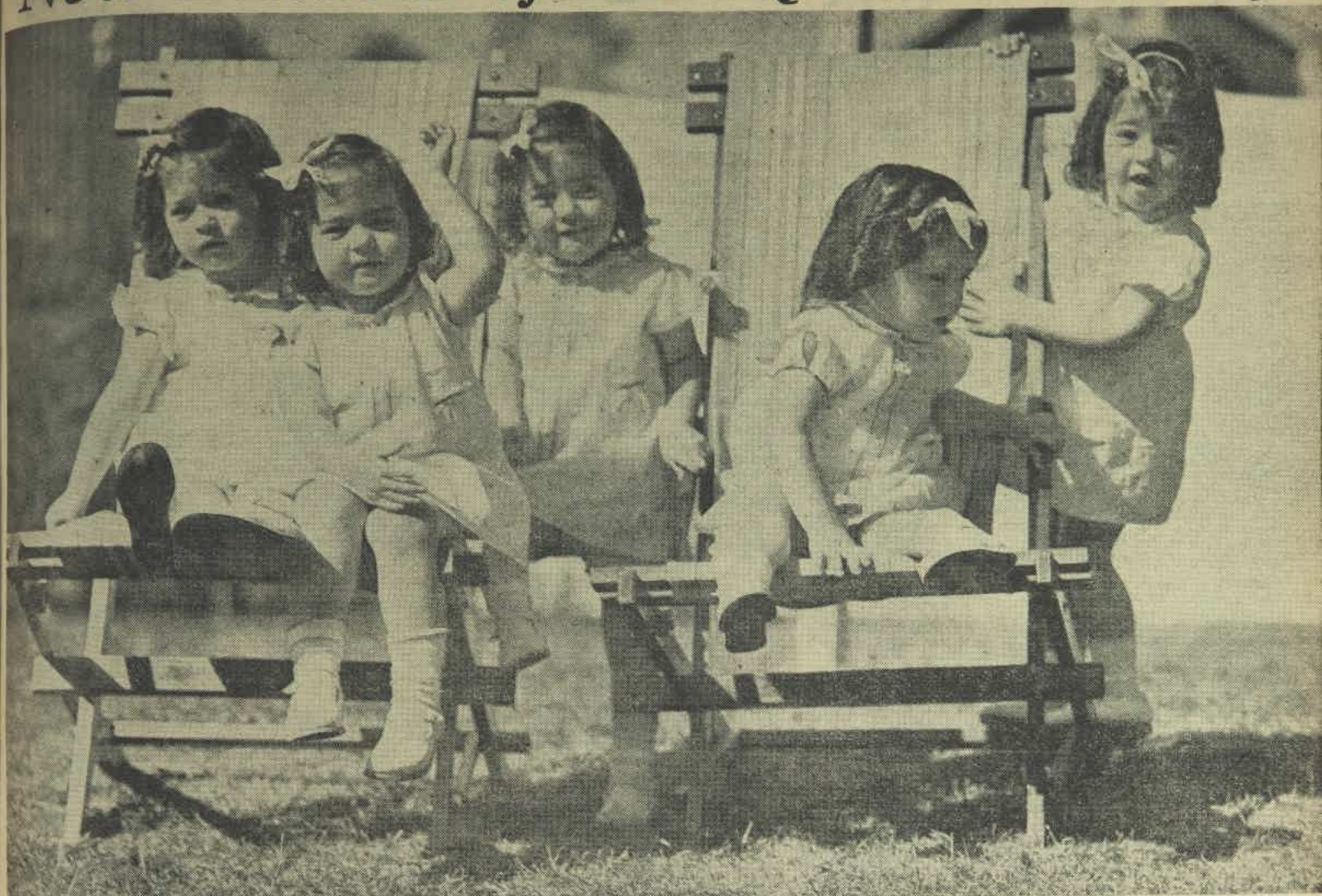
Thanks to the discovery of an American physician, it is now possible to get rid of those terrible spells of choking, gasping, coughing and wheezing Asthma by killing the true cause which is Germs in the blood. No more burning of powders, no more hypodermic injections. This new discovery, Mendaço, starts to work in 10 minutes, killing the Germ cause of Asthma, also refreshing the blood and restoring vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and work and enjoy life. Mendaço is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to stop your Asthma completely in a days or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaço from your chemist today. Refuse a substitute. The guarantee protects you.

YOUR DOG

He needs a blood purifier regularly every week. Whenever his coat is dull, loose or ragged, or his nose is warm or he is moody, listless, won't eat or constantly scratches, give him BARKO Condition POWDERS. Price 1/4 box—All Chemists.



New Pictures of the "Quins" at Play



"TWO GARDEN CHAIRS, a little sun—and thou..." The Dionne "Quins" bring Omar up to date in the big playground at the Dafoe nursery. From left: Cecile, Yvonne, Marie (crowding in the centre), and Annette moving up to make room for Emilie.



DIN AT THE DIONNES. Seeing this, most people would prefer to admire "Quins" rather than own them. Imagine the noise as Annette beats the drum, Yvonne claps the cymbals, Emilie toots the horn, Cecile whacks the triangle and Marie beats the tambourine. What a fine orchestral team they'll make when they grow up.

—Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

"I'd like to know if he's seen any of the blue-prints." The baroness began walking about the room.

Lisa looked out of the window. The shadows were lengthening. It was growing dark. A curious nostalgia invaded her. The same swift sense of homesickness she had felt when she met Roland March.

She had first seen him in the Muehlhausen garden. A lean, almost gaunt, man, but different, somehow, from his pictures. Younger and less severe than the newspapers had made him out.

There were a great many people there that day all surging around, interested in this British archaeologist whose achievements had brought him a fame he evaded, and whose evasion seemed to add to his fame. The older women were watching him with appraising eyes. Young, unmarried, he stalked across their vision as an alliance to be given serious consideration.

"This is the little English girl I spoke of, Mr. March," Frau Muehlhausen had said, putting her arm about Lisa.

"How do you do?" Roland March took her hand.

And for a moment the sound of his English voice made the garden dissolve into darkness and there was nothing but herself, as she had been before she came to Germany.

"And Lieutenant Machen," Frau Muehlhausen went on.

"Heil Hitler," the lieutenant said, clicking his heels and bowing to Lisa.

"Heil Hitler," Lisa responded.

Far back in Roland March's eyes she saw a flicker of a smile, as though he were saying: "We're both strangers here, aren't we?" or as though he were laughing at her a little. She had seen him in all only a few times, but there was always an emotion of recognition, a sort of formal intimacy in their meetings. The baroness paused at the great

ONCE to Every WOMAN

Continued from Page 14

chair near the fireplace. "When you're at the Muehlhausens, Lisa," she said, "go on in your usual habit of talking of everything. Tell them about the men who were here to-day. Say you don't know who they were, but you wondered. Complain about my severity to you. In no way must you have any family connection with me."

"I'd rather not go," Lisa ventured. Somehow she didn't want to leave Schloss Woernitz that night.

"You must go. You may hear something."

"I'd rather stay here," Lisa pleaded.

"You might be twelve instead of almost seventeen, Lisa." A note of tenderness came into Baroness von Fabian's voice.

"But don't you think . . ." Lisa took up a handkerchief that was lying on the arm of the great chair. There was a crown in one corner and the initials A. von F. embroidered in fine white-linen thread. "Don't you think . . ." she began again, outlining the letters with one finger.

"I think," the baroness informed her with one of her rare smiles, "that it's late and time for you to go."

When Lisa reached the doorway she turned, her eyes seeking the baroness. She was sitting, her dark head touching the back of the great chair, gazing straight ahead, a swift, listening immobility descending upon her.

THE late-afternoon sunlight shimmered over the silver and china on the tea table in the quiet, cool drawing-room of the stately house. Lisa wished it were filled with people. Then it would make her believe, as the atmosphere of the Muehlhausens' always did,

that life was normal and that mysterious things didn't happen in it. That it was not a ghastly game of hide and seek.

After all, she tried to tell herself, she might be imagining the danger the baroness was in, terrifying herself with childish fears—but she knew she wasn't.

All last night she had spent wondering what she could do. She had got up and had stood at the window looking out through the tall, dark trees, trying to think of some way in which her aunt could escape before it was too late. Half-formed plans shot through her mind. She walked about. Then she lay down, but she could not relax, and so, in distress, she waited for the morning.

A faint sound of voices came from the great hall, and then, through a screen of Chinese design, she saw people strolling towards the tea tables.

They were all there. The old Countess Freudenbourg-Furstenau, finding it difficult, as usual, to manage her ear trumpet and lorgnette. The Mittendorf twins, dressed alike, very blonde and blue-eyed.



ELEANOR POWELL, M.-G.-M. star, chooses an exotic gown of white brocaded satin for festive occasions. The shoulder-straps and collar are unusual. With it she wears dainty white satin slippers.

with Lieutenant Archambaud and Anton Muehlhausen in attendance. Frau Muller going about like a field marshal, Herr Muehlhausen wandering restlessly like a stranger in his own house, and Roland March coming towards her, his shrewd, straight glance taking in the scene before him.

"Miss Herbert," Lisa heard March say.

"Yes." "I've always wanted to know, Mr. March," the old countess interrupted in her booming voice, "what those poor Egyptian royalties think when you come flying down over their palaces, digging them up. Don't you believe in ghosts, my dear Herr March?"

"Do you, Countess?" he asked.

LISA turned away and began helping Hilda with the usual routine that fell to them on these Sunday afternoons, passing tea and coffee, returning now and then to the tea table, in the attitude of ladies in waiting to Frau Muehlhausen.

"Good afternoon," Lisa said, greeting the old countess and offering her some cake.

"I hate things on small tables!" the countess waved them aside with her lorgnette. "The tables wobble, the tea's always cold . . ."

"I'll take your cakes," March took the plate from Lisa and put it down.

"Can't you stay with me for a moment?" A curious mixture of impatience and interest rang in his voice.

"I'm on duty," Lisa answered with a slow smile.

"How long have you been here?" He bent on her a kind of comprehending face. "In Germany, I mean," March added.

"Two years," Lisa answered, but she could not relax.

"What part of England do you come from?" Roland March insisted. It was as though he was seeking the pitch in which he could talk to her.

"From London, where you come from."

She smiled at last. The voices, the laughter in the garden, were like a symphony. A symphony that recaptured a mood of high gaiety; and, hearing it, Lisa caught something of its spirit, something of its safety.

"Everything all right with the plane, Mr. March?" Herr Muehlhausen asked stopping for a minute.

"Went over Wittenberg this morning," March told him. "Beautiful machine, sir. Just what I need."

"Good—good," Herr Muehlhausen nodded to a man crossing the room.

"See that man coming towards us?" He put his hand on March's arm.

"That's the Geheimrat Pforten, the grey shadow of the Minister of the Interior. He works with the Gestapo. They say he knows the secret history of everyone in Germany."

Lisa swung in a void. The Geheimrat seemed to charge towards her, his large square head making him appear taller, and his military bearing adding to his severity.

She looked about as though seeking an escape, and again met the far-seeing eyes of Roland March.

There was a moment's silence then between them. A queer moment without words.

"Heil Hitler," Geheimrat Pforten's greeting took in the whole party. He turned towards the tea table, stopped, clicked his heels, and bowed low over Frau Muehlhausen's hand.

"Mr. March," Frau Muehlhausen said, with a little gesture, inviting him closer, "I know how interested the Geheimrat is in your work in Egypt."

Roland March bowed. The Geheimrat nodded.

"Well, you had to come here for one of our planes," Geheimrat Pforten observed. "You find Germany," he went on, "different from the Germany you read about in the English papers. Is it not so?"

"I find Germany most cordial," March answered.

"HMPH," the Geheimrat grunted. "Such rot that is printed. Germany's freer to-day for honorable people . . ."

"Well, my dear Geheimrat," Frau Muehlhausen said in her pleasant voice, "I don't mind telling you that sometimes I get frightened when you're around. For all I know, I may be under suspicion." She laughed and handed him his cup.

Geheimrat Pforten lowered himself into a wicker chair that swayed and groaned under him. "My work's not a labor of love." He spoke in the discouraged air of a man who despairs of making others listen to reason. "It's not a pleasure to deal with traitors." He drank his tea and put the cup back on the table.

Lisa drew in her breath quickly. She again took a plate of cakes and offered them vaguely to one of the Mittendorf twins. The other, Fraulein Rosa, was trying to speak English with Roland March, telling him, with little shrieks of laughter, what she most wanted to see in England.

"Soon you'll hear something that will surprise you," the Geheimrat was going on to Frau Muehlhausen. "A most extraordinary case."

"Extraordinary?" Frau Muehlhausen leaned forward. "Do I know who's concerned?"

"You think you do," he answered cryptically. "Can't give out the name yet. But everything's established. My men were there yesterday. We've all the evidence we need. An absolute case of treason."

The color drained from Lisa's face and the plate of cakes she was holding fell to the floor.

"My dear Lisa," Frau Muehlhausen admonished.

"I'm sorry," Lisa recovered the cakes and stood for a long minute unable to move, almost unable to breathe. The words the Geheimrat said thundered above her, going over her like a tidal wave. They were, in effect, a death sentence.

"Mind walking about with me?" a voice said, very low, behind her.

TURNING, she saw Roland March. She tried to speak, but her throat contracted. She felt his hand on her arm and, without any resistance, let him guide her across the great room.

"I've—I've got to get back—to Schloss Woernitz," she said breathlessly, as though she had been running.

His hand on her arm forced her to continue walking.

"I can't stay here—I've got to get back." She veered around, a little figure poised for flight, uncertain of its course.

"Be careful. People are coming," he warned her. The Mittendorf twins were crossing the hall and Anton Muehlhausen called out to Roland March.

"What can I do? If I don't get back . . ." Lisa was frantic now and a little off her guard.

"I'll take you back," Roland March told her.

"Now?" Lisa whirled around.

"Be quiet," March said sharply. "I'll tell Frau Muehlhausen I've had news for you from England. Get your things and I'll meet you in the drive." He turned away and stroled over to the Mittendorf twins.

Lisa Herbert found herself suddenly sitting in the car next to Roland March driving on the Nikolai Kirche. She had a vague recollection of Hilda's startled eyes and Frau Muehlhausen's sympathetic smile. That was all. The rest was blurred with a wild uncertainty and a horror of what was to come.

"And now you must give me directions," March said in that voice that always gave her confidence.

"Turn left at the next corner and then straight on for a time."

Please turn to Page 18

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THE DUCHESS OF KENT'S CHILDREN enjoy the sunshine. An unusual picture showing Prince Edward (right) and Princess Alexandra with their nurses, on their way to Buckingham Palace.

THE DUCHESS of KENT

Intimate Life Story of

PRINCESS MARINA'S life has been one of constant cloud and sunshine.

Her happy childhood in Greece was upset by the turmoil of the war years, the subsequent revolutions that exiled her family, restored it to the Greek throne, then exiled it again.

Royal wanderers without a country... rich sometimes, at other times lacking money, with purses strained to help poverty-stricken fellow countrymen... this was the poignant background in which Princess Marina and her sisters, Princess Olga and Princess Elizabeth, lived and grew up... their natural charm unspoiled, developing their talents for dress, beauty and the arts.

CHAPTER V

Her Fashion Ideas

THE thing especially which charmed me most about Princess Marina was that she never sought her pleasures outside her family circle.

She was never so happy as when she was with her parents and sisters and to do things with them was for her the greatest happiness.

Whether she went sketching or to a gallery with her father, shopping with her mother, or to a party with her sister, she enjoyed it, and on her return she had to tell them all about it, and give them a mimical representation of the people and the happenings.

As I have already mentioned, mimicking was always Princess Marina's great gift.

By means of a couple of scarves or a few draperies, she would be able, like Ruth Draper, to convey the impression of any character she desired, and as in her childish days she treated her contemporaries to wonderful imitations of their governesses and peasant dances later on she copied cinema stars and state officials equally well.

One thing I must note: though Princess Marina represented people she never ridiculed them and never laughed at them herself.

Her humor is a kindly one, and since her early days she would never willingly hurt anyone or ruffle their feelings. Besides, her attitude to life is extremely modest.

She never takes anything for granted, and I have often heard her say how kind people were if they rendered her the slightest service.

These views are shared by her family, and thus allowed them to have a lot of happy fun without being unkind to anyone.

If Princess Marina had been to the

Comedie Francaise her parents were given an accurate and vivid impression of the performance; if it had been the Russian Ballet, the latest dance was enacted.

If it had been a mannequin parade one knew exactly which novel lines had appealed to the young Princess.

IN the matter of dress she had always been extremely clever. Her father told me once with masculine wonder: "Marina can put on any hat. She does something to it"—and getting it to look "just right" is the real secret of a well-dressed woman.

Princess Marina always took an interest in clothes, not from personal vanity, but from an artistic point of view. She adjusted a hat or a scarf on her family and on her friends because her artistic eye was outraged if she saw something wrong.

She simply could not bear to see the wrong color or the wrong shape on a person. Parisian fashions naturally trained her to certain ideas of dress, for the Parisian girl has a well-earned reputation for "chic."

In those days in Paris, as well as later on when Princess Marina used to visit Yugoslavia, she certainly did not spend much time or money on her dresses, yet she had always a reputation of being well dressed.

She could make her own clothes and in her schooldays would willingly help and advise her schoolmates on the question of dress.

She could alter things to perfection and had always original ideas for making almost any garment look different and rather exciting. Her schoolmates told me that she also often did their hair for them, and they generally considered her an authority on fashion and art.

Princess Marina always thought that the Empire period was the most graceful in women's fashions. Perhaps because it is reminiscent of the Ancient Grecian lines.

This topic came into conversation recently after the Duchess had attended some very artistic tableaux in aid of one of her charities. Someone admired the lace and flounces which accompanied the pagnier, someone

else advocated the charm of the early Victorian crinoline.

The Duchess listened thoughtfully to the respective merits of each period.

We all have our mannerisms, and when thinking over a point the Duchess of Kent still curls up her finger under her chin, just as she used to do when she was little Princess Marina.

"What is your opinion, Madam?" I asked her. "Who wins, Madame de Pompadour or the naughty 'nineties'?"

She laughed. "Neither. I am afraid that I still uphold Empress Eugenie and the graceful folds of her soft, flowing robes."

CHAPTER VI

A Royal Midshipman

WHILST Princess Marina settled down to a new life in 1921-22 in Paris, let us follow H.M.S. Iron Duke out of the

By

Baroness Helena Von-Der Hoven

English fog into the southern sunshine.

Malta "the Pearl of the Mediterranean" as it is called in the guide books. The "Island of Sunshine and Romance."

White glittering rocks. Flat-roofed houses.

Massive fortifications and on the background of pink skies and azure seas the British Mediterranean Fleet.

The battleships lie peacefully in the Grand Harbor and busy picket boats and brightly colored "dghaisas" run to and fro from the ships to the stone steps of the Custom House.

Chattering "carozzi" drivers with their small four-wheeled carriages covered with a canopy and reminding one of four-poster beds on wheels, noisy bars filled with bluejackets and loitering Maltese.

There comes No. 1 from the Flotilla-leader in his red-and-gold dghaisa.

There is the motor-boat from the light cruiser and there, all glittering in the evening sunshine, lightly cutting its way through the blue waters, comes the Admiral's barge from the Flagship, H.M.S. Iron Duke.

It glides faultlessly up to the steps of the Custom House, the midshipman in charge standing erect at the steering-wheel.

He is no more than a mere boy, but you can already see in him the future Captain.

He is responsible for his craft, and on this small launch still in his midshipman's uniform he is already a member of that great Navy which is ready to defend and die for the Empire.

The Admiral steps ashore.

"I shall want the barge at 8.15 tonight."

"Yes, sir." The midshipman salutes, and the barge glides away as perfectly as it came, the youthful figure standing erect at the wheel.

"Do you know who was that snotty?" asked my companion as we stood on the steps of the Custom House waiting for our launch to take us on board one of the ships. I shook my head.

"He's got a good figure and a marvellous command of English."

"I noticed that as we rose to go in to dinner he was the first to jump to the side of our hostess, who was a cripple, having not long before broken her hip-bone."

He assisted the old lady into the dining-room very simply and charmingly, as if she was his own grandmother, and presently on the way to the opera we squashed him into the car as if he were any other ordinary midshipman.

The opera, I remember, was "Othello," and as it rarely happens in Malta, not of the best productions. Prince George was quick to note the deficiencies both in music and in the performance, and his remarks were both witty and to the point.

Towards the second interval we had completely lost interest in it and were chatting freely on the local topics of Malta.

I noticed that Prince George was very observant and amusing and interested in a good many things.

It seemed he had been obliged to

A CHARMING PORTRAIT of the Duchess of Kent and her young son, Prince Edward.

—Marcus Adams.



come all the way round from the Custom House.

"Why didn't you take the lift to the Baracca? That would have been the quicker way," remarked our host.

Prince George laughed in a slightly embarrassed manner.

"I did," he said, "but you know there are a lot of false coins going about in Malta and when I gave the lift-boy sixpence he simply put it between his teeth and broke it in two; so after this I felt that I had to go round."

We all laughed at his simple confession.

"Didn't you tell him who you were?" asked someone.

"That wouldn't have made the slightest difference," replied Prince George with conviction, "the boy wanted his sixpence and he thought I was trying to do him in."

THEN Prince George laughed heartily as if the joke thoroughly appealed to him.

I couldn't help noticing again his marvellous complexion and the nice clean look there was about him.

His manners were simple and unassuming, and it struck me that he enjoyed life immensely.

I noticed that as we rose to go in to dinner he was the first to jump to the side of our hostess, who was a cripple, having not long before broken her hip-bone.

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Continued on Next Page

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THE car leaped forward. The shadows were lengthening. It was growing cold. The trees and houses of Potsdam disappeared. The castle of Frederick the Great loomed in view, and pervading, haunting the road, came the smell of jasmine from the gardens of Sans Souci.

"It's good of you—to take me," Lisa said in a hesitating, low voice. "Do we turn here?" he asked.

"The next corner, to the right, on the Gellow road," Lisa leaned forward, peering into the gathering darkness.

"You're very young," he said, watching her as she sat there, her face white and shadowy, her eyes searching the blue dusk of the road. "Too young to be mixed up in a political situation."

"You know?" An expression of fear flared across her face.

"I know nothing except that something Geheimrat Pforten said frightened you. Don't even know what he said. But I know who he is. It's part of my training to watch people, and I saw you draw back."

"Oh!" She looked straight in front of her, but she knew his eyes had not left her face. "I heard..." she said and stopped. What could she tell him? She began seeking, in her mind, how to explain and yet not explain. "Mr. March," she began again. For all at once she realised that what she knew was already known. She leaned forward and gazed at him before she spoke. "Mr. March—what the Geheimrat said—he said—Baroness von Fabian was guilty of treason."

The words seemed caught in the wind, shrieking and echoing as though they had been stolen from her.

"What have you to do with all this?" March's clear voice demanded.

"I'm Baroness von Fabian's

ONCE to Every WOMAN

Continued from Page 16

niece." The violent sensation she had experienced had completely drained her strength. She began to cry.

"Lisa." The sound of her name, in his voice, restored her.

"We're almost there." She half rose. "There—that's the school."

Before them the white castle appeared remote in the darkness. Soon the car came to a halt before the entrance to Schloss Woernitz.

"Is Baroness von Fabian..." Lisa asked the maid who opened the door.

"Frau Baronin is in the library, Fraulein," the maid answered.

"I'll tell her you're here," Lisa turned to March, a vivid little figure in the dimly lighted hall, her changing face with its devotional eyes, her slender, high-statured body with its nervous shoulders. "Will you wait?" But she was gone before he could answer.

WHEN she appeared again, she had become quieter, as though, actually, she knew where she was.

"Will you come into the library, Mr. March?" she asked in that tentative but emotional voice that always seemed to say more than she said.

Baroness von Fabian came forward as he entered.

"Lisa has told me of your—kindness," she said. She gave him her hand. But her eyes searched his and the brows above them were raised.

"Rather unusual to meet an English girl in such circumstances," he answered, and something in his tone met the expression of the baroness's eyes.

Continued from Page 16

Lisa looked from one to the other. Nothing was happening as she had thought it would happen.

"I should like to speak to Mr. March alone," Baroness von Fabian said.

Lisa gave her a sudden, questioning look. Then her eyes sought Roland March. He gave her a swift, reassuring smile. She walked to the door, opened it, went out, and closed it after her.

The hall, lighted by the glow from the single lamp, was full of shadows. The chairs, the pictures on the wall, all seemed to take on a listening, a waiting quality. Yet there was nothing to be heard. Only a vivid, a profound silence.

She walked down the hall and her footsteps, on the wooden floor, sounded loud and strange. She closed her eyes to shut out the curious stillness of the house, for fear was running riot in her veins.

At the sound of a door opening, she swerved around. She could see the baroness and Roland March coming out of the library. The baroness was serene, even smiling. And once again Lisa felt that all was well. That she had been imagining, terrifying herself with childish fears.

"Lisa," Baroness von Fabian said, coming towards her. "Mr. March has been most kind. He has offered to take you to France to-night in his plane."

"But you're coming, too?" Lisa asked, her eyes begging confirmation.

"I couldn't cross the frontier," Baroness von Fabian told her. "I'm leaving for Berlin in an hour. I

shall stay there with friends. I shall be quite safe."

"But I won't go without you," Lisa cried out and drew near the baroness.

"Lisa..." The baroness's tone was charged with command.

"You see, Lisa..." Roland March began.

"We haven't time to discuss anything now," Baroness von Fabian said. "You will do as I say. You've never disobeyed me, Lisa. Mr. March has your passport and your letters of credit. He will take you to your cousin, Adele de Montfort, in Paris. She escorted Lisa across the hall to the door."

"But I can't go," Lisa pleaded and caught Anna von Fabian's hand, clinging to it.

"Lisa..." For a wavering second the older woman held the girl close to her. Then she put her to one side, as though, in that brief moment, she had said all she could ever say of farewell.

March opened the massive oak door, the formidable entrance to Schloss Woernitz, and stood waiting. The world outside was lighted by stars and a half moon threw a slanting gleam over the countryside.

"I can't go," Lisa whispered to March.

He did not answer her but an expression of tenderness came into his face. He turned to the baroness and, taking her hand, bowed low and kissed it.

"Good-bye, Baroness von Fabian," Roland March said with something of reverence and admiration in his voice.

"Adieu," said Anna de Montfort with a dim smile.

"I won't go—I don't believe..." Lisa cried, throwing out her hands in a frantic gesture of despair. "I won't go."

Roland March deliberately lifted her in his arms and put her in the car. The door slammed, the car crept down the dark road and out of sight.

Anna von Fabian returned to the library. She closed the long door and, with that swift grace that was so characteristic of her, walked over to her desk and took from one of the drawers, a small phial, the contents of which she swallowed.

Across the night sky a plane circled over Potsdam. Lisa Herbert's eyes sought, in agitation, for Schloss Woernitz. Far, far below her it lay, a white outline in the motionless dark trees.

(Copyright.)

Intimate Life Story of THE DUCHESS of KENT

SOMEHOW in the course of Continued from Previous Page

conversation our young hostess (the old people had stayed at home) remarked on my gift of fortune-telling, and Prince George wanted to know whether I could read hands.

I admitted laughingly that I could if they were not too dirty, and Prince George promptly took out his handkerchief and pretended to scrub his palms vigorously.

Then he put them out for my inspection.

"But I can't read your hands here in the Opera House," I tried to protest, but Prince George would not take "No" for an answer.

The curtain went up for the last act and Prince George was still sitting in the box with his back to the stage, deeply engrossed in my story, while poor "Othello" gasped at the stage.

I cannot remember what I said to him, but I can well remember what was said of us by the local gossips of Malta!

Sunday afternoons at Cas a Leoni, the residence of the Governor of Malta, were open to the snotties.

The charming hostess made all the young people feel at home and they played games in the garden with our host's children and their friends and then gathered round the large tea-table provided with a substantial nursery tea.

A great feature of this meal was who would be the quickest to get through their bread-and-butter so as to start on cakes.

Prince George, who was a frequent

visitor at these gatherings, was particularly efficient in these competitions and was always up to any pranks.

ONE day when he had been prompt in grabbing a cake he discovered that it was not the one he wanted, so without any ceremony he dispatched it under the table and reached out for another one, to the huge delight of the children.

"You are a naughty boy! Where have you been brought up?" exclaimed a jolly girl staying in the house, who was trying to keep order among the youngsters. A roar of laughter greeted her innocent remark and Prince George's laugh was the loudest.

He was always extremely good with children, and once, on calling on his Captain's wife, spent all the afternoon playing on the floor with the Captain's little red-haired boy.

He gave piggy-back rides to the small daughter of seven, who on seeing him off into the tram on his leaving the house solemnly curtsied on the tramlines.

On the same occasion Prince George sat down to the piano and asking his Captain's wife to take out her fiddle played her accompaniments and thoroughly enjoyed himself.

Music was always one of Prince George's passions, and at dances if the orchestra was not to his liking he would sneak away and you could find him at the piano in some remote corner playing to his heart's content.

He also hated ceremony and avoided people who tried to treat him differently from an ordinary midshipman.

There were, however, occasions when this was necessary, as for example when his ship called at Norway.

It was he who was then called upon to take in the Queen to dinner in precedence to the Admiral.

But once the anchor was lifted he became once more just a tall and jolly snotty.

On one occasion, during his cruise in Scandinavia he was offered a mount from the Royal stables.

As a midshipman Prince George did not even own riding breeches, but he was not dismayed—he rode in plus fours.

Little did I guess when I said good-bye to him in Malta that a few years later he would be the hero of a most perfect and popular romance.

Sister's Romance

THE fates had decided. In 1923 soldier did would be, Princess Olga, the eldest of the three princesses, was going to be married.

The excitement, the thrill of it!

Do not think that Royal princesses are any different from ordinary girls.

"What did he say? How did he propose?" the sisters wanted to know.

The trousseau, the orange blossom, the bridal veil... Perhaps one day... and Princess Olga was married at Belgrade to Prince Paul of Yugoslavia and remained to live in her husband's country.

She had met Prince Paul during a visit with her parents to England, and the Duke and Duchess of York went to the Yugoslavian capital to see her married.

It was with Princess Olga, as with her two other sisters later on, love at first sight.

A cousin of the late King Alexander of Yugoslavia, the son of a Russian mother, Prince Paul is an extremely cultured and charming man.

Educated in England, he combines the sturdy qualities of British upbringing with the Slav artistic temperament.

To Be Continued

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"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



"You're angry because I came home with this black eye last night!"
"Not at all. When you came home you didn't have a black eye!"

"We just dropped our anchor, lady."
"I've been expecting that. It's been dangling over the front of the ship for some time."



FORTUNE-TELLER: Until you are forty, you'll be unhappy with your husband.
BELIEVER: And after that?
FORTUNE-TELLER: You will be used to it.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Where is your little brother, Mopsy?"
"Oh—he's all right. I'm holding his hands under the water."

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BRAINWAVES

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

MAGISTRATE: You will be disqualified as a driver for six years. You're a danger to road-users.

Motorist: But my living depends on it.

Magistrate: So does theirs.

"YOU'D better take a taxi home, sir," said the club porter sternly, to the departing member.

"Sno use, ole boy!" hiccupped the inebriated one. "I took a diamond bracelet home lasht time, but the wife pitched me out just the same!"

"SUCH a pity John's deaf. He won't have heard the jokes I'm going to tell."

"Oh, I don't know. He wasn't always deaf."

THE golfers were yarning. One had told how he'd driven a ball through a window of a house, hit a lamp, and set the place afire.

"What did you do then?" asked his friend.

"Oh, I just took another ball, hit it smack with my driver, and struck the fire alarm at the corner."

DOCTOR: Great Heavens! Who stuffed that towel in the patient's mouth?

Husband: I did. You said the main thing was to keep her quiet.

"WHAT became of his wife?"
"He stopped away from home so much that she deserted him."

ANGRY FARMER: Don't you know there's no road through this field?

Tramp: Well, don't bother making one. I'm not coming back.

"DO you know the motive in that Russian composition they are playing?"

"By the sound I should judge it was revenge."

ANGRY WIFE: The night before last you came home yesterday. Last night you came home to-day. If you come home to-morrow night there's going to be a real row!

POLICEMAN (to motorist): You can't stop here!

Motorist: I can't, eh? You don't know this car.

JACK TAR: I'm going to ask Nell to marry me, but there's one thing I want to get off my chest.

Tommy: And what is that?

Jack Tar: A tattooed heart with Mary's name on it.

SHE: You say you're able to judge a woman's character by her clothes. What would be your verdict on my sister over there?

He (looking at sister's dress): Insufficient evidence.

Don't let your clothes turn YELLOW



The secret of the really white wash is in the last rinse in blue water. It removes the yellowness and renews the lovely whiteness of linens . . . Always remember the last rinse in blue water.

Reckitt's BLUE

Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!

NEW PLASMIC

America's Most Talked Of Skin Rejuvenator



Actual Photo. Mrs. Margery Westburn, Victoria Road, Bellevue Hill, Age 56. Taken on Jan. 5th, 1938.

ABSOLUTELY removes almost instantaneously WRINKLES, LINES, OPEN PORES, BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES, and all SKIN BLEMISHES arising from any causes whatsoever.

NEW PLASMIC ACTS LIKE MAGIC

Restores PERMANENTLY to old or middle age the skin and complexion of youth.

REJUVENATES THE SKIN TISSUES

Your complexion will look Glorious even after the first treatment and will become Satin smooth, clear, fresh, velvety and lovely.

Not a line. Not a blemish. No injuries after effects. Contains no astringent.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. CALL FOR A FREE DEMONSTRATION.

LARGE TUBE SUFFICIENT FOR 12 APPLICATIONS POSTED FREE FOR 2/-.

Ladies unable to call can have a trial treatment posted free for one shilling and one penny stamp.

JACK AFRIAT, Pacific House, 296 Pitt Street.

Next Bathurst St., 3rd Floor. Take lift. Also obtainable at Washington, South, Pattinson's, and other leading chemists.

THEY very much regretted to inform him that they had received a communication from a firm of solicitors, Messrs. Cripps, Castlewood and Cripps, stating that they were applying for a writ against the author and publishers of "The Price of Fame" on behalf of their client, Miss Katherine Shard, who, on their advice, would claim heavy damages for libel against the author and publishers. In the said novel, "The Price of Fame," a character bearing her name, having her physical appearance closely described in great detail and mentioning unmistakable characteristics regarding color of hair, eyes, complexion and certain physical peculiarities belonging to the said Miss Katherine Shard, was a grossly offensive and libellous attack upon the reputation of this lady, well known to the public under her stage name of Vera Mirski. . . . The publishers would be glad of an immediate explanation from Mr. Roderick Dane, and meanwhile were withdrawing all copies of the novel from circulation.

Mrs. Dane read this letter and dropped it on the breakfast-table as though it had stung her.

"Roddy! What on earth does it mean?"

He hadn't the faintest idea. He had never heard of Katherine Shard, or Vera Mirski.

"She's a dancer," said Mrs. Dane, who read the newspaper gossip with untiring interest. "She's dancing at the Olympus. I thought she was a Russian."

"Have you ever heard of her under

SHEER IMAGINATION

Continued from Page 8

the name of Katherine Shard?" asked Roderick, with an anxiety which made his voice sound different. "Never!" said Mrs. Dane. "But what made you choose that name, Roddy? Where did you get it from?"

That was the question which racked his mind for weeks. How on earth had he hit on that name? Was there such a person living, or was she merely a creation of his imagination? As a rule he found the names for his characters on shop fronts—or if they had any attractive oddity—or in advertisements and newspaper paragraphs. Sometimes they just came to him out of the blue. Some name of which he had never consciously heard came into his mind and precisely fitted one of his imaginary portraits. So it had been with Katherine Shard, as far as he could remember. Meanwhile, his novel was suppressed. He was threatened with a libel action. His whole career might be blasted.

HE had a painful interview with his publishers. There was a solicitor present taking notes as if he were a criminal—as though anything he said might be used in evidence against him. Old Featherview, the senior partner, was querulous and incredulous.

"But, my dear Mr. Dane, you surely can't ask us to believe that all this is pure coincidence?"

"I do ask you to believe it," said Roderick Dane sullenly.

"You have never seen or heard of this lady?"

"Great heavens! Haven't I said so a dozen times?"

"But you describe her appearance! The name itself might have been one of those unfortunate coincidences that do happen, but you go out of your way to paint a detailed portrait of the very woman who bears it. How do you account for that?"

Roderick Dane could not account for it. He did not believe it. He thought the whole thing was a fake on the part of some foul creature out for blood-money.

The solicitor, a thin-lipped man with folding pince-nez, leaned forward a little, as though putting some deadly point to a prisoner in a murder trial.

"Mr. Dane, how do you explain that you have described this woman in your book as having a little blue vein running across her left cheek, plainly visible when any light fell on that side of her face?"

Roderick Dane shrugged his shoulders and laughed uneasily, angrily, even.

"No explanation is necessary. Sheer imagination!"

The solicitor glanced at some papers on his knee.

"I have a note from Cripps, Castlewood and Cripps. You will hear what they say."

He folded his papers back and read in a dry voice:

"The author of this novel describes the character he has named Katherine Shard as having reddish-gold hair like Elizabeth Siddal, Rossetti's model. Our client has reddish-gold hair. He describes his character as having pale blue eyes with a violet iris, giving her a slightly feline look. Our client has pale blue eyes with a violet iris. He describes his character as having a little blue vein running across her left cheek from the tip of her ear to the corner of her mouth. Our client has a little blue vein running across her left cheek from the tip of the ear to the corner of her mouth."

"HOLY SNAKES!" exclaimed Roderick Dane in a low voice.

He rose from his chair and paced up and down the room like a caged animal. It was worse than that with him. He was caught between the teeth of some horrible man-trap.

Roderick Dane shoved his hands into the pockets of his old raincoat. His mouth had hardened. He rasped out his words.

"I have never heard the name of Katherine Shard. I invented it. I have never seen or heard of Vera Mirski, who says that is her real name. I don't believe she has reddish-gold hair or a vein running across her cheek. I do believe those solicitors are crooks putting up a fake client. They can go to blue blazes as far as I'm concerned. I decline to be blackmailed."

The solicitor glanced at Mr. Featherview, who looked very worried.

"I'm afraid we can't adopt that attitude. Messrs. Cripps, Castle-

wood and Cripps are a very respectable firm of solicitors. They wouldn't rake up any shady case or client. I wish Mr. Dane would be more frank with us."

Roderick Dane swung round on him angrily.

"Do you think I'm lying?"

"I think you are keeping something back," answered the solicitor dryly.

The author of "The Price of Fame" was keeping nothing back. Night after night he lay awake with this case nagging at him. He was absolutely certain that he had never heard of the name of Katherine Shard. He was equally certain that he had never seen Vera Mirski, the dancer. Of what plot or mystery was he the victim?

He discussed the affair with some of his friends and was uneasily aware that they had suspicions of his veracity.

"I can believe in the long arm of coincidence," said one of them, a literary critic in a cottage on the same range of hills above the plain of Princess Risborough, "but I can't believe in a whole giddy crowd of coincidences. Draw it mild, my dear fellow!"

"Perhaps it's a case of mental telepathy," said Janette Harding one night, as they sat together by the hearthside of that hilltop cottage, warming themselves at a wood fire. Mrs. Dane was spending the weekend in town, and Janette had climbed the hill from a village below the Icknield way to keep company with a man who liked her a good deal, as she knew by the look in his eyes. She had been hoping that a successful novel would give him courage to say a few words on the subject, but now this business about "The Price of Fame" had postponed that conversation.

"I'm beginning to think it's a case of witchcraft," answered Roderick. "That foul woman must have put a spell on me and dictated my story. Let's talk about something else. I'm sick of the subject."

They relapsed into silence—the test of good friendship. Roderick, sitting in a low chair, his grey flannel bags showing a bit of leg above his socks, liked the look of that girl with her up-tilted chin. If that novel of his hadn't gone phut . . .

Once or twice he felt the need of a pipe, but was too lazy to fetch the matches. Presently he fumbled in his pocket for a bit of paper which he could light at the fire. Yes, there was an odd bit, just big enough for a spill, some old envelope he had torn up for the same purpose. It was already burnt at the top. He must have puffed it out and shoved it into his pocket again.

He glanced at some writing on it—a note for a short story or something—and then sat up with a sharp cry.

"Holy snakes!"

"What's the matter Roddy?"

He sat there staring at the bit of paper as though it had mesmerised him.

Janette uncorked herself and put her feet to earth.

"What is it? A message of doom or something?"

"You've said it!" answered Roderick.

He handed over the bit of burnt paper. On it, very closely written in a foreign-looking hand, was the name "Katherine Shard." It had obviously been addressed to Miss Katherine Shard, but only two s's remained of the first word.

"How did it come into my pocket?" he asked, as though Janette might provide the answer.

She could not. She was inclined to chaff him a little, until she saw that he was deeply distressed. Her suggestion that he had been very friendly with the lady remained half said.

He stood up and stared at the scrap of paper closer by candlelight. It was part of an envelope. There was no address on it beyond the name. It had been used to light something.

"It's black magic!" he said, like a tragic actor. But there was no acting in his mind. This was very sinister. By what mystery had that scrap of paper found its way into his old jacket? Katherine Shard! The name was dragging him down and putting him on the rack of torture.

He turned to the girl on the oak settle with that boyish look of distress which made his mother remember his school days.

"I say, Janette! Do you think

I'm going gaga or something? Do you think I've been living a double life with a woman I can't remember? Is it a case of dual personality or some psychological disease?"

Janette laughed at him, although she felt a little uneasy.

"But how do you explain my possession of this envelope?" he demanded. "Surely you must have some theory about it?"

"What's yours?" asked Janette, in her best non-committal manner.

"It beats me," said Roderick Dane. "I'm completely flummoxed. I shall have to tell old Featherview and that solicitor. Of course they'll think the worst."

Janette was not for candor.

"If I were you I wouldn't tell them. It would only complicate the affair. Far better stick to your original story, if it's the truth."

He looked at her sharply.

"Janette! Are you one of those?"

She held out her hand to him.

"I'm only teasing, Mr. Shockhead Peter!"

"I want a woman to kiss me," said Roderick. "I want to be cherished. I want to be protected from witches and warlocks."

That girl Janette held out her arms to a distressed novelist, and he was slightly comforted.

Roderick was a very nervous-looking fellow in the witness-box when the case came into court. Several of his friends were there—that literary critic who was his neighbor on the Chiltern Hills, and three novelists—one of them a famous fellow—who had come to his rescue and were ready to give evidence on the subject of names in fiction, and the utter impossibility of choosing any name, however fantastic or imagined, without finding someone in the world who was known by it.

The famous man had experienced several far-fetched coincidences of this kind. He had made up a name for one of his characters by taking two stations out of the railway timetable—remote places in Lincolnshire—and joining them together. Before his book had been published a week a man wrote to him from the Cavalry Club wanting to know why in thunder he had taken his name for a most scoundrelly character, and threatening to come round with a horsewhip.

There was another case when he had given a very extraordinary name to one of his heroines, entirely imaginary as he believed, and saw it staring at him a month after the publication of his book, in a newspaper he was reading while having his hair cut. The owner of that fantastic name had been summoned for being drunk and disorderly.

Roderick Dane felt and looked like a criminal. He avoided the eyes of Janette Harding, who was attending the trial, and refused to take it seriously. She was sitting next to his mother, who was very anxious. Old Featherview, the publisher, was by the side of his solicitor, that thin-lipped man with the pince-nez, who kept whispering to the young barrister briefed for the defence. The counsel for the other side was elderly, and pompous, and bland. He opened the case with the easy assurance of a man who has all the tricks in his hand.

"My lords, and gentlemen of the jury, the defence will doubtless call expert witnesses—novelists and literary men"—he spoke those words as if all such people were slightly ridiculous—"who will show the difficulty of choosing any name which cannot be identified with some actual person in the living world. I shall not challenge them on that point.

Please turn to Page 22

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE-

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of fluid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel weak, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A good bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up."

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

TRUST YOUR DENTIST

-he says KOLYNOS

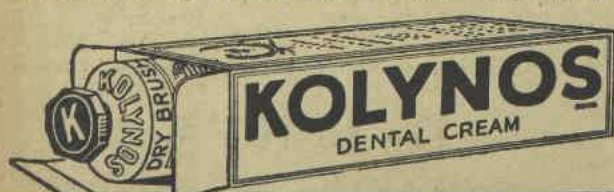


MAKE DULL TEETH BRIGHT and SPARKLING

If you want a perfectly healthy mouth, firm gums and attractive teeth, buy a tube of KOLYNOS and start using it today. KOLYNOS quickly removes the cause of discoloration, and washes away the unsightly, germ-laden bacteria covering from the teeth, restoring natural colour—with an attractive sparkle and lustre. Because of its proved antiseptic, germicidal and cleansing tooth paste, KOLYNOS effectively protects your teeth against the

harmful germs which cause decay, and keeps teeth and mouth thoroughly clean and healthy. Cultivate the twice-a-day use of KOLYNOS, the world's most efficient and economical tooth paste. Only half-an-inch—used preferably on a DRY brush—cleans your teeth perfectly—right down to the natural enamel without harmful bleaching action or unnecessary abrasion. Get a tube of KOLYNOS today. Of all Chemists and Stores.

DENTISTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD RECOMMEND KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM



REDUCED PRICES NEW DOUBLE SIZE
1/9 NOW 1/3 2/- PER TUBE

CASH PRIZES AWARDED
Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here. Pen names are not permitted. This in accordance with the decision of readers in a poll taken on this page.

AUSSIE PLUCK

AS a race, Australians show plenty of pluck in a crisis. They gave the whole world an example of courage in the Great War. The good nature and humor of an Australian crowd when conditions are far from ideal is worthy of admiration.

Why then do they not display these worthy characteristics when tackling national—social, political, and even religious—problems? When confronted with these, humor often gives way to bitterness, and courage to affright.

£1 for this letter to Miss D. J. Miller, Merthyr, Moray St., New Farm, Brisbane.

WOMEN MOWING

I AM astounded to see the number of women in the suburbs cutting lawns. Most women like gardening, and it is a good and healthful hobby, but pushing a mower on a hot day is too strenuous for any woman.

Miss D. Steer, 321 High St., Fremantle, W.A.

POOR WAGES

BUSINESS MEN seem strangely averse from paying salaries in excess of the basic wage. Yet, in most cases, they stipulate that their employees should come from good families and good colleges.

Employees with such a background will quite naturally wish to do as much for their children as was done for them, but it is clear that unless they have private means this is impossible.

On the other hand, many will not marry at all, knowing their salaries will never be sufficient to warrant maintaining the standard of living which their own early environment has set for them.

M. Dickson, 14 Serpentine Parade, Vaucluse, N.S.W.

MUTUAL RESPECT

IT is rather tiresome, this much-reiterated business about young people's lack of respect for the older generation. I feel inclined to ask what the older generation has done to earn that respect.

Many of them are autocratic and overbearing, and think because they have lived longer that they are at liberty to ride rough-shod over those who have not lived so long.

I know elderly folk who have the respect of even the most scatter-brained flapper. But they endeavor to see the youngster's point of view, have sympathy and tolerance, and are capable of giving helpful and constructive advice.

Anne Elisabeth Christie, Orange Grove, Lower Portland, N.S.W.

AWAY WITH HATS

I CANNOT help wondering why Australian women do not adopt the Continental custom of going out bare-headed to do their shopping.

Actually hats could be dispensed with for all occasions had we enough courage to flout tradition.

The parasol is a very good substitute for a hat, yet it has never been popular in Australia.

If women discard hats, beautifully-dressed heads will then form an important part of a woman's outdoor toilet.

M. G. Atkinson, Post Office, Caulfield East, Vic.

LOYAL WOMEN

THE belief seems to be widespread that two women cannot remain loyal to one another for any length of time. Yet I could quote at least one instance of two women who have been friends from childhood, and now, having married, find the greatest delight in advising one another in the important task of bringing up their children.

Ivy Jones, 233 West Street, Crows Nest, N.S.W.

Tears, a Comfort or Confession of Weakness

WOULD M. MacPherson even deprive us of the solace of our tears as a further step towards establishing the equality of the sexes (9/4/38)?

Let us hold on to our womanly instincts. Leave us the solace of our tears, M. MacPherson. They are a comfort and relief to our overwrought nerves. It is better, mentally and physically, that we allow ourselves the luxury of this relief.

Mrs. L. H. Dart, 11 Tamar St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

Their Best Outlet

WOMEN are, and always will be, the weaker sex, say what you may of the apparent equal status of the sexes.

Except in those cases where women will resort to tears merely to gain satisfactory results, weeping eloquently displays a true heart's emotions.

A man may suffer silently, but a woman's only outlet to emotion is to give vent to her feelings and weep.

Miss V. Dearing, 15 St. David's Rd., Haberfield, N.S.W.

Unfair to Men

YES, women do take an unfair advantage of men by shedding tears to get their own way.

Few men can resist a weeping woman, and yet, poor things, they can have no such recourse themselves from an awkward situation. If they do, they are regarded as shockingly weak and unmanly.

If a woman finds things are not going her way she has only to shed a few tears, and the man gives in.

Before women can claim equal status with men, they must abandon these weak habits and work intelligently for what they want.

B. Simpson, Adelaide Rd., Gawler South, S.A.

Makes Him Obstinate

M. MACPHERSON complains that women, although claiming equality with men, still find their way out of a difficult situation by weeping. But man is no longer susceptible to such displays, and regards them as a weakness. A weeping woman makes him obstinate.

Joan Cunningham, Elizabeth St., Hobart.

Way of Life

FOR true happiness, one must learn self-control. Dissolving into tears in the face of a difficult situation is a confession of weakness, and does not prepare us for the handling of trials to come.

Those who learn to control themselves, and dislodge tears, will respect themselves as will those about them. This alone brings lasting happiness.

Sue Mitchell, Bayview Terrace, Claremont, W.A.

No Longer True

TEARS went out of fashion with tight waists and fainting fits.

How many women do you know, M. MacPherson, who dissolve into tears when a situation becomes difficult?

We modern women are made of sterner stuff.

L. Gabriel, Sussex Street, North Adelaide.

Should Men Weep?

IT would be well if everyone, including men, used the natural vent of tears to relieve emotions, which, if they can find no outlet, are



No. only woman's privilege

apt to unbalance the mind. Control can be carried too far.

We must fight against the modern inclination to be hard and unfeeling. I say, use what natural vent we have for our sorrows.

Miss M. Davies, 60 Burwood Rd., Concord, N.S.W.

City Sundays—Should They Be Brightened?

THE visiting film magnate was right. Miss Fountain (9/4/38), when he remarked that there was nothing so dull as a Sunday in any Australian city. Our Sunday is becoming a stock joke with overseas tourists. Other than going to church or for a trip to see the zoo, what can most people make of a city Sunday?

Not everyone has a car or the means to travel out of the gloom of capital cities. For the factory worker and others who need a little modest enjoyment the Sunday is a hopeless affair.

He feels he is penalised at every turn. Trams and trains are late and few. All organised amusement is taboo.

Anyway, how do most people spend much of the "day of rest"? In bed. That's the only original thing one can think of when all ways of escape from the week's routine are barred.

Miss F. Liddicoat, 17 Gurr Street, Goodwood Park, Adelaide.

Government Help

WHILE I do not approve of increasing Sunday indoor entertainments, I think it is up to the Government to provide something for us in their stead.

They could capitalise our beautiful country by arranging more frequent and cheaper transport to outlying districts, and so give people the opportunity to get right out into the open air.

Specially organised excursions could be run to favorite beauty spots.

Too many people, through lack of

Women Opportunists?

DON'T women "get away" with a lot? After a period of good wages, good times, and alleged freedom, when life becomes too change and looks and jobs are failing, they look around for an eligible bachelor "with means."

Most of them have no money themselves, and are looking for security against a doubtful future.

This is merely opportunism. In these days of economic freedom for women, a man has a right to expect a girl to include a bank account in her glory-box inventory.

W. Parsons, 22 Tyne St., Gilberton, Adelaide.

funds and opportunity, stay at home all Sunday.

We should not need to be amused all the time, as you say, Miss Fountain, but we should at least have the option of "going places" if we feel like it.

Mabel Smythe, Ferris Avenue, Somerton, S.A.

Yes, a Dull Day

FOR busy people, Sunday is the one free day of the week. How dull must visitors and those who reside in flats and rooms feel on Sundays.

The average man seems to potter around the garden all the morning, eats a big dinner, and rests all the afternoon to get over it. If the Zoological Gardens and beaches can be opened on Sundays, why not the entertainments?

Mrs. H. A. De Low, 65 Hillcrest Av., Hurstville, N.S.W.

Too Sophisticated

PEOPLE should be thankful that there are no picture shows, theatres and so on available on Sundays.

What right-thinking person wants such sophisticated entertainment, which they can have any other day of the week, when we have our beaches, and beautiful countryside to hike or drive through?

There is no limitation to the varied enjoyment one can get from the great outdoors.

Mr. Thomas Jackson, Mt. Hawthorn, Leederville, W.A.

Is Modern Parent Destroying Child's Morale?

I DO not agree with Mrs. Speare that parents spend too much time on their children, so that they grow up ill-equipped to meet the hardships of life (9/4/38).

Very few mothers have the time to wait on their children, even in these days of small families, for, in the



Too much devotion?

country, they help outside in their spare time, and in the city they have many hobbies and pleasures to occupy them.

Growing children benefit by the care and guidance of their parents. They need instruction in the right way of living.

Ours would be a happier and healthier community if parents could devote more time to their children.

Mrs. E. H. Wallace, Rock Valley, via Lismore, N.S.W.

Different Tempo

MRS. E. SPEARE forgets that changes in our mode of living have taken place in the last 50 years. Housewives now have many labor-saving devices that their mothers never dreamed of.

Our children will have the benefit of even more labor-saving inventions, and it is our duty to see that they will be intelligent enough to make use of them. Married life in the future will not be made up of hard work and sacrifices, as it has been in the past.

We have to teach our children to use their leisure to the best advantage so that they will not suffer from boredom. When they marry they will spend more time together than our grandfathers and grandmothers did, and lead happier lives.

Mrs. W. G. Warren, c/o Post Office, Wrightville, N.S.W.

LETTERS WELCOME!

Grouch, praise, novel viewpoint, topical comment, any interesting thought is welcome to this page. But, KEEP LETTERS SHORT. For address, see top of page 3.

TONGUE RESTING

MOST people talk too much. Reform is badly needed in our social life in this respect. Silence is considered ill-mannered in polite circles; thus many things are said that are not meant, just because people are expected to talk.

Why shouldn't there be a fellowship of "looking at pictures," "reading books" or "taking stock of nature"?

M. Nally, 355 Bourke St., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.

CHIVALRY DEAD

MOST young men and women to-day look back upon their medieval predecessors with feelings of amusement and contempt. They laugh at the thought of women being so completely dominated by men, and scorn the men for their wholesale slaughter of each other. They scoff at the picturesque clothes worn in those times, and finally thank heaven that they did not live then.

But are our modern young men so greatly improved? They have lost many of the finer qualities of their forefathers, being as a whole very ungallant, unreligious, and uninspiring. Moreover, I am sure that few of them would have the daring to fight to the death for their honor or to win the hand of a lady.

Miss L. M. Ross, 94 Bar Beach Av., Merewether, Newcastle, N.S.W.

EVIL OF DIETING

A FRIEND of mine has changed herself, by strict dieting, from a jolly, robust woman of generous proportions into a gaunt, haggard shadow of her former self. Certainly she can now don frocks cut on the slender lines now fashionable, but, on the other hand, she is frequently unable to keep her social engagements by reason of weakness and general ill-health.

There is charm about a matronly figure quite equal to that of a slim, youthful form. Indeed, the latter type is merely one stage in the development of complete physical excellence, as finally attained by the matron.

Away then, with irrational dieting, which leaves woman in poor physical health, vulnerable to any disease.

F. Arthur, 50 Victoria St., Mackay, Qld.

Here's a Remedy for

GASTRITIS

FIRST DOSE BRINGS RELIEF

Pain, constant pain, gripping pain that doubles you up in sheer agony. You are paying the penalty of neglecting slight indigestion. Your stomach has turned sour. Acidity is causing those terrible gripping pains. The stomach lining is being attacked, eaten into. You will become a chronic dyspeptic unless you do something immediately.

Get a supply of De Witt's Antacid Powder, the finest, quick-action remedy for digestive disorders. Relief comes from the very first dose. De Witt's Antacid Powder conquers indigestion and stomach troubles quickly, because:—

1. On entering the stomach it neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain and flatulences are relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.
2. It spreads a soothing and protective coating of colloidal kaolin over the inflamed stomach walls, keeping the biting gastric acid from the inflammation, and so the stomach regains its proper state of health while allowing the ordinary processes of digestion to go on.
3. Another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.
4. It tones up the stomach. It ends acidity—thus there is no need for you to keep on taking medicines. You enjoy your food, are ready for meal-times and happily comfortable afterwards.

Stop living in pain and the danger caused by indigestion. Go to your Chemist to-day. Ask for and see that you get—

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The most economical and successful indigestion remedy. Of all Chemists and Storekeepers, in sky-blue canister, price 2/6.

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

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Put a toast rack of Vita-Weat on your table at every meal. A 4-lb. carton costs only a few pence. Why not buy one to-day?

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"I AM ready to grant all that in advance. But this case is of a very different kind. It is perhaps conceivable that a novelist should use a name like that of Katherine Shard in ignorance that it is the name of a very distinguished lady, famous under a theatrical pseudonym."

"But what is not conceivable, in my submission, gentlemen of the jury, is the astounding and sinister and I venture to say the abominable manner in which the author of this novel, 'The Price of Fame,' has gone out of his way to paint a living portrait of my client, who is gravely injured in her reputation, as I shall submit and prove."

He enumerated the similarities of hair, eyes, and other physical characteristics, not omitting the little vein on the left cheek. He pointed out the startling, the incriminating fact that the Katherine Shard of the novel was a professional dancer. The real Katherine Shard was a professional dancer, famous in all the capitals of Europe, and, indeed, the United States of America. It was beyond the reach of the long arm of coincidence that an author should unwittingly hit upon such a combination of circumstances. And so on and so on.

"I call Miss Katherine Shard."

There was a stir in the court when the lady entered the witness-box. She was a very charming-looking lady of about thirty years of age. She smiled with a slight nod to the Judge, who adjusted his glasses to look at her. She was perfectly at ease and aware of the pleasing effect she made upon the barristers and spectators.

Her eyes scanned the gentlemen of the jury in a friendly way, as though they were guests at a weekend party. There was no doubt of her beauty, her grace, her allure-

ment. She was very simply dressed, in a blue coat and skirt, with a little blue toque perched on one side of her reddish hair. The lines of her figure were revealed by the plain cut of her clothes, and it was a figure of lovely grace. Every movement she made, every tiny gesture of her gloved hands, expressed an inward sense of harmony. The poise of her head, a slight upward tilt of the chin, had an amusing and pleasing distinction.

That little vein on the left cheek was plainly visible even in the witness-box, but did not detract from her loveliness of feature and coloring—that flowerlike color and quality of skin which so often go with red-gold hair.

Roderick Dane watched her as she gave her evidence. At her first appearance he had given a slight start as though an electric shock had passed through his brain and body. It was his own Katherine Shard, as he had imagined her when writing his novel, as he had seen her in imagination when wandering about the hills and woods with that novel in his mind.

IT was all extraordinary. There was his fictitious character in the flesh, in her living beauty, with every gesture, the very poise of the head, the odd little way she had of moving her hands when speaking, as though she had a touch of Italian blood. But what was most startling to him was the tone of her voice. He had heard it before somewhere. Or he had imagined it with all the rest. It was familiar to him.

Her evidence was simple enough. She just gave the facts of her career. Few people knew her under the name of Katherine Shard. For ten years she had been dancing—in Berlin, Paris, Vienna, New York, under the name of Vera Mirski. She had never met the author of 'The Price of Fame,' as far as she knew.

The Judge spoke to her, interrupting the counsel.

"Do you not recognise him now that you see him in court? Have you never seen him before?"

For a long moment the real Katherine Shard looked at the man who had created a character of her name and style. Their eyes met in this long gaze. Hers were studying him with a kind of puzzled smile.

"Somewhere," she said slowly. "I think I have seen him before."

"Try to remember," said the Judge.

But she could not remember. Her counsel asked a few questions on the subject.

"Have you any reason to believe, Miss Shard, that the author of 'The Price of Fame' has some personal spite against you?"

"No reason," said Katherine Shard. "I have done him no harm, as far as I can remember."

"You have never slighted him, or offended him?"

"Not consciously. How could I when I have never been friends with him?"

"Is it possible that you knew him years ago, perhaps, as a young boy?"

"Possible, but I don't think so. I was brought up in Ireland. I remember my boy friends."

"All of them?"

"Oh, well, perhaps not all!"

There was laughter in the court, sternly repressed.

"Thank you. That will do, Miss Shard."

It was Roderick Dane's turn for the witness-box. In the cross-examination he was handled rather roughly by the opposing counsel, who suggested darkly that he had some malicious motive for injuring the reputation of a distinguished lady.

"Do you mean to tell the jury that all this is sheer coincidence?"

"I do."

"Including the little vein on the left cheek?"

"Certainly."

"You don't admit that you have deliberately gone out of your way to libel this lady by describing her personal appearance so closely and fastening upon her a story in which she plays an abominable part, including an act of theft?"

"My character is entirely imaginary."

"Everything in your novel is sheer imagination?"

"Yes. Sheer imagination."

SHEER IMAGINATION

Continued from Page 20

"You wish to stand on that preposterous assertion?"

"It is not preposterous, because it is true."

The Judge intervened to ask a few questions of his own.

"Are you quite sure, Mr. Dane, that you have never seen Miss Shard?"

"Quite sure, my lord. At least—unless in some kind of dream."

"You have never seen her dancing in public?"

"No, my lord. I can't afford to go to the theatre. I live in a country cottage."

"You were not brought up in Ireland?"

"I was brought up at East Croydon."

Roderick Dane waited for a moment in the witness-box to be examined again by his own counsel. He had both his hands in his jacket pockets, tightly clenched because of his jumping nerves. In his right hand he had caught hold of a scrap of paper, and just as his counsel was whispering a few words to the solicitor he pulled his hand out and laid it on the edge of the witness-box, flattening out the bit of paper. It was the small piece of the envelope on which the name Katherine Shard was written in a foreign hand.

He stared at it. It was burnt at one end. Some time or other he had lit his pipe with it. Some time or other . . .

It was in a country inn. It was in a room with old rafters. A wood fire was burning on the hearth. He was having tea alone, feeling a bit blue because his mother had gone up to town for a week. That must have been three years ago. There were no matches in his pocket and he had wanted to smoke. The tablecloth had a pattern of blue-and-white stripes and his tea cup had a chip out of its handle. He had put his finger on the broken bit, feeling its roughness . . .

There were two people in the room. A man and a woman, who were talking. The woman had reddish-gold hair. She was cold and after tea stood by the hearth-side, and presently moved her body and feet in a rhythmic way as though dancing, although she did not move away from the hearth. The man looked at her and laughed, and said something to her in a foreign language. Then they went out, and Roderick Dane felt in need of a smoke again. He went over to the fireplace and saw a bit of paper on the table at which the man and woman had been having tea. He lit his pipe with it and then blew out the spill and put it in the pocket of his old raincoat, absent-mindedly.

"NOW Mr. Dane," said his counsel, "I want you to answer this question. On your oath, have you ever seen the lady whose stage name is Vera Mirski and whose private name is Katherine Shard?"

Roderick Dane moistened his lips with the tip of his tongue. He hesitated, stammered, became very red, and then, quite suddenly, pale.

"I have seen her once before."

The counsel started violently. It was not the answer he had expected. It was quite contrary to his instructions.

"You say you have seen her before?"

"It was in a country inn—three years ago. I remember now. She was having tea."

In his nervous, stumbling way he told the story of the scrap of paper on which was written the name Katherine Shard.

"My lord," he said, turning to the Judge, "it is all perfectly clear now. I see exactly how it happened."

It did not seem so clear to the Judge, but he was willing to listen for a moment.

"My lord, it was a case of unconscious memory. You see, one writes from the subconscious mind. Everything is stored up there, every detail of one's experience. When one writes the conscious mind dips

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

down into that storehouse. I suppose I must have studied the face and gestures of that lady with the reddish hair. Everything about her must have gone down into my subconsciousness—that little dance she did by the hearth-side, and so on. No doubt that made me describe her as a dancer when I was imagining my character—I mean, when I thought I was imagining her—I mean, when the memory of her loomed up into my consciousness, haunting me, as it were.

"I must have glanced at her name on that bit of paper and then forgotten it—I mean, as far as my intelligent control was unaware of the memory. It all happens like that. Imagination is really the sum of one's emotional experience as it has been registered in the subconscious mind. I mean—"

"I'm afraid we can't go into all that," said the Judge.

Damages were assessed at two thousand pounds against the author and the publishers. It might have been worse for Roderick Dane. It might have been a gaol sentence for criminal libel. But it was bad enough. His novel was suppressed. He would have to postpone the words he had meant to say to Janette. He would have to work like a black to pay things off.

HE was sitting in his cottage one morning trying to work things off, when a motor car stopped outside his gate.

The old "char" who came in to clean things screamed up a message.

"A young woman to see you, Mr. Dane!"

Roderick Dane went down to the sitting-room. The young woman was Miss Katherine Shard, otherwise known as Vera Mirski.

"Excuse me for coming like this," she said with her very alluring smile. "I wanted to ask you something."

"Sit down, won't you?" Roderick Dane was nervous but polite.

"I'm awfully sorry about that case," said Katherine Shard. "I expect it's very hard on you. I don't want the money, but of course I had to take an action against you, didn't I? My reputation and all that! Besides, it was such excellent publicity!"

Roderick Dane quite agreed.

"Oh, rather! You were perfectly justified. And I couldn't expect a jury to believe all that stuff about the subconscious mind!"

"I believe it," said Miss Shard, very sweetly. "Every artist knows it's true. I often get haunted by a rhythm which seems to come from nowhere—an unheard melody—an emotional echo from some deep well."

"Exactly," said Roderick. "And rather well put, if I may say so."

"It's nice of you to say so . . . I liked your book immensely. I think it's absolutely wonderful. So extraordinarily true."

Roderick Dane blinked his eyes shyly. The real Katherine was exactly as he had imagined his character.

"I'm glad," he said. "It's generous of you to like it so much after all that's happened."

Katherine Shard looked into his eyes with a searching smile.

"But there's one thing I want to know," she said, after a slight pause. "Yes?" asked Roderick.

She lowered her voice a little when asking the question.

"How did you know that I had stolen that fur jacket?"

Well, that was the one coincidence about the whole story. No one can explain that very well. Certainly I can't.

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Michel
The King of Lipsticks

ACID STOMACH

Excess stomach acid is always responsible for complaints such as indigestion, heartburn, wind, and dyspepsia. This is remedied when the remedy is so simple and economical. For quick, safe, and lasting relief take a small teaspoonful of your TWIN SODA in water or milk. Your chemist sells TWIN SODA for 1/6 or 2/6 per extra large packet.

Intimate Jottings *by Caroline.*

DID YOU KNOW—

That the minute circular fob hanging from a diamond brooch worn by Margot Ruthven conceals a subtle timepiece?

That Ailsa Robertson, of Nargoon, Gundagai, came to Sydney for two days only and managed to fit in visits to races, Show and polo?

Non-Stop Parties

SYDNEY has surpassed its record for non-stop gaieties during the second half of the 150th Anniversary Celebrations. Polo players are having the last word, as their season does not finish until this Saturday. How they have managed to keep fit and strong for play when they have had so many parties to attend amazes me.

As well as dates at Kyeemagh this week, there are the cocktail party being given this Tuesday by Dr. and Mrs. Weißen at the Banqueting Hall at the Australia, another late afternoon "do" at the Forum Club, Peggy Walder's marriage with Gordon Wharton, with a reception at Elizabeth Bay House to follow, and the University Settlement Ball.

Kyeemagh Is Colorful

WHAT glorious weather in patches for polo. Kyeemagh seems even brighter than usual this year. Maybe it's just the dazzling array of bright colors worn by the spectators.

Elizabeth Spicer, last week's debutante, likes to be different, and chose a severely tailored black suit with a white pique collar. Her pretty curly hair waving in the breeze helped to make her a pretty picture of care-free youth.

Mrs. Herford Weedon, of Wagga, is another polo fan who has the luck to have naturally curly hair and is nonchalant when the weather gets obstreperous.

Grand Ball of the Season

THE grandest party of the season was the cocktail-cum-dinner-cum-dance arranged by the Polo Association at the Hotel Australia on Friday night. The players all looked remarkably fit and energetic after their week's strenuous play at Kyeemagh.

Among the interstate visitors grouped at the table presided over by the president, Mr. Tony Hordern, and Mrs. Hordern were Mr. Keith Urquhart, captain of the Caramut team, with his very handsome wife wearing silver-grey satin made with a halter neck with a scarf forming a wide sash at the waist. Her daughter Merri, who is paying her first visit to Sydney, wore cream sun-rayed satin and arrived in the vestibule wearing a voluminous white taffeta evening coat.

With the Adelaide coterie were Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Rymill, the latter in green brocade patterned in gold and silver, and Mrs. Warnes, who chose cyclamen-pink taffeta cut in redingote design.

Mrs. Wallace Horsley, one of the most popular of our young hostesses, will entertain a large party at a picnic lunch at polo this Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Horsley are staying at Adereham Hall, Elizabeth Bay, until the end of the season.

Girls Will Be Pleased

I KNOW all the girls will be pleased to hear that John Spencer, of Darling Point, will be home in time for the midwinter dances.

He has thoroughly enjoyed his trip abroad, which included a bout of snow sporting in Switzerland. He is arriving home via U.S.A., and crossed the Atlantic in the Queen Mary.

Very lovely was the debutante frock chosen by Alison Adams for her coming-out dance given by her grandmother, Mrs. Edward Knox, at Rona, Bellevue Hill, on Thursday. It was made of white lustrous satin cut on classical lines, and in her hair were tucked several orchids.

Sydney to Honeymoon

MR. AND MRS. RALPH WAUCH, of Branga Park, Walcha, have arrived in Sydney for the Easter gaieties, and are staying at the Australia Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Blomfield, who were married last week in Walcha, are at the same hotel. Mrs. Blomfield was formerly Molly Turton, of Walcha, a niece of Mrs. Clifford Minter.

Parties at Randwick

WEARING a sporting suit of black-and-white checks, Mrs. George Main, wife of the Chairman of the A.J.C., entertained at luncheon and afternoon-tea parties in the chairman's rooms at Randwick on Saturday.

Among the twenty or so guests around the table after the first race were Lady Currie, wife of the V.R.C. Chairman, Mrs. Reggie Allen, Mrs. Hunter White, Lady Murdoch, Mrs. Matt Sawyer, Mrs. Hugh Main, Mrs. A. H. Whittingham, and Ella O'Shea, of Queensland.



A CHARMING STUDY of Mrs. James Ashton, jun., dressed in sporting Harris tweeds in brown-and-white checks, as she watched the polo at Kyeemagh during the week.

—Women's Weekly photo.

Charming Young Guests

THE young girl guests looked particularly charming at the cocktail party at the Macquarie Club on Wednesday. A trio who drew many admiring glances were Elizabeth Rabett, a Queen's Club Ball debutante, Fay Stodart, of Melbourne, and Anne Hill, whose mother gave a dance at the Golf Club for her earlier in the week. The party was delightfully informal, and the president, Mrs. Frank Penfold Hyland, had a busy time greeting all the guests, and looked very smart as usual.

There were no Vice-Regal guests present. I hear that the Administrator and Lady Huntingfield do not attend cocktail parties. The G.H. entourage had another engagement.



Gay Dinner Dance

HOTEL AUSTRALIA was specially gay on Thursday. Record number of diners there for the Food For Babies Fund dinner dance. Five hundred covers set and emergency cutlery ready for a third relay in the dining-room. President Lady McMaster and Lady Julius made a remarkably handsome couple as they surveyed the throng before dinner.

Lady McMaster wore the most elegant frock of pastel pink, which contrasted with the midnight-blue chosen by Lady Julius. They were alike, too, with their regal carriage, tall figures and perfectly coiffured silver hair.

I thought Mrs. Hector Livingstone, of Moree, wore the loveliest frock. It was cream sun-rayed satin, moulded to the figure with cute little bows on edge of décolletage and tiny shoulder-straps. Mrs. Livingstone was hostess to a party of twenty-two.

Country Women Confer

LADY WAKEHURST will entertain delegates to the Country Women's Association Conference at a reception at Government House this Tuesday morning and will perform the opening ceremony at David Jones' in the evening.

Mrs. Matt Sawyer, who has been president for the past ten years, will give her presidential address, and that will conclude the formalities of the evening.

Sessions will commence this Wednesday morning and in the afternoon our country visitors will be entertained at the Royal Sydney Golf Club, at a tea party, by Mrs. Hugh Main.

Lady Street is taking a keen interest in the Rotarian appeal for Crippled Children. She will take the chair at a meeting at the Hotel Australia this Thursday, when plans for numerous parties will be finalised.

Interesting Wedding in London

HUGO LARSEN, the well-known impresario, and Madame Ekaterina Zorina, the Russian operatic singer, both well known in Australia, were married in London in February. Mr. Larsen engaged such famous artists as Peter Dawson, Mark Hambourg, Szigeti, Poulshoff, and Horace Stevens for Australasian tours and also organised musical festivals in Melbourne and Sydney. A series of celebrity concerts for Madame Zorina were also sponsored by Mr. Larsen.

Envy-making Furs

ONLY those with the most angelic dispositions managed to attend the Randwick meeting without a twinge or two of envy. The furs were just divine and it is trying to think of the comparatively modest price of skunk last year when it is just all the rage this season.

Very intriguing was the black cloth frock with thick gold embroidered scrolls running the full length of the frock worn by Sheila Lee. She told me she had bought it in Brussels during her recent travels.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett were the centre of much interest as they chatted to Mr. and Mrs. Percy Miller, with whom they arrived from U.S.A.

Mrs. Tibbett's sunny-yellow felt hat, worn with yellow accessories and a gay floral silk frock, made a bright color note on the lawns.

Make Home in Italy

MR. AND MRS. JOHN WINGFIELD arrived in Sydney in the Zealandia from Tasmania, where they have been the guests of Sir Ernest and Lady Clark at Government House. Mr. Wingfield is Lady Clark's brother. The travellers are en route to Italy, where they make their home.

I LIKE—

The Donald Duck buttons worn by members of the visiting American hockey team. Donald is their mascot, and the miniatures were sent them by Walt Disney.

FASHION WISDOM . . . By Colette

If your head is flat at the back—



Don't—accentuate an imperfect head shape by leaving a sleek, flat space in back or shortening the top.
Do—build up the center back either with curls or a high roll. There is no one smart way to do your hair this season. Individuality and above all becomingness are the fashion.

If you are tall, well-proportioned—



Don't—skimpy or your fur coat. Inexpensive dinky clothes are not for you.
Do—revel in the luxury and elegance of the new fashions. You can't overdo!

REDUCE SAFELY



with FORD'S CORPOREAL CAPSULES

A Kensington lady writes: "I have reduced from 11 stone to 9 stone 2 lbs." This is a scientifically correct treatment, endorsed by leading doctors. No dieting or exercising. Three weeks' treatment, 5/6; six weeks, 10/-; at all chemists, or post free from NOEL F. FORD, M.P.S. (Syd. Uni.), Chemist, 247 King Street, Newtown. Tel. L1712.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A." Mrs. Clifford, 40 Eliza Street, Melbourne.

Books to Read

"THE SPANISH HOUSE." Lady Eleanor Smith. Romance of the gipsies.

"RED PLANES FLY EAST." Piotr Pavlenko. Siberia and the Soviet expansion. Excellent character drawing.

"THOSE WERE THE DAYS." Osbert Sitwell. Recollections of a Londoner who knows everybody.

"NINE MILES FROM GUNDAGAL" Jack Moses. Collected Australian verse.

"HERE'S FUN FOR YOU." Ella McFadyen. Children's verse for recitation and group speaking.



Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

CIVIL WAR, as old as the nations, and as new as this morning's newspaper headlines, is the theme of "Action at Aquila."

AFTER Hervey Allen's sensational "Anthony Adverse" something special was expected of him in the way of another novel. His readers will not be

disappointed in "Action at Aquila."

The book might have for a sub-title, "The Colonel Hates the War."

It is a brilliant exposition of a professional soldier's reaction to war. That does not mean that it is a peace propaganda book. First and foremost it is a novel of sweep and imagination, shot through with romance and written with a loving care for detail.

Hervey Allen suggests that the soldier who fights in war is the most ardent hater of war.

Through the lips of Colonel Nat Franklin he gives us a memorable picture of the American Civil War.

During the campaign Franklin is sent to destroy the Crittendon homestead owned by a major in the Confederate forces. He calls the inmates out and tells them that the house is to be burnt.

Franklin tells of the incident in his own words, which makes a most poignant chapter in the book:

"By that time the babies were coming out crying, with their broken dolls, and toy horses, and things—which, of course, made us all feel like big, brave soldiers."

"Mrs. Crittendon lined them up some way back on the lawn with the blacks, who were trying to start hymns that she kept hushing."

Set Fire to House

"FINALLY they all seemed to be out. In fact, she nodded to me. So I took a couple of non-coms. into the house with me and we got out our fire-sticks."

"We set fire to the curtains in the parlor. They were of some heavy English stuff."

"Mrs. Crittendon's wedding gifts, I imagine. Anyway, they flared up suddenly and then smouldered on with a kind of blinding smudge. It looked as though the whole house were on fire, although really nothing else had caught, when I heard Mrs. Crittendon calling frantically:

"Margaret, Margaret, where's Margaret?"

"We ran out, of course. Mrs. Crittendon wasn't calm any longer. 'It's my daughter,' she said. 'She must have stayed in the house. I thought we were all out.'"

"She tried to go back herself, but just then Margaret ran out of the smoking doorway and stood on the porch."

"She must have delayed to put on her best things to save them, for she was dressed in the most elegant finery I ever saw: hoop-skirt, bonnet, lace dress, and ruffled pantalettes; she even had a little parasol."

"Another bright silk dress was thrown over one arm. She was about fifteen and one of the loveliest little girls you can well imagine."

"She took in everything at a glance and threw her extra dress out on the lawn for one of the blacks to pick up. Then she stamped her foot like a little empress and just yelled at us:

"If there's one gentleman left in the Old Army he'll come in and help me put that fire out.' And with that she dived back into the smoke and started to pull down the burning curtains."

"Her mother screamed at her that she'd catch afire in her lace dress."

"And she certainly would have. But half the troop was out of the saddle and we were all stamping out the fire and carrying the girl out to her mother before Mrs. Crittendon could get to her."

"The young mix had the gall to thank us, too. Afterwards, out on the lawn."

"It's very difficult for me to tell you in so many words just how intense the excitement was on the lawn after



HERVEY ALLEN tells why the Colonel hates the war in "Action at Aquila."

young Margaret's rescue. The slaves burst out singing.

"Mrs. Crittendon couldn't stop them. She tried first to hush that dirge-like singing."

"But I think it's to her credit to say that she finally broke down herself, and, coming over to me, put her hands on my saddle and begged me as a Christian and a gentleman not to set fire to the house again."

Pleading Face

"NOW can you really imagine what it actually is like to have a charming and noble woman looking up into your face with tears in her eyes, asking you please not to make her and the children homeless, when you know she is helpless? Orders are orders, of course, but there was Mrs. Crittendon!"

"It was perfectly plain the men were sick of that kind of soldiering, too. They kept watching me and Mrs. Crittendon."

"By that time Margaret had come over to help her mother. The tension grew until even the horses got restless. The men let them have their heads, I suppose. Everyone wanted to be up and away and done with the mess. I couldn't blame them. Well, the lady begged me, and so did the young girl, and . . ."

There was a pause. "Then one of the babies with nothing on but a short night-shirt toddled up with a rag doll. He wanted to give it to 'the nice man.' That was me!"

"Come on, sergeant, we're licked," was all I could say. "Ride 'em off." So we just rode away without looking back, and went into camp a few miles higher up the valley near a village called Aquila. We burned Aquila out."

"Action at Aquila." Hervey Allen. Gollancz. (Our copy from Angus & Robertson Ltd.)

IN TOWN TO-NIGHT

They say it's going to be a cold winter. My paper tells me so. And I have a feeling in my bones that it will be.

Of course, we shall take all the usual precautions—but the thickest overcoat in the world, the warmest fire, cannot keep you safe from colds, coughs, chills. Your main protection must come from within.

My winter colds were the bugbear of the family and the despair of my chief at the office. I had them the moment the weather grew chilly.

Now, the weather still gets chilly, but I don't still get colds! Instead, I take a spoonful of Bemax with my breakfast.

"Why Bemax?" Well, it seems that the system needs a regular extra supply of natural Vitamins to strengthen it against infection. That's where Bemax, the natural Vitamin food, comes in.

At least, that's the reason my doctor gave me; and as my colds have stopped since taking Bemax, I should say he was about right!

My little book, "Vitamins and Health," goes more fully into subject. A card to B. Max (Dept. 17, P.O. Box 3679 S.S., Sydney, will bring it free.

Lux dissolves so quickly

RINSES OUT THOROUGHLY . . . THAT'S WHY ONLY **Lux** IS REALLY SAFE FOR WOOLLENS

Delicate Lux flakes dissolve completely almost the instant they touch lukewarm water—as soon as you whisk up the rich, foamy lather! Because Lux dissolves so quickly, it rinses out far more easily, and thorough rinsing is the secret of safety for your woollens.

SLOW-DISSOLVING SOAP WON'T RINSE OUT

With ordinary soaps, you can rinse till the water runs clear, but you still can't be sure the soap's completely out. It clings in the fibres, making them matted, hard and

shrunken. After a few washes, woollies lose all their softness and are soon too small and shabby to wear.

Lux

RINSES OUT PERFECTLY

But Lux—two or three washes. That's why, even when they've been through Lux time and time again, woollies still stay beautifully soft and springy, as smartly-beautiful and cosy-wearing as when they were new.

use **Lux** for all WOOLLIES

Use Lux and get twice the wear from all your woollens—smart knitted jumpers and suits, undies, kiddies' warm school clothes, father's socks and pullovers, baby's dainty things . . .



Lux



IT'S FALSE ECONOMY TO USE ANYTHING BUT **Lux**



Calling Australia! Moviedom News and Gossip

By JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER
from New York and Hollywood

Professor Pete Smith

PETE SMITH is being called "Professor" these days. The title came first from Europe, where his short on the "Romance of Radium" has been widely adopted for teaching purposes in schools.

It is not long since Pete was a humble Paramount publicity man. After that he was a Press agent for Metro.

Pete is making a whole series of these medical research films. An early one will deal with the fight medicine is making against infantile paralysis.

Norma Shearer's Hero

NORMA SHEARER was excited the first time John Barrymore walked on the set as Louis, in "Marie Antoinette." Although they had both played in "Romeo and Juliet," they had no scenes together, so they caught only fleeting glimpses of each other.

Norma was a fan of Barrymore's back in the days of his glory on the legitimate stage. She remembers his first picture, "Beau Brummell," in which she thought he was "just too wonderful!"

William Powell's Operation

WILLIAM POWELL has been operated on for a serious intestinal ailment. None of his friends, except Ronald Colman, knew anything about his illness, and were shocked when they heard he was in the hospital.

He came through the operation nicely, and should be well

MORE OF VICTORIA

● The reception of "Victoria the Great" has been so good that producer Herbert Wilcox is preparing "Victoria and Albert," a sequel, with Anna Neagle again as Victoria, Anton Walbrook as Albert, and C. Aubrey Smith as the Duke of Wellington.

It looks as if Queen Victoria may take her place beside Tarzan and Charlie Chon, among personalities who have inspired a big film series.

before long. Everybody connected with him has determined not to talk about Jean Harlow in his presence. He seems to go to pieces at the mere mention of her name.

Spare Moments

of busy film people. Left: Clark Gable and friend. Above (centre): Virginia Bruce with her husband, director J. Walter Ruben. Right: Dorothy Lamour at lunch with Pop-Eye the Sailor. Below (left): Joan Blondell and her adopted son, Norman Scott. Below (right): Nelson Eddy amuses a show-girl in the M.-G.-M. studio restaurant.

Dislikes Being Dumb

MARIE WILSON, who has been campaigning for a chance to play a girl who isn't dumb, has been given the part of the simple little waitress in "Boy Meets Girl."

The other day, Director Lloyd Bacon encountered difficulty in shooting a scene because of the microphone casting a shadow on the set. Marie suggested that he paint the microphone white.

* * *

Selznick Stars Australian

ALAN MARSHAL, young Australian-born actor, steps into the most important role of his Hollywood career in David Selznick's forthcoming film, "The Young in Heart."

Marshal, who has played small parts in numerous Hollywood pictures—you may remember him as Captain Willie O'Shea in "Parnell"—will appear as Janet Gaynor's sweetheart in the new picture.

The two other leads will be taken by Douglas Fairbanks, Jun., and Paulette Goddard.

It will be Miss Goddard's first picture since "Modern Times," in which she played opposite Charlie Chaplin, and it will be her first talkie.

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Good brushing isn't enough! To make teeth really sparkle, you need the right tooth paste, too — Pepsodent containing IRIUM. It ends Scrub-Hard disappointment, is the complete formula for beautiful teeth!

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . . .
Pepsodent gently floats film away—instead of scraping it off.
—Thorough!

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . . .
Pepsodent requires NO SOAP ... contains NO GRIT ... NO PUMICE.
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BECAUSE OF IRIUM . . .
Pepsodent Tooth Paste leaves your mouth feeling clean and wholesome. —Refreshing!

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AU 122/74



Barbara Stanwyck (left) is still fighting for custody of her adopted son. The custody suit brought by Mary Astor (below) was a sensation of 1936.

They Risked Scandal For Their Children

UNCLE WILL HAYS, the guardian of Hollywood's reputation, can pull the wires and turn the screws to hush up almost any screenland scandal.

Embarrassing divorce proceedings no longer occur. Film people are not prepared to risk their careers—except in one set of circumstances.

For one end Hollywood mothers, like mothers anywhere else, are ready to risk everything. That end is to obtain custody of their babies.

No persuasion or pressure from the Hays office was enough to prevent Mary Astor, Ann Harding, and Barbara Stanwyck from bringing these custody suits against their former husbands.

Those suits worried Will Hays more than anything for years.

Mary Astor's daughter, Marylyn, for whom her mother staked so much, is now a happy little girl of six years. She lives for nine months of the year with her mother, and her mother's new husband, Manuel Del Campo.

In the summer the child goes to stay with her father, Dr. Thorpe.

"Marylyn is going to be quite an exceptional musician, I think," said Mary Astor last month.

"She spends a lot of time at the piano picking out tunes by ear. And she is getting on splendidly in the infants' class at school. I am so proud of her."

Mary Astor is happy now. But two years ago she went through a dreadful ordeal.

STARS STAKE EVERYTHING IN BITTER LAWSUITS TO WIN CUSTODY OF THEIR BABIES.

During the proceedings in court her ex-husband produced her diary. His counsel claimed that entries in the diary would demonstrate that Mary Astor was not a fit person to have custody of little Marylyn.

The world listened eagerly, hoping for headline scandals. In agony Mary Astor went on with her case.

Only a few scraps of the diary were ever published. At present the

the time on the set of "Dodsworth."

She would probably have been unable to carry on if it had not been for the support and comfort of her friend, Ruth Chatterton.

Her performance in "Dodsworth" was the best of her life. There was a sadness and beauty in her acting which fascinated audiences.

The action by Barbara Stanwyck against Frank Fay is not yet finally settled. The actress has been awarded partial custody of her adopted son.

But she is bringing a further suit to obtain complete custody.

With the prospect of a mud-slinging contest, the Hays office was utterly dismayed. But they were powerless to stop it.

Neither Fay nor Miss Stanwyck succeeded in damaging the other's reputation seriously.

One of Fay's charges was that during Robert Taylor's calls at the Stanwyck house efforts were made to turn the little boy's affection away from Fay towards Taylor.

The accusation was not proved. Hollywood will be relieved when it all finally simmers down.

Will Hays is trying feverishly in the meantime to devise a way of forestalling these unpleasant actions in the future.

But it is not likely that he will be able to do so.

Women who are battling for their children do not count the consequences.

They never will.

By

EDWARD DOHERTY
from Hollywood

fateful book is locked in a safe in the California Department of Justice.

It will never be taken out unless the case is reopened—and that is not likely.

Nothing at all startling emerged from the diary beyond the fact that Mary Astor was at one time in love with the famous playwright, George Kaufman.

Many thought that the case would be the end of Mary Astor as an actress. But they were wrong.

The harm it did to her was balanced by the sympathy she won for her courage.

During the dark weeks of the case she was working hard for much of



Latest From Paris

THE CHARM OF DANIELLE DARRIEUX IS ENDORSED BY FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN—WHO CAN'T BE WRONG.

By Barbara Bouchier
from Hollywood

WHEN a Hollywood studio asks a foreign star to come over and play, you never know how the party is going to end.

It takes a lot of francs, or kronen, or lira to get a European celebrity to leave home.

And then, nine times out of ten, what have you got? A headache, that's what.

A whole parade of would-be Garbos who weren't and new Dietrichs who didn't come off has made the film city shy of European importations. They have a reputation for temperament, too, these foreign stars.

But Danielle Darrieux has landed at Universal and everybody's humming the Marseillaise.

The famous 50,000,000 Frenchmen who can't be wrong say she's the most popular actress in France—her studio says the most popular in Europe—and vote her eyes the most beautiful in the world.

News and studio photographers here, who are veteran judges of exotic eyes and lovely legs, beam at mention of her name and say, "Now, there's a girl! You don't have to do a thing with her. She looks good in anything."

Memorising Slang

SHE'S affable and obliging with the gentlemen of the pencil and the camera. Mile. Darrieux posed for 180 photographs the day she arrived in New York. The only thing she refuses to do is to appear for interviews before 11 o'clock in the morning.

That's partly because she's getting to bed around midnight now, for she and her writer-husband, Henri Decoin, are attending night-school at the movies.

She wants to watch American players act, hear them talk, and see what world movie fans want.

Her five-year contract at Universal (at a reputed total salary of a million dollars) calls for two pictures a year.

She doesn't intend to go back home early and say that she or her English was misunderstood. Her studio intends that Mile. Darrieux keep only enough Gallic accent to be interestingly foreign.

Meanwhile, the slim, hazel-eyed French girl studies English and memorises American slang, but for the present she and interviewers find it easier and speedier to use an interpreter.

Mary Lee Martin, a studio employee who has been decorated by the French Government for her excellence in translation work, is the go-between.

She explains what is meant by "on the cuff," "washed up," "sound mixer," "da-a-rling," "Santa Claus" and such Americanisms.

Charlie McCarthy

SHE also explains that Danielle Darrieux is nearest pronounced Dahn-yell Dah-ree-yu, and Decoin, Day-kwan.

But Universal publicity geniuses take their own view of the pronunciation of Danielle's surname. They are at present telling the world to call her "Dare-you."

Danielle made her biggest hit on the Continent in a film called "Mayerling." It was about a royal tragedy that astounded the whole world fifty years ago.

That was when the Archduke Rudolph, son of the Emperor of Austria, shot his young mistress, Marie Vetsera, and then shot himself, at Mayerling, his hunting-lodge.

In the picture, Danielle, then aged 18, gave an extraordinarily moving portrait of the young Baroness Marie Vetsera. The film was made two years ago, but is still drawing big houses in many parts of the world.

"Mayerling" was directed by Anatole Litvak, who is now in Hollywood, and is married to Miriam Hopkins.

Litvak is one of the best friends of Danielle

DANIELLE DARRIEUX

She makes her American debut in "The Rage of Paris" (Universal). In France she is very popular for her acting in both tragedy and comedy.



and her husband, who lived for some time in his huge house.

Another of their close friends is Henry Koster, who is the director of Danielle's first Hollywood film, "The Rage of Paris."

Koster is the man who made such a smash success of the Deanna Durbin films.

At the moment the studio is doing its best to censor Danielle's use of her newly-acquired American slang.

She says demurely, "I do not use slang because I do not know what is slang and what is not."

She lately learned "Shut up" from Charlie McCarthy, America's most famous ventriloquist's dummy, and has stored it away for future use.

"He was so droll, the little man he makes with his fingers," she said, as pleased as a child.

"He makes eet go 'mi-mi-mi'—like that. An' then he makes eet say 'Shut-tup!' I like that 'Shut-tup!'"

She repeated it to herself, perfecting it, beamed and rattled off: "Shut-tup—get out—fine—sure—okay—okay—okay Toots!"

Americans certainly will be able to understand her.



Gentlemen Punch Blondes

THE kick has replaced the caress in Hollywood.

In the dear, dead days beyond recall heroes were polite to heroines. Wooed them humbly, offered seats to them in trams. But chivalry has gone overboard of late.

James Cagney started it a long time ago when he threw a grape-fruit at an actress—I think it was Loretta Young. Cagney's path to fame was strewn with the bruised and battered frames of leading ladies.

But since then he has been imitated by more dignified gentry. Gary Cooper, for example.

When he was in "The Plainsman," director Cecil B. De Mille had a hard job persuading the knightly Cooper to take a swing at Jean Arthur. But Cooper gave in at last.

And now he does it as a matter of course. In "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," he was directed by Ernst Lubitsch to put Claudette Colbert across his knee and chastise her in the good old manner. And he did so with enthusiasm.

It is no secret that most of the screen's lovelies get little pleasure from this sort of rough-house. But there is one exception.

During the production of "College Swing"

recently Martha Raye fainted after some of the smacks she received from gentlemen of the cast.

While Martha was lying unconscious studio photographers grabbed the chance of getting some unique still pictures. But when she came round Martha did not mind.

"I would put up with anything for £2000 a week," she said.

Then there is Carole Lombard. Carole has been beaten up by William Powell, Fred MacMurray, and Fredric March, among others. But she does not take it with docility. She hits back with a mean right—as you know if you have seen "Nothing Sacred."

You may have noticed that the posters for "Double Wedding" and "True Confession" emphasised the brawls as major attractions of these films.

Which indicates that the industry believes there is a public demand to see heroines knocked about.

Will that demand last? I think not. Before long, Sir Lancelot will be back again, and the caveman will be sent back to his cave.

By Joan McLeod
from Hollywood

Progress of a Profile



• FROM JEKYLL TO HYDE. W. C. Fields has set out to hypnotise his friend, Barrymore, into looking like the villainous Dr. Hyde. Fields is dismayed to find that the stunt works too well.

ONCE A GREAT LOVER ON THE SCREEN, "WILD JACK" BARRYMORE HAS NOW TURNED COMEDIAN

HIS work in "True Confession" shows that at 56 Barrymore has first-class comic powers, and that he will probably be a hit in this line.

If so, a new chapter will be added to the longest success story in Hollywood.

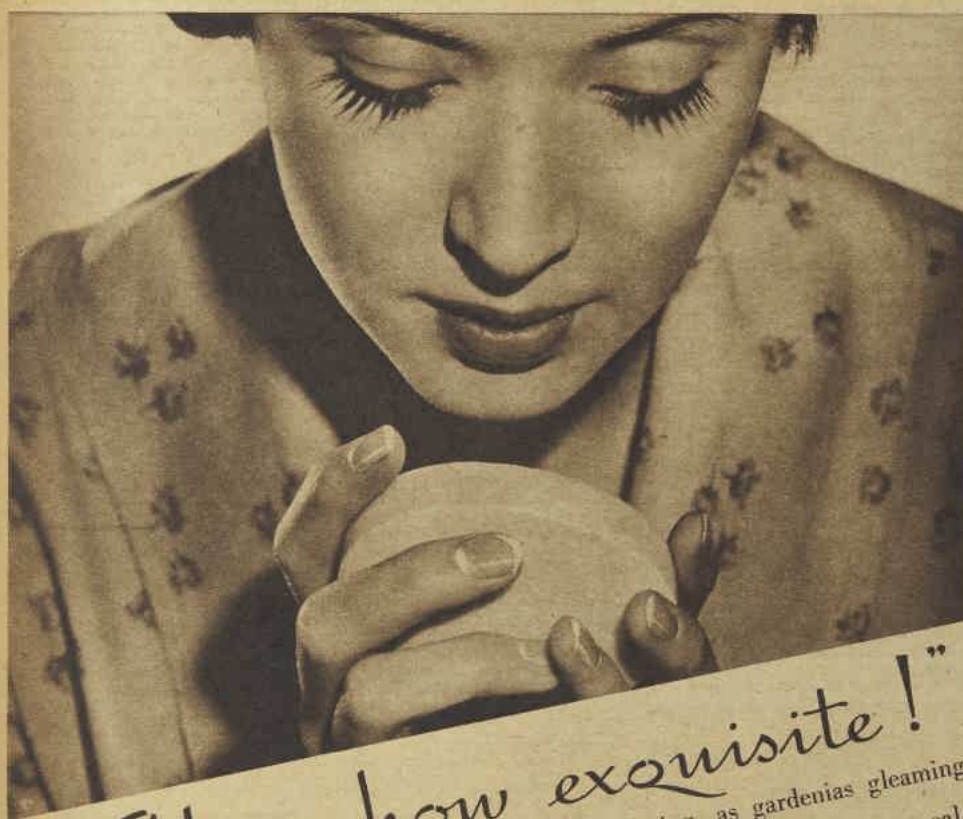
"Wild Jack" Barrymore dominated the New York stage when the film industry was scarcely heard of.

Before the war, women crowded his matinees, bewildered by the perfection of his profile.

As a great lover of the silent screen he ranked with Valentino and John Gilbert, both now dead. And for twenty years his spectacu-



• BARRYMORE'S famed profile is now 56 years old. The owner rarely permits it to be photographed from the other side.



"Ah... how exquisite!"

Fragrance enchanting as stocks perfuming the quiet evening, as gardenias gleaming white in cool gardens... that is the secret of Cashmere Bouquet's inimitable appeal. That secret may be yours, too—to keep you flower-like, dainty, adorable all day long! Cashmere Bouquet, the favourite soap of beautiful women for 138 years, caresses your complexion with its mild, pure lather, but lasts so amazingly that you may luxuriate in a Cashmere Bouquet beauty bath every day. Here's a hint for special charm! Hide away your cakes of Cashmere Bouquet among lingerie and pet belongings... and have this elusive, bewitching perfume always about you! Why not begin now to enjoy "the best-loved soap in the world"?

COLGATE'S

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The Aristocrat of Toilet Soaps

Other Cashmere Bouquet products that will appeal to you are: Cleansing Cream, Tissue Cream, Foundation Cream, Face Powder, Lipstick, Rouge (Crème or Compact), Perfume, Talcum Powder, Dusting Powder, Brilliantine (Liquid or Solid), Skin Tonic Astringent, Skin Lotion.

lar private life has been splashed across the world's headlines.

Catherine Harris and Michael Strange, the playwright-actress, were his first two wives.

Then in 1926 he chose Dolores Costello to be his leading lady in "The Sea Beast."

Rumors of a romance between the middle-aged matinee idol and his young leading lady heightened with the release of "The Sea Beast." Love scenes in the film were compared as to duration and voltage with Garbo and Gilbert at their greatest.

Michael Strange, Barrymore's estranged wife, commented, in New York, "That's not acting, he's in love with the girl."

The father of Dolores, veteran actor Maurice Costello, violently opposed their marriage.

After many skirmishes with Papa Costello, the marriage of Barrymore and Dolores came off in 1928.

Film gossips commented on the extraordinary domesticity of the hot-blooded, restless John. They believed that Dolores had tamed "Wild Jack" Barrymore at last.

But in 1935 there came hints of trouble in the blissful Barrymore home. They were confirmed when Dolores left the home for an hotel.

John refused to discuss the estrangement with reporters who found him entertaining at the Stork Club, New York.

Among his guests was Elaine Barrie, a 19-year-old girl who had appeared in a wireless act with him after approaching him and asking him for employment while he was in hospital.

Before long Dolores sued for divorce on grounds of mental cruelty and habitual intemperance.

Replying to the suit, Barrymore described his wife as an iron-fisted Amazon who forced him to take refuge first in England and later

in New York. He alleged that she had kept him a virtual prisoner on board his yacht, the Infanta, had maintained a guard of women over him, and had threatened to deprive him of his liberty on false charges of habitual intemperance.

While the divorce suit was still hanging fire, there began the craziest section of the Barrymore biography.

This was the chase of him across America by Elaine Barrie, who did not attempt to conceal her infatuation.

Throughout her chase she persisted in referring to herself as "Ariel," and to Barrymore as "Caliban," names of characters in Shakespeare's play, "The Tempest."

Caliban evaded her by getting off trains at sidings. He told reporters that he was not in love with the girl.

For the rest of 1935 and much of 1936 Barrymore's health

was bad. A doctor produced a medical certificate to excuse him from testifying in the Mary Astor Diary Case.

In November, 1936, the row between Barrymore and Elaine Barrie was finally patched up. They were married, the bridegroom being 55 and the bride 21.

In February last year Barrymore went bankrupt, and a month later his fourth wife obtained a divorce from him.

Later last year they remarried. And at present the ménage has every appearance of stability. Elaine Barrymore has managed to keep her stormy spouse well-behaved, industrious, and punctual on the set—which he has hardly ever been before.

Shortly he will make a film with W. C. Fields. The two are experts at mimicry of each other, and are firm pals.

By BARBARA BOURCHIER
from Hollywood

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BOX OF 12

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett



Here's Hot News from All Studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

THE Dionne "Quins" will really have to work in their next picture, "Five of a Kind."

The little girls will be four years old on May 28, and in view of their increasing age studio musicians have written a special song for them in the new picture. It's titled "All Mixed Up," and has quaint verses in English—a language the children have not heard from their parents.

Copies of the song have been sent to Callendar so the "Quins" nurses can start the instruction.

WHEN Humphrey Bogart gets his divorce from Mary Phillips next September he will marry Mayo Methot. Mary Phillips is engaged to be married to Kenneth McKenna, ex-husband of Kay Francis.

THE rapid and complete failure of Fredric March's recent play on Broadway has not discouraged him from further efforts on the stage. Although he has been away from Hollywood for six months he is still turning down movie offers, because he is seeking another Broadway play.

Because actors are superstitious, movie studios never have a Stage 13. The stages run from Stage 12 to 12A.

MIRIAM HOPKINS was so upset when she heard that her former husband, Austin Parker, was dead, that she had to be rushed to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, where she was treated for nervous shock.

FRANCHOT TONE gave his wife, Joan Crawford, a birthday party at the Trocadero, and Joan appeared wearing the greatest corsage of orchids ever seen on one frail shoulder. Franchot's gift to Joan was an old silver snuff-box, silver candlesticks, miniatures, and a bottle of her favorite perfume.

Dr. Harry Wiggins calls for Martha Raye at the studio every evening.

ALL the excitement over the Scarlett O'Hara role in "Gone with the Wind" was too much for Paulette Goddard, so she decided to run away from it all and flew to lovely Nassau for a rest. Charlie Chaplin is now telephoning her long-distance, asking her to come back to Hollywood. Perhaps now the troubles in the Chaplin ménage will be ironed out.

BETTE DAVIS has never been to a preview of one of her pictures in her life. "I think I should die of fright," she says. "Supposing the audience should laugh in one of my big scenes! I couldn't stand it."

Clark Gable has returned from Mexico to Hollywood, and Carole Lombard.

AFTER covering 25,000 miles, and skating before some five million people during her recent tour, Sonja Henie's first question on arriving at the Hollywood airport was, "Is there any ice at the studio? I'm afraid I'm a little out of practice—I must go right out and brush up!"

JON ("Hurricane") HALL is smiling these days because his boss, Samuel Goldwyn, before dashing to Europe, renewed Jon's contract for another year, and gave him a little salary raise.

Jon is still far from the "big money" class.

GIVE BABY LOVELY CURLS
THIS SIMPLE EASY WAY

Gently rub Curlypet into Baby's hair and watch it grow into delightful waves and curls. Curlypet strengthens the hair and makes it beautifully soft and thick. Read what Mr. and Mrs. Drummond say of Curlypet and how it helped their baby to win the Open Championship at the Baby Show in Sydney.

"Curlypet has done wonders with our Baby's hair. It used to be straight—but after a few applications of Curlypet we were delighted with the change. Baby now has a mass of curls greatly admired. At baby shows the judges always remark on his hair, and we feel this has been one of the reasons towards his repeated successes."

Get a tube of Curlypet from your Chemist to-day. One full month's supply, 6/6.

CURLYPET

Baby Drummond, Winner of Open Championship at Sydney Baby Show.

PRIVATE VIEWS

★ ★ THE LAST GANGSTER

Edward G. Robinson. (M.-G.-M.) (Week's Best Release).

PLANNED as a gangster film to end gangster films, this has good dramatic stuff in it.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have recently taken great pains to persuade us, by their excellent series of short subjects, that crime does not pay.

This picture hammers the point home. It should be a valuable deterrent to any readers of The Australian Women's Weekly who still hanker after a life of evil.

Based on the downfall of Al Capone, it shows a "big shot" of the New York underworld thrown into gaol for evasion of income tax, beaten up by fellow-prisoners, betrayed by his accomplices, and generally discouraged.

Edward G. Robinson takes the part in a solid and convincing way. One of Hollywood's foreign legion, a Vien-

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars . . . no good.

to arrive at Alcatraz and are told that they have only five more minutes for conversation. None of them says a word.—Capitol; showing.

★ THE SQUEAKER

Edmund Lowe. (London Films.)

WITH an American director and star, this English crime thriller follows a conventional Hollywood pattern, and is so-so entertainment.

Edgar Wallace wrote the story about the receiver of stolen goods, whose unamiable habit of betraying his clients earned him the name of "The Squeaker."

Ladies who sing in cabarets must be rather hurt by the way the screen always introduces them as the sweethearts of burglars. Tamara Desni is the unhappy torch-singer in this instance, and though her vocal feats are negligible she can certainly boast some sex-appeal.

The same cannot be said of heroine Ann Todd, a perfect lady who has clearly been raised on a diet of prunes and prisms.

The film is mildly thrilling in places. But its crisis, where Edmund Lowe breaks a villain's nerve by showing him policemen silhouetted in doorways, is silly.—Embassy; showing.

RETURN OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

Barry K. Barnes. (London Films.)

BARRY Barnes is a poor substitute for the deft and witty Leslie Howard, who played Sir Percy Blakeney in the first Pimpernel film. Barnes has no color as an actor.

In order to dupe the French revolutionaries he wears a series of false noses and other party novelties which would ensure his arrest on suspicion in any circumstances.

The Regency settings which were so charming in the first film are commonplace here. The comedy, where attempted, falls flat.

A few scenes of action and pursuit are the best part of the picture. But the perils of Paris in the Reign of Terror do not come through at all. The actors who play leading terrorists would be better cast as municipal librarians.—Embassy; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ **Happy Landing:** Sonja Henie, Don Ameche; skating comedy.—Regent, 4th week.

★★★ **Nothing Sacred:** Carole Lombard, Fredric March; satirical comedy.—Plaza, 2nd week.

★★ **The Hurricane:** Jon Hall, Dorothy Lamour; spectacular drama.—Century, 6th week.

★★ **Live, Love, and Learn:** Robert Montgomery, Rosalind Russell; Bohemian comedy.—State, 2nd week.

★ **Rosalie:** Nelson Eddy, Eleanor Powell; romantic musical.—St. James, 3rd week.

★ **The Buccaneer:** Fredric March, Francisca Gaal; historical drama.—Prince Edward, 2nd week.

Fortia on Trial: Frieda Inescort; drama of mother-love.—Lyceum, 3rd week.

I'll Take Romance: Grace Moore, Melvyn Douglas; musical comedy.—Mayfair, 2nd week.

nese called Rose Stradner, copes capably with emotional passages as the gangster's wife.

Towards the end Edward G. Robinson's affection for his son gets on the sloppy side, but most of the show is better than that.

The grim Alcatraz prison is the setting for some of the film, and is more strongly presented than it was in the picture called "Alcatraz."

The direction of "The Last Gangster" is good. Tension is maintained, and there are some forcible moments.

One is when the prisoners are about



THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures)

Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in M-G-M's "Maytime", is sweeping the Antipodes with the glorious kind of melodious entertainment that people like to enjoy again and again. This grand picture's sensational engagement of more than six months at the Liberty Theatre, Sydney, and its record-breaking screenings elsewhere, cannot be forgotten in a moment.

And yet, Jeanette MacDonald's new M-G-M triumph, "The Firefly" (with Allan Jones and Warren William) has seen its third month in Sydney at the Liberty Theatre, and bids fair to equal—if not surpass—the popularity of "Maytime".

Watch for Leo, the Roaring Lion of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, as the prologue to the world's finest entertainment! William Powell and Myrna Loy in "Double Wedding" . . . Nelson Eddy and Eleanor Powell in "Rosalie" with Frank Morgan and Edna May Oliver. . . And now there are reports of the newest M-G-M magnet!

"A Yank At Oxford" is the title. Robert Taylor in an irresistible human role is the star. Lionel Barrymore, Vivien Leigh, Maureen O'Sullivan, Griffith Jones, Robert Coote are the principal supporting players. And the picture was made at M-G-M's British Studios (at Denham).

This great comedy romance is now showing at the famous and mammoth Empire Theatre in London. Pictures usually run only one week at the Empire; "A Yank At Oxford" has now been running weeks and weeks, and the public won't let it leave. The picture is breaking every record in the eight-year history of the theatre. It's a sensation!

Can you imagine what "A Yank at Oxford" will do when it is released—soon—in Australia and New Zealand? Already, everyone's talking about it, everyone's a-dither waiting for it, everyone's wildly eager to see it.

Yours for the best in entertainment,

LEO, of M-G-M.

PAINS AFTER MEALS

Are a sign that your digestive organs are not equal to their work. They need help to enable them to perform their functions easily and naturally. Mother Seigel's Syrup gives just this help, as it possesses in a remarkable degree the power to tone, strengthen and regulate the action of the digestive organs—the stomach, liver and bowels. It is the special combination of herbal extracts—found only in Mother Seigel's Syrup—which gives it such supreme medicinal value. Test it in your own case, to-day!

At Chemists and Stores 1/9 and 3/-.

Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs

Your kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Beware! If Kidney trouble or Bladder weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Circles Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Neuralgia, Burning, Itching, Smarting, Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't delay. Try the Doctor's new discovery called Cystex (Blue-text). Soothes, tones, cleans, and heals sick kidneys. Starts work in 15 minutes. Brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Cystex costs little and is guaranteed to end your troubles in 5 days or money back. At all chemists.



YOU ARE LUCKY if you know anybody with a nicer smile than Deanna Durbin. Here she is with Herbert Marshall, who appears with her in her new film, "Mad About Music," to be released shortly in Sydney.

THEATRE ROYAL
LAST NIGHTS!
J. C. Williamson, Ltd., presents
"OKAY FOR SOUND"
COMMENCING APRIL 30
The World's Supreme Artist,
RUTH DRAPER
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SOAP TO
KEEP THE SKIN
CLEAR AND HEALTHY
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Don't despair over unsightly skin blemishes. Rexona Soap cleanses and purifies below the surface. Its healing medications get rid of every imperfection and bring that loveliness to your skin that you have always desired! For the more serious skin troubles, Rexona Ointment in conjunction with Rexona Soap quickly restores the skin to perfect health.

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CHEMIST'S
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SOAP—9d. per Tablet (City and Suburbs).
OINTMENT—1/6 per Tin. NOW also
extra large tin, three times the quantity, 3/6

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SURE RELIEF

Most people have experienced the annoyance and pain of stiff neck. Don't suffer again. At the first symptom use Sloans. It penetrates instantly without rubbing—scatters congestion—leaves no trace of pain. Sloans is a concentrated medicament containing active ingredients only. Get a bottle to-day—keep it handy.

1/9 at all
Chemists.

SLOANS
LINIMENT
KILLS PAIN

Real Life Stories

ACCIDENT Led to ROMANCE

A series of accidental meetings brought love and married happiness to an English girl who had been jilted. The story is told by Mrs. M. G. Atkinson, of Caulfield East, Victoria, who wins this week's one guinea prize for a real life story.

YEARs ago I had the misfortune, or perhaps the good fortune, to be jilted.

My parents wisely decided to send me away for a complete change, and arranged a holiday with some friends in London. I had to catch the London train at Bath.

Lonely and miserable I sat in my corner seat and watched the familiar landmarks disappear one by one.

When lunch-time came one of my fellow-travellers, a girl like myself, stood up and lifted a lunch basket off the rack.

She turned with a smile and begged us to help her eat "all this food."

It was a merry lunch party, and as I said good-bye at our journey's end



"... and as we were returning home our car almost collided with a runaway horse."

I promised to call on my new friend in Bath, where she kept house for her brother, who was a doctor.

It was months before I kept that promise, and then only by accident.

One day I had driven my mother over to Bath to do some shopping, and as we were returning home our car almost collided with a runaway horse.

My mother fainted and I took her

into a doctor's house which happened to be quite close.

Imagine my surprise when my ring was answered by the girl I had met in the train. I had kept my promise, but not exactly as I intended.

Within three months I was happily married to the doctor brother, and en route for Australia.

1/1/- to M. G. Atkinson, Post Office, Caulfield East, Vic.

Midnight Music

AS a child I stayed with my grandfather in the country while my parents undertook what was then a two-days' journey to town.

My school chums had warned me that there was a ghost at grandfather's home that played the piano every night at midnight.

When I questioned my grandmother, who was very religious, she said: "Laddie, it is not seemly to speak of things we do not understand."

The first night strange noises came from the drawing-room.

To me, it sounded a queer sort of music. I was terrified, and covered my head with the bedclothes. For a whole week this went on. One night I foresaw myself a brave knight, and towards midnight crept downstairs and hid at the back of the sofa.

Presently in through the window, which had been left open at top, I saw a head appear with glassy eyes; I stuffed the end of my pyjama coat in my mouth to stop screaming.

So there was a ghost! A really truly one.

Down the wall it slid and up on to the piano, and up and down the keyboard, which was open, where it played weird notes.

I got braver. Pumbling with the lucifers I managed to strike a light.

'Twas a bonny koala! I ran up to my grandfather's room shouting, "I've got the ghost." Poor grandma's night-cap came off and she thought the ghost was grabbing her...

But, to the servants I was a "brave laddie," and to myself an unduly important person.

5/- to John Stewart, 5 Flat, Yarina, Rickard Avenue, Clifton Gardens, N.S.W.

Tell Your Story

ALL readers are invited to contribute to this page. Simply set down, in a letter of about 300 words, the most outstanding event in which you have been concerned. Only authentic incidents are eligible.

A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for the best letter each week, and 5/- for others published.

Address letters: Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address is at top of page 3.

Left the Lift—Swiftly

SOME years ago I worked in a factory in which was an old lift used occasionally for lumber.

It was unsafe, and employees were forbidden to ride in it.

However, one afternoon, feeling too fatigued to walk down four flights of stairs, I rode down in the lift.

After I passed the third floor I felt a heavy bump. Then the lift descended to the bottom like a bar of iron. The only hope I had was to jump out before it crashed.

My chance came on the first floor, because fortunately the lift-guard was raised. I sprang out and landed in a heap.

A few seconds later the lift hit the well with tremendous force and was reduced to matchwood.

5/- to J. Arthur, 64 Carrington St., Adelaide.

Drama of Illness

MY nine-year-old boy had been critically ill for some months with rheumatic fever, which had affected his heart.

He was in continual pain, which necessitated hot packs and hot water bottles, and it was nothing for me to be awakened by him three or four times during a night to renew the water bottles or rearrange the air-cushion on which he lay.

One night he had not called me for a considerable time, and awakening from sleep I listened for his labored breathing. I could not hear him.

Reaching out to see if he was covered with bedclothes, my hand, instead of touching his warm body, touched nothing but coldness.

Expecting him to pass away at any time, there was no shock to my nerves, only a heavy feeling at my heart because he had gone.

My husband's rest had also been broken night after night for weeks, and not wishing to disturb him, because he could do nothing until at least 6 o'clock, I went to the kitchen, boiled water, and prepared a basin to sponge down my son's body.

From a drawer I took a clean pair of pyjamas, and, with these and the basin, by the light of a night lamp, I went to his bed.

I leaned over to kiss him, when, to my amazement, he opened his eyes and looked up at me.

In reaching out to examine the bedclothes I had felt the cold rubber air-cushion.

5/- to Mrs. H. G. Payne, 73 McLennan St., Lutwyche, Brisbane.

Alarming Beach Ride

EARLY one morning my boy friend and I walked our horses over to Lucky Bay, Applecross, to work them on the beach.

After cantering up the shore we turned around and were galloping back neck-and-neck when some yachtsmen who had been sleeping overnight on the beach stood up, throwing aside the canvas that had been covering them.

My mare shied off into the water, throwing me sideways out of the saddle. My boot slipped through the stirrup iron and I was dragged along head down in the water for about two hundred yards, and along the beach for another hundred yards.

Finally, as the mare swung around, I caught a clump of rushes and hung on. My boot slid out of the stirrup. I shall never forget the look of horror on my boy friend's face (he is my husband now) as he rushed to help me up.

5/- to Mrs. J. Colleran, 78 Wellaton Street, Midland Junction, W.A.

She stared
and stared....

"I'm going to be personal."
"Are you? Go ahead."
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"That's easy. I'm using Charmosan face powder nowadays."
"Good Heavens, it's uncanny. You look another woman. It's me, too, for Charmosan from now on."
Defiantly, with Charmosan face powder, you bring youth and charm to your skin, no matter what your age. Isn't that great?
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Immense sale. All shades and suns. By box 2/6. Everywhere, including New Zealand. P.S.—Give your face its "good night" massage with Charmosan Cold Cream. It moves "make up" dust, etc. from skin and pores in way soap and water can never do. This cream goes right into pores and out again, cleanses beautifully, and leaves skin supple and smooth. This regular nightly massage assists greatly in keeping the skin free from wrinkles, cross lines, pimples, blackheads, and open pores. It tones up skin and muscles and prevents sagging flesh. Boudoir jars 3/6. Tubes 1/- Sold everywhere, including New Zealand.

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Large box of 200 sheets, 1/3
Trial size, 100 sheets, 9d.

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ASTROLOGY

What are my future prospects? When will my luck improve? Will I realise my ambitions? What is my Lottery Luck? Marriage? Travel? Finances? All Questions answered and full Reading for 2/6. Send P.N. birthdate, stamped addressed envelope. A. MOORE, Box 3427E, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Your 1933 prospects, occupation, love, marriage, travel, finance, speculation, lucky periods, health, lotteries and Questions answered.

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A Scientific Future Forecast, covering finance, travel, health, occupation, lotteries, lucky dates, marriage, etc. Questions answered. Send P.N. 2/6. Birthdate, stamped addressed envelope. RAMON, Dept. C, Box 3519N, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

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OF INDIGESTION

A new discovery by a Sydney chemist, called TWIN SODA and its double action neutralises excess stomach acid and eliminates poison from the digestive tract by a gentle laxative action. Permanent relief is assured. Pure TWIN SODA is sold by all chemists at 1/6 a packet.



"I Collapsed with HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE now quite well, thanks to MENTHOIDS"

"I had been warned that my blood pressure was too high," he says, "but I had no idea it was so serious until I collapsed in the street. Several of my friends recommended me to take a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids. The result was wonderful. My kidneys are again normal. The headaches and

dizziness have gone, and my doctor tells me that as long as I keep my blood pressure at its present level, I need not worry. I will never again be without Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids. They certainly saved my life." Gratefully yours, R.B.W.

FREE
DIET CHART

12 Days' Treatment, 3/6 Month's Treatment, 6/6

Every flask of Menthoids contains the valuable Diet Chart which will help you. Be sure you get genuine Menthoids. Refuse substitutes of this valuable herbal medicine.

Don't Fear High Blood Pressure

No less than 12,000 Australians died in one year from High Blood Pressure and its effects. Hence the new medical prescription, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, comes as a Godsend and gives new hope of recovery from Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, High Blood Pressure, which are all caused by poisons in the blood stream. Don't drug yourself with pain tablets. Get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids. They will purify your blood of poisons—add pain-free vigorous years to your life. Menthoids are safe for the most delicate patient because they contain no drugs of any kind.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

TAURIANS, don't be yourselves! Conquer your bull-like nature or a full measure of happiness and prosperity will not be yours.

MAY is the month of "Taurus—the Bull." Consequently all those people born between April 21 and May 21 come under the sway of this important sign of the zodiac.

And although they will usually deny it emphatically, it will be found that most Taurus-born people partake of the characteristics of the bull to a remarkable extent.

Even in build and appearance can a likeness be found, for they usually possess a reddish or golden tint in the hair, are short, have a thickish neck, and a sturdy, thick-set body.

Like the bull, too, people born under the dominion of Taurus are (or seem to be) placid and good-humored for the greater part of each day and year. But their associates soon learn not to be deceived by this apparent unemotionalism.

In fact, they quickly realise that most Taurians are like sleeping volcanoes in so far as they frequently (and oft-times quite unexpectedly) "blow up" and cause chaos in their immediate vicinity.

Like Wild Bulls

WHEN Taurians are really on the warpath they are amazingly like the wild bull in the china shop . . . smashing everything in their path (heads included), and thoroughly enjoying themselves at everybody else's expense.

When a Taurian goes on a rampage, therefore, associates with wisdom will scatter far and fast, and give the enraged Taurian a clear field.

In this way, too, verbal wounds and physical scars can be saved up for a later occasion, which is sure to come.

The funny part of it is that if left in peace for a while, and given time to cool down and realise his unreasonableness, the Taurian soon sees the humor of the situation (more, possibly, than those who could not dodge quickly enough), and becomes

desperately anxious to effect a reconciliation.

Still, a repentant Taurian is almost as tough a proposition to handle as a warlike one. These people are immensely magnetic and, excepting during temperamental explosions and stubborn moods, can be extremely lovable.

They cannot exist without love and good cheer, and when they have been the aggressors will spare no effort to charm all aggrieved persons back into a spirit of forgiveness, good humor and affection.

Love is, in fact, the very core of the Taurian nature. An appeal to their sympathies and affection will work wonders, but to attempt to force them to do anything is to look for trouble.

You can test this truth for yourself, by thinking ahead of the next Taurian relative or associate who begins to smoulder in readiness for a temperamental orgy.

Instead of antagonising or crossing such a person, try the love and sympathy idea. Never forget that Taurians can be led, but not driven.

They are inherently stubborn and self-willed. They want a thing when they want it, and because there is also a greedy streak in the make-up of most of them they will fight long and aggressively to satisfy their desires.

The fact that they are also very generous doesn't help much during the heat of battle. Far better to play on their sympathy.

Taurians must learn to understand and control themselves if they wish for happiness and prosperity in life. As it is, they are often their own worst enemies, hurting themselves by hurting others, and losing the love and approbation they crave so badly through being greedy, jealous, and ill-tempered.

Their motto should be "Learn Self-Control." A Taurian who has learned this lesson is a very fine person indeed.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Just fair for you on April 27 (evening), 28 and 29.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): The stars befriend you now, so work hard and make changes or begin new enterprises. Be cheerful and optimistic. Some of your desires may be realised on April 30 and May 1.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): May 2 and 3 fair, but routine best.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Caution advised on April 28 and 29, but improvements possible on April 26 and 27 (till dusk only).

LEO (July 24 to Aug. 24): This is no time for you to be venturesome or over-confident. Difficulties and annoyances may beset you on April 30 and May 1, so live quietly then.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Now it's your turn to be confident and energetic about improving your affairs. Make changes, ask favors, etc., on April 30 and May 1. Work hard then.

LIBRA (Sept. 24 to Oct. 24): A sigh of relief is in order for you now because you have just left a rather difficult month behind you and can plan for the future. May 2 and 3 fair for small matters.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Thumbs down on all changes and new ventures, for you must live quietly if you would avoid losses, setbacks, worry and opposition. Be particularly cautious on April 30 and May 1.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 24 to Dec. 22): Just fair on April 28 and 29.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): The stars favor you now, so go ahead with confidence in planning changes or seeking promotion and favors. Be optimistic and hard working, especially on April 30 and May 1.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 to Feb. 19): Have nothing to do with suggestions for new enterprises or changes, for difficulties, delays and annoyances can worry you for a few weeks to

Handle With Care

T AURIANS have their good and not-so-good characteristics. But, like dynamite, they need the most careful handling.



MARY HAD a little lamb—so has Betty Tann, an English farmer's daughter. And every time that Betty has a meal her lamb, who is known as Daisy, joins her at the table. She has her own seat and her own plate and cup, and eats all kinds of food. She is shown here having a cup of tea.

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RINSO
BOILS THE WASH
BRILLIANTLY WHITE
IN JUST 2
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BUT YOU'VE
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IT THEY'RE
SO WHITE?

Try this marvellous
New Method yourself



NOTE: Very dirty clothes should be left to soak in Rinso for an hour or so before boiling.



REAL freedom for women, since the sensational introduction of the Rinso 2-minute boil method! No more hours over the washtub . . . hard rubbing . . . or wearisome washing through. Rinso cuts down boiling time from half-an-hour or more to only 2 minutes. Think of the yearly saving on fuel, of how fresh you'll be to enjoy the extra freedom on washing-days! Yet women all declare that this short cut Rinso method gives the most dazzling white wash they've ever seen!

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SUDS—WONDERFUL FOR
SILKS, COLOURS,
WOOLLENS



Use lukewarm Rinso suds for colours, silks, and woollens, and give them a few minutes' gentle run-through without rubbing. Dirt and dullness are swiftly coated out by the rich Rinso suds—and after a good rinse, colours come out bright and brilliant, woollens fleecy-soft, silks looking new and lovely.

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LOTTERY LUCK

Follows

Astrologer's Advice

Mrs. W. J. Woods, of Hilltop, Bull, answered a paragraph like this and then shared in a £1000 prize. Mr. W. J. Collins, of Pine Street, Berowra, read a similar paragraph, acted on it, and he, too, shared in £1000 prize.



Mrs. W. J. Woods

It was only after acting on the advice given by Pundit Asrah that Mr. Collins and Mrs. Woods' good luck brought them big prizes. Mr. Collins had never previously won a prize in a lottery and Mrs. Woods had only had a small number of very small prizes.

Readers who are interested in lotteries and would like advice similar to that given to these two winners are invited to cut this paragraph and send it with a stamped addressed envelope, and the day and year of their birth to The Astrologer, Desk AWW5, Box 586E, G.P.O., Hobart.

Within ten days Pundit Asrah, the famous astrologer, will post them the days and numbers which according to the stars should be lucky for them. This is what he did for the £1000 winners. He will also send ten simple rules on "How to be Lucky" rules which were followed by Mrs. Woods and Mr. Collins when they won.

Help good luck to come your way by sending to Pundit Asrah without delay.



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Mary Sends a Kiss by Telegram



HERE'S a new wrinkle in kissing. At left, Mary Bodmer tries Cupid's newest device and kisses a telegraph blank in the telegraph office in New York. At right, a girl on roller skates rushes the "hot" copy to an operator. The paper is put on a roll (lower) and is transmitted in one minute to Mary's boy friend in Chicago. He gets the paper, puts his lips to it and the long-distance kiss is completed.

CROSSED THE WORLD TO SEEK JUSTICE

*Australia's Modern Portia
Now Ill in London*

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

Penniless and forlorn in a London hospital ward lies the woman who has made legal history in the highest Court in the Empire.

SHE is Miss Noni Ethel Horton, Australia's frail modern Portia, whose self-taught legal knowledge has staggered the greatest law authorities of England.

Her dramatic fight for justice brought her right across the world—to meet with a tragic accident on a London street corner.

When the case was dismissed she was stunned by the decision. Her months of toil had gone for nothing. Long weary hours, days and nights of intense study of thousands of legal documents . . . the time she'd spent typing a 57,000-word review of her case . . . all gone for nothing.

She wandered the London streets, puzzled, confused, wondering what she could do next . . . in her heart the hope expressed by an eminent barrister that she could still win if she could get back to Australia and proceed with her claim in another way.

But how could she get away from London? Pondering this, she walked into the traffic jam of the city streets and was struck by a bus.

It is a sad blow from Fate, at a woman whose perseverance has taken her on a strange legal pilgrimage that would terrify most women.

Few would voluntarily undertake it, even with the aid of highly-paid legal assistance.

Noni Horton tackled it alone and unaided.

Now, helpless and spent, she is ill here, hoping to get well, wondering by what means she can get back to

Australia where she has been told she can renew her claims in a way that should prove successful.

Her claim involves a £30,000 estate. How close she seems to winning—and yet how far? Thus she ponders.

If she can pursue her legal arguments only a short time longer it may win her the money and comforts that mean so much in the years just ahead.

Legal circles say she is the only woman in the world to take a case, unaided, right to the Privy Council.

It is an achievement as dramatic as Portia's. It may yet be as successful if Fate is kinder.

Only a few weeks ago I had wished Miss Horton good luck as she arrived, a homely little figure in black, at the building next door to the Prime Minister's house in Downing Street, where the Privy Council meets.

Seeks Help

SHE had pinned two white garlands in her black hat as a tribute to the importance of the occasion.

In the dignified, book-lined council room the Privy Councillors awaited her—this woman who had sailed 12,000 miles to plead her own case.

The Council is the highest court of appeal in the Empire, and the judgments of its members—high judicial authorities, Ministers of the Crown, and distinguished Dominions representatives—are virtually the judgment of the King himself.

In spite of the solemnity of the occasion and the fact that she was pitting her layman's knowledge of the law against the most brilliant legal brains of England, Miss Horton managed to smile when she faced the great judges.

And it was a proud moment for her when the Lords of the Council complimented her on her clear presentation of her case.

Australian barristers have represented litigants in cases before the Privy Council.

But it is a costly procedure. In fixing his fees the barrister must consider not only the cost of travelling to London, but also the fact that he will be absent from his legal practice for at least six months.

Miss Horton's case has interested the legal profession here. Her accident has aroused great sympathy for her, and it is hoped that she may be able to test the case on new lines, as suggested by Sir Stafford Cripps, the famous English barrister.

"We hope to get enough contributions from friends and those interested in her fight for justice to enable Miss Horton to get back to Australia," said one of her sympathisers. "We hope Australians interested will help."

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a fine old
Liqueur

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MYSTERY!
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Written by Leon De Guy, well-known short story writer. This outstanding series tells the story of old Antonio and his many treasures gathered from all ages and all countries.

"The Antique Shop by the Grand Canal"

(A Trans-Radio National Production)

Cecil Perry, talented young English actor, plays the role of the delightful Antonio, the poetical old storyteller, who invites listeners to enter his antique shop and explore the romantic treasures it contains.

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NEW Dramatist for Sydney RADIO

"Antonio," Weaver of Tales

Many a man with an ambition to become a writer has kicked against the circumstances which have set his career in a different sphere.

Later, he has found that all the while he had been gathering priceless material for his life's work.

THAT is the experience of Leon De Guy, whose brilliant new series of radio dramatizations, "The Antique Shop by the Grand Canal," commences from 2GB on Sunday night at 9.40.

The dramas that make up this series are as widely set as the countries from which the treasures in Antonio's Antique Shop originally came.

It is only Mr. De Guy's wide experience of these lands and of the idiosyncrasies of their people that enables him to write convincingly of them.

Leon De Guy, who is quietly gaining a name for himself as a writer of short stories and radio dramas, was born in Russia, and educated in Germany and France.

Later he went to England, where he joined the army, serving with the Royal Horse Artillery during the war.

Tolstoi's Influence

"As a young man," says Mr. De Guy, "one of the big experiences of my life was to see the aged Count Leo Tolstoi in person."

"The great Russian reformer, teacher and novelist had himself been a soldier in his younger days, and it may have been this passing glimpse of the great old man that subconsciously determined my career, first as a soldier, and now as a writer."

"It was just after Tolstoi's tragic quarrel with his wife and his flight from his estate, where he had lived the life of a serf, that I saw him."

"His patriarchal figure and flowing beard left an indelible impression on my memory."

During his early wanderings in Europe, Mr. De Guy gained a knowledge of a dozen languages, and this knowledge proved valuable during the war.

He was soon transferred to the Italian intelligence service, and later was a member of the Italian commission of control to Bulgaria.

In Italy he met many different types of people, at one time having 65,000 prisoners of war under his control.

"During my stay in Italy I spent four months in Venice, and here I spent many hours wandering around the old antique shops where the uninitiated can buy anything from a needle to an anchor, as they say, and be assured that it is the genuine needle of Cleopatra or the anchor used by Columbus."

Australia's History

"I DID not think then," he continued, "that twenty years later the knowledge I gained would be of use in distant Australia in writing a dramatic series for the as-yet-unheard-of medium of radio."

"Australia is a wonderful country, but the people are still too young for so old a land."

"Instead of dating our history from the arrival of the English, we must go back and investigate the legends and history of the natives, and by building on this foundation we will create a unique Australian literature."

Incidentally, even in the "Antique Shop by the Grand Canal," Mr. De Guy has drawn on his knowledge of and experiences in Australia and the South Seas for some of his material, particularly in "The Story of the Opal" and "The Magic Token," dealing with the strange rites and cults of the Solomon Islanders.

In Antonio, the wistful old storyteller of "The Antique Shop by the

WARNING

The public is to be warned against the use of ordinary bicarb or cooking soda for medicinal purposes. The safe and simple remedy for indigestion, Acidity, Wind, Heartburn and Stomach Ailments is Pure TWIN SODA. It gives instant relief. Obtainable from all chemists at 1/8 or 2/6 per extra large packet.



LEON DE GUY, author of a new play series for 2GB.

The Australian Women's Weekly Radio Sessions FROM STATION 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier

WEDNESDAY, April 27: 11.45 a.m., Serial, "Pride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen; 2.45 p.m., The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, April 28: 11.45 a.m., Serial; 2.45 p.m., People in the Limelight.

FRIDAY, April 29: 11.45 a.m., Serial; 2.45 p.m., Musical Cock-tail.

SATURDAY, April 30: 7.45 p.m., "Concert Under the Stars," 9.30 p.m., The Juan de Dios Fill-

berto Orchestra and George Formby (comedian).

SUNDAY, May 1: 4.30 p.m., Celebrity Singer Recital, Essie Ackland; 6.10 p.m., The Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra and Tito Schipa.

MONDAY, May 2: 11.45 a.m., Serial; 2.45 p.m., Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, May 3: 11.45 a.m., Serial; 2.45 p.m., The Home-maker, Mrs. Eve Gye.

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BY purchasing an approved electric range from The Sydney County Council NOW (for no deposit and from 2/5d. per week) you can save up to £6/10/0 on the price of an electric storage water heater. For £4/10/0—no deposit and the phenomenally low terms of 4d. per week—and without any installation cost whatever, you secure a supply of steaming hot water at the kitchen sink by merely turning a tap. The ordinary terms price for the water heater completely installed is approximately £11/0/0. An up-to-date electric range with its perfect, simple cooking can be purchased for no deposit and terms as low as 2/5d. per week. The water heater for 4d. per week.

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WHAT a hectic week of frantic gaiety and anish, and Turf ups and downs.

The "ups" were provided by the two Saturdays of the great Easter carnival, and the "downs" carried me to the slough of despond on the Monday and Wednesday.

And what a day was Wednesday.

Imagine yourself the loveliest-looking creature on the course on Ladies' Day, strutting the lawns in that grege rodier, genuine Worth.

And then suddenly tragedy and despair. Loss after loss, followed by the most aggravating downpour just as the last race began, and my poor imported model becomes a dishcloth.

Taxis a vanished race. You can laugh off casualties of that sort on a winning day, but the

BETTY'S 'Racey' NARRATIVES

By BETTY GEE

After a disastrous Ladies' Day at Randwick, Betty finished up the carnival in a blaze of betting glory on Cropper Plate Day.

woman isn't born who can stand the double loss, be she ever so rich.

After the experience of Easter's four days' racing, I am confident Saturday must be my lucky day.

What a fortunate thing race meetings are held that day instead of Sunday, as in Paris, or any old week day as in England and Victoria.

I'd go broke anywhere, but here.

Yes, last Saturday was my lucky day all right, because I started with Beechwood, but fortune could have been just a little more kindly and I

would have stopped crying about my ruined Wednesday frock.

It was like this. By sheer accident I overheard Mr. Pat Osborne, his part-owner, tell a friend that Beechwood couldn't lose the first race.

Beechwood, owned by Messrs. Baillieu and Osborne, carries Mr. Baillieu's white and purple seams in Melbourne, but Mr. Osborne's green in Sydney, and the big coincidence was that his green matched my new frock. So I hurried to the back street of the betting ring, where the double shops are, and coupled Beech-

wood and Warraving for the first two races for £30 to 10/.

Then I put the last 30/- of my housekeeping on Beechwood, straight out at 6 to 1, and when he won easily by two lengths I trod on air to the bookie and collected my ten guineas.

I then put a saver on Forestage with Darby Munro up, and trod the air currents back to the stand to watch Warraving win the second leg of my double.

When he ran right to the front in the straight, I joyfully counted my gains. But how quickly joy can be turned to black despair on the Turf. Up came Cid with a paralysing run to beat Warraving by a length and a quarter.

I am told that Cid is the father of a large family of foals down at his owner, Mrs. S. R. Coward's, property, out from Cowra.

I wish he'd stayed at home looking after these little children instead of beating me for my hard-earned winnings.

What made it worse was that my saver, Forestage, broke down in the race.

Darby had to get off him, and the poor old thing came limping in a complete wreck.

It looked as if my luck had taken a forced landing.

No Match For Ajax

But sound feminine judgment can over-ride misfortune.

It made me laugh to see people backing Pandava to beat Ajax in the Cropper Plate.

Hadn't I seen Pandava beaten by a third-rater, Lolorua, at Caulfield a few weeks ago, yet here he was stacked against the best horse in Australia? Ludicrous, my dears.

To run first, no! But to run second, yes, so I had £1/15/- to £1 Ajax-Pandava in the 1-2 combinations from a novelty betting bookie, and, of course, it befell as I anticipated.

Ajax first, Pandava second, and the rest nowhere.

I had £8 to £2 about Northwind in the Dangar Handicap, but the breeze must have been blowing

Watch These—

Betty suggests the following horses as likely winners in the near future:—

Dennan Handicap: Bonnie Legion.
City Tattersall's Cup: Apollo.
Trial Handicap: Leeds.

from another direction, because Gay Knight snatched the race off him 100 yards from home.

Still, it was a meritorious performance on the part of Gay Knight.

Young Harvey, his jockey, said afterwards that the saddle was slipping so much he doubted if he could finish the course on Gay Knight.

He was able to hang on and won well, however.

Young Harvey is only 17, and I nominate him as one of my special jockeys. He won the Sydney Cup on L'Aiglon like a veteran, and his ride on Gay Knight was a masterly one. He is a fine rider and an excellent judge of pace.

Harvey must have a way with him, too, for old Gay Knight has not won a race since last September, but on Saturday he romped home in a classy field. Of course, he did run fifth to Bristol in the City Handicap on Ladies' Day.

Randwick Again

The Fernhill Handicap resulted in a new protective clause being added to my betting system rules.

You must not bet on a race in which you are convinced that more than four have a winning chance.

I had backed three, Geebung, Grand Hotel, and Adios, when I realised that I was in the grip of a sort of gamblerphobia, and I'd better leave the ring or go broke.

My horses ran second, third, and fourth, the winner proving to be Cragite at 20 to 1.

I lost £2/10/- on the race.

In the next race you couldn't have broken my new rule and backed four, because there were only three starters, and I worked it out that if Old Rowley could beat Allunga and win last Wednesday with H. Badger letting him run off the course, what a good thing he must be today with our best jockey, Darby Munro, aboard.

That meant I took £8 to £2. And fancy the books betting you 3 to 1 about a horse who could go to the front and win all the way!

That's what Old Rowley did, and



Betty sees Ajax win the Cropper Plate at Randwick.

when Allunga ran up to him in the last furlong, Darby just clobbered his tongue a couple of times, and Old Rowley went away again and won easily.

I wasted £2 in the last race for the fun of seeing Country Party left at the post and trailing the field.

He didn't get a place and served me right for dabbling in horses with political names.

Apollo To Atone

Blinky Bill attempted to lead all the way. It was a valiant effort, which almost succeeded. Although I hadn't backed him I could not fail to cheer.

But my cheering wasn't much good to him. Head Check came along with a terrific run to cut little Blinky Bill out of first money.

As I told you before, Country Party didn't put his heart into the race at all.

We race again at Randwick on Saturday, thank goodness.

I'm getting so fond of it. And again the following week, as a matter of fact.

They've been scratching horses on the Head Walter, he complains, but he's giving Bonnie Legion as a runner and a winner for the Dennan next Saturday.

The Iceman says that the people behind Apollo, having missed the Sydney Cup by a whisker, are going for City Tatt's Cup this time, and if the track is all right he'll win it.

Leeds is my own hot choice for the Trial Handicap. I've been waiting impatiently for him.

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THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go to the rescue of
M. DUCHAMP: Eminent Parisian chemist, who, under the
 malign influence of
THE COBRA: Wizard of hypnosis, has kidnapped
SUZETTE: His own lovely daughter, and taken her to the
 Cobra's cavern-lands in Tibet. Mandrake and Lothar
 follow, and the latter is mortally wounded by poisoned

thorns. Mandrake agrees to place his powers at the
 Cobra's disposal in return for Lothar's life, provided
 that no harm comes to Suzette or her father.
M. DUCHAMP, working on a formula to make gold from base
 metal, refuses to continue his experiments. Before
 the Cobra can force him to do so, Mandrake reminds
 him of his promise, and Duchamp returns to his work
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QUICK RELIEF—LASTING BENEFIT in every case, no matter how long you have suffered.

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Challenge BLANKETS

WHITE: And let me tell you, old boy, I'm master in my own home!
Green: Quite. My wife's away, too!

HE: What would I have to give for a kiss?
She: A general anaesthetic.

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THE TIGER'S EYE

Continued from
Page 5

THERE were white panelled walls, a winding stairway with mahogany treads and banisters; open fireplaces with white marble mantels; a library with row upon row of old books; upstairs rooms with braided rugs and canopied four-posters, and high-boys with antique silver candlesticks on them.

It was characteristic of Velma that she made for the library first, and there she discovered that a whole section was given over to manuscript diaries of the Gilmours. She spent the rest of the afternoon and part of the evening poring over them, and it seemed as if the place came alive before her eyes. Men in knee breeches and women in colonial dress flitted across the polished floors, and the freight shone on silver shot buckles, caught on the hilts of swords, and was reflected in laughing eyes under powdered curls. Light Horse Harry Lee had once sat before that very fireplace, and later a lady in waterfall curls and crinoline had welcomed Colonel Bob Lacey, in stained grey uniform with an empty sleeve pinned to his shoulder.

Through that very panel above the fireplace a highwayman in a bottle-green coat and knee breeches, cocked hat and mask, with a bell-mouthed pistol in his hand had suddenly held up a whole company of men and women and relieved them of their jewels. Then with a mocking wave of his hand he had retreated, still covering them with his pistol. Later in the evening the bewildered butler had brought a tangled assortment of gems, Continental notes and pieces of currency, for the guests to pick out their own. Only three of them knew that one gem was missing, or rather was restored to its rightful owner. It was the tiger's eye ring which belonged to Letitia Gilmour—the mother of the girl in crinolines who married Bob Lacey—the toast of the countryside. It had fallen into the hands of a middle-aged suitor who was threatening to announce their betrothal by showing it to their friends. It was distinctive, aside from the unusual stone, for it had had initials engraved inside the setting. Only she and her lover knew the identity of the highwayman, and what became of the tiger's eye ring.

Velma belonged here! She knew it! The dusk was peopled with ghosts, but friendly ghosts that reached out kindly hands to her from the shadows.

AFTER dinner, as Velma sat at the old piano in the living-room and played old songs, ghosts again marched through the halls. Steven's and Emily's heads were silhouetted against the firelight shamelessly close together, and something twisted Velma's heart painfully. They didn't need this place. She did. It wasn't only the money involved. It was something deeper than that. She was a Gilmour and she belonged here! All the fibres of her being were going back like roots, and twisting themselves around the people and incidents of the past, grasping her firmly to her heritage. Rightful heir to this place—joint-heir at least—she would have to go back to New York soon and struggle hopelessly for the few dollars to pay for a dingy hall bedroom off a narrow alley! It wasn't fair! Great-grandfather and his old car horses!

The honeymooners were a total loss socially, as Velma and Dick soon discovered. Fortunately they found things to do which were of mutual interest. They explored the hidden passage together with candles and wrapped up in their winter coats, and came out down the hill by the creek. Then they had the fun of climbing the hill again through the snow where, hilariously, they had coasted down in dish-pans in the morning. There, when a knee-deep drift held her helpless he was ungallant enough and unchivalrous enough to take advantage of her predicament and thoroughly wash her face with soft snow, and then just as thoroughly and stingingly kiss her. She made him believe that she was really angry about that, although when she looked at herself in her mirror while dressing for dinner she wondered how any shrewd young

lawyer could be fooled that way. Her eyes were too softly bright for anger, as he would know if he looked into them long enough.

"We ought to dress up in those clothes we found in the attic," Dick suggested at dinner that evening. "Colonial things galore up there."

"I have it!" Emily dropped her spoon. "We'll give a party and invite everyone around. The Richards' will know the people we ought to ask. We really ought to make friends around here for we'll probably—"

"Ouch!" remarked Velma unexpectedly. "Sorry," murmured Dick. "I didn't mean to kick you."

Emily was rushing on with her plans. A fancy dress party—everyone in colonial dress—Velma found herself planning just as excitedly.

RICHARDS, when called on the phone, suggested an even dozen couples and agreed to send out the invitations and act as host.

"Look!" Velma forgot her pretended anger at Dick, and made the suggestion in a conspirator's whisper, while Steve's and Emily's heads were bent over some plans. "Let's give them an unexpected thrill. I'll tell them about the highwayman who came through that mantel and held up the guests, and I'll tell it as if it were a ghost story—make it real spooky, you know—and then you come in at the stroke of twelve. And when we go to give them back their property they must unmask to get it." She gave him the bare outlines of the occurrence, not mentioning the ring because she did not want to confuse him. After all, for their purpose the tiger's eye ring incident was unnecessary.

"Swell!" laughed Dick. "I'm to be highwayman, I presume!"

They even found the bottle-green coat, with the big brass buttons, and the cocked hat, and the wide-throated pistol, and a pair of russet breeches which went well enough with the ensemble and which Dick, miraculously enough, could wear to perfection.

The night of the party ghosts did indeed come alive in the old halls. Velma had chosen a yellow satin over a quilted yellow petticoat; Steve was resplendent in peach-colored velvet coat and breeches and a white satin waistcoat embroidered in gold thread; and Emily was a Kate Greenaway picture in sprigged muslin with a black-laced bodice. But Dick was by far the most romantic and dashing figure in his long green coat with the brass buttons and a pair of Steve's riding boots, with the handle of his pistol thrust through the green sash at his waist.

She danced with Dick first. He was a good dancer, too. They moved together like one person across the polished floor. The next three times she found herself stuck with a stout gentleman who puffed when he moved, but who would not relinquish her to another partner. Then Dick took things into his own hands and they glided away together through the door into the hall and part way up the stairs, where he penned her into a dark corner.

"Don't argue with One-gun Oscar, lady," he said. "I'm giving you a chance to say you'll marry me before I bash you over the head with this here pistol and drag you out by the heels!"

"Art proposing to me, knave?" she asked. "Thy speech is more like a cowboy from a penny thriller than a highwayman of colonial days!"

"Hang my language! Will you, Velma? I'm just a struggling young lawyer—except for Steve's business

I haven't much but—do you want to take a chance?"

"Oh," she breathed. "I wouldn't mind even looking for a job again, or a hall room—with you!"

It was the clock striking which brought them back to reality some time later. Dick hastily consulted his watch and then slid to his feet several steps down.

"Time I was getting out and through the passage. Give me a signal on the panel when it's time."

Emily had prepared the group for Velma's story, and Velma told it well. She built up the climax, and the guests listened so raptly that they did not notice that the room was becoming darker and darker until only the candles illuminated it with wavering, ghostly shadows.

"And thereafter," said Velma in a thrilling whisper, "at midnight the ghost of the highwayman comes through the mantel—the clock in the hall struck twelve solemn strokes and she paused until the last note died away. Then she struck the panel with her hand. 'Through the panel!'"

The guests gave little excited squeals when the panel began to slide back, and one of them gave a whole-hearted scream when the highwayman appeared, his pistol in his hand. He leaped lightly down from the mantel and approached the guests. "Just one jewel from each of you," he said, collecting a bracelet from Velma first. With excited giggles on the part of the girls, and pretended indignation on the part of the men, a trinket was collected from each one, then, still covering them with his pistol, he backed through the door into the hall.

IN a few seconds he was back with a small silver tray. He had whipped off his mask and stood smiling and acknowledging their applause. "Now," he said, "if you will come up and redeem your trinkets and unmask—"

One by one the jewels were redeemed. Only Velma remained. She came up to him, removing her mask, and then stared at the tray. Beside her bracelet lay a ring with a tiger's eye stone in it. She looked at him. Someone said something and the guests went into the dining-room, but she continued to look at him.

"It must be yours," he said. "Your version of the story differed a little from the way my mother told it to me—or else you didn't tell it all. I guess that is how it was, or the ring wouldn't mean so much to you."

"That's not—not the ring—that caused the holdup?"

"Ah, so you do know! That's the ring. My mother, you see, is Mary Lacey Rogers, the daughter of Evelyn Ellis who married Bob Lacey, and the granddaughter of Letitia Gilmour who originally owned the ring and married the original highwayman!"

"Oh—then—"

"Then, I'm an heir. If you marry me we can claim this place. Or if you'd rather, no one need know about my being a Gilmour descendant except Steve, who of course knows I'm his cousin and lifelong friend, and Richards. Richards knows, too, that I fell in love with you the minute I saw you. I asked him to let us come here so that maybe—you see I knew you'd never marry me for my money and I'd never have a chance if you knew who I was—but I hoped—"

She had no chance to answer, but her eyes were eloquent enough. Steve surveyed them from the doorway, and sighed. "Oh, well," he said, resignedly. "Make it a short one. We're waiting for you."

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"O H, rats! What's the diff? He did say something about the knife having been stuck into Gimball by a right-handed blow, but that's the regular bolc ay."

"And how about the envelope Wilson . . . Gimball left with Bill Angell here?"

The prosecutor flipped a sheaf of documents on De Jong's desk over with his forefinger. "You guessed it. They're the eight policies. Revised to make Lucy Wilson the beneficiary. I imagine Gimball meant to leave them in Angell's keeping for the further protection of Mrs. Wilson. There's no question in my mind about his intention to tell Angell all about his other personality."

"Maybe," grinned De Jong, "the beneficiary change was part of a deal. He knew his wife's brother would be hopping mad, and he figured if he threw a million bucks at 'em it would sort of smooth things over."

Bill Angell stirred. "May I go now?"

"Wait a minute, mister," said De Jong. "How about Wilson? I mean, as Wilson did he make a will?"

"I'm sure he didn't. If he had, he would have come to me."

"Everything's in your sister's name?"

"Yes. Both cars, the house—he owned that free and clear."

"And the million," De Jong sat down in his swivel-chair. "And the million. Nice wad for a good-looking young widow."

"One of these days, De Jong," smiled Bill, "I'm going to ram that grin of yours down your filthy throat."

"Why, you—"

"Now, now," said Pollinger hastily. "There's no need for this sort of thing. You've brought your sister's marriage certificate, Mr. Angell?"

Glaring at the policeman, Bill threw a document on the desk.

"Hm," said Pollinger. "We've already checked with the Philadelphia records. No question about it. He married Lucy Angell two years before his marriage with this Borden woman. It's a mess."

Bill snatched back the certificate. "Too right it's a mess—with my sister on the receiving end of the swill!"

IT was nine-thirty on Monday morning when Ellery, in natty olive gabardine and panama, presented himself at the executive offices of the National Life Insurance Company in its handsome house on Lower Madison Avenue in New York. He had spent a cloistered Sunday at home, mulling over the case between the alimentary ministrations of Djuna and the rather cynical comments of his father the inspector; and despite the vernal gaiety of his costume he was far from cheerful.

A brisk young woman with a toothpaste smile, in the ante-room to the office lettered "Office of the Executive Vice-President," raised her brows at his card. "Mr. Finch wasn't expecting you so early, Mr. Queen. He isn't down yet. Wasn't your appointment for ten?"

"If it was, I wasn't informed. I'll wait. Any notion what your precious Mr. Finch wants to see me about?"

"Ordinarily," she smiled, "I should say no. But, since you're a detective, I suppose there's no point in dissembling. Mr. Finch telephoned me at home yesterday afternoon and told me all about it. It's about this frightful business in Trenton; and I believe Mrs. Gimball is to be here, too. Won't you wait in Mr. Finch's private office?"

Ellery followed her into a palatial blue-and-ivory room that looked like a motion-picture set. "I seem to be moving in golden circles these days," he observed. "That's metaphoric, not literal, Miss Zachary—isn't that the name?"

"However did you know? Have a seat, Mr. Queen." She hurried to the oversized desk and brought back a box. "Cigarette?"

"No, thanks." Ellery sank into a blue leather chair. "I believe I'll smoke my pipe."

"Would you like to try some of Mr. Finch's tobacco?"

"That's one invitation no confirmed pipe-smoker turns down." The young woman brought him a large jar from the desk, and he filled his pipe. "Mmm. Not bad. Very good, in fact. What is it?"

"Oh, dear, I don't know; I'm stupid about these things. It's a special blend, foreign or something, sold by Pierre of Fifth Avenue. Would you care to have me send you some?"

"Oh, now, really—"

"Mr. Finch won't mind. I've done it before. . . . Oh, good morning, Mr. Finch." The young woman smiled again and went out.

"Bright and early, I see," said Finch as they shook hands. "Well, well, this business becomes more sickening by the hour. Have you seen the morning papers?"

Ellery grimaced. "The usual orgy."

"Frightful." The tall man put away his hat and stick, sat down, fiddled with his mail, lit a cigarette. Suddenly he looked up. "See here, Queen, there's no point in beating around the bush. I talked to Hathaway and some of the directors early yesterday. We're agreed that, from the company's standpoint, action must be taken."

"Action?" Ellery raised his brows politely.

"You must admit that on the surface the thing looks suspicious. We're making no accusations, but . . . Excuse me. That must be Jessica." Miss Zachary opened the door to admit Mrs. Gimball, Andrea, and two men.

In thirty-six hours Andrea's mother had become an old woman. Ellery saw at once. She leaned heavily on her daughter's arm, and the eyes she raised in greeting were lifeless. In the clear light cleaving Finch's windows Ellery read the strangulation of a narrow, proud, and inhibited spirit. She could

HALF-WAY HOUSE

Continued from Page 6

barely walk; and in silence Finch led her to a chair.

When he straightened, his face was troubled. "Mr. Queen, meet Senator Frueh, the Borden attorney." Ellery shook the flaccid hand of a florid, paunchy little man whose shrewd eyes appraised him coldly from a face chiefly remarkable for its beard.

"And this is Burke Jones, Miss Gimball's fiancé. I didn't expect to see you to-day, Burke."

"I thought I might be of service," said Jones, with what Ellery thought was a peculiar diffidence. He was a large young man with calfskin, empty eyes, a skin burned walnut by the sun, and a slouch. His right arm was trussed in a sling. "Hullo. So you're Queen, eh? I've been reading your books for years." He said it as if Ellery were one of the better-known monstrosities of a freak-show.

"I don't quite know why I'm honored with all this attention," remarked Ellery. "It's a little overwhelming. My blood isn't bad, Mr. Jones, but it's of the common variety; and I can't help wondering if I'm not a little out of my class this morning."

"Shall we sit down?" said Finch fretfully. "Miss Zachary, we are not to be disturbed. I was telling Mr. Queen," he continued when they were seated, "what we had decided."

"Before you proceed, Finch," announced Senator Frueh in a gruff voice, "I want Queen to understand I'm not in favor of this."

"Of what?" smiled Ellery.

"Of this deliberate confusion of motives," snapped the bearded lawyer. "Finch has an axe to grind for his company; and we've another entirely different. I agreed, Finch, as I told you last night, only because Jessica and you insisted. If Jessica took my advice—and Andrea's—which she won't, she'd keep strictly out of this tangle."

"No," said Mrs. Gimball in a low voice. "That woman robbed me of everything—my good name, Joe's love . . . I'll fight. I've always permitted everyone to step over me—father, Joe, even Andrea. This time I'm going to defend myself."

Ellery thought that the woman was stretching the probabilities a little. He could not visualise her as she painted herself. "But there's very little you can do, Mrs. Gimball," he said. "There's no doubt whatever concerning Lucy's—I mean Mrs. Wilson's—legal status. She was his lawful wife. The fact that she was his wife under an assumed name doesn't alter the case at all."

"I've been telling mother that," murmured Andrea. "It can't lead to anything but more notoriety. Mother, won't you, please—?"

JESSICA GIMBALL'S lips compressed. Some strange quality in the under-tones of her voice made them silent. "That woman," she said, "killed Joe."

"Oh, I see," said Ellery, gravely. "I see. And on what basis do you make this accusation, Mrs. Gimball?"

"I know it. I feel it."

"I'm afraid," he replied in dry tones, "that our courts won't take cognisance of such evidence."

"Please, Jessica," said Grosvenor Finch with a frown. "Look here, Queen, Mrs. Gimball is naturally not herself. Of course, hers is no reason at all. But I speak now for the company. The point is that the National Life as such has no per-

sonal motive against this woman which might strike anyone as persecutive. It's interested only in determining the facts."

"And since I am also," drawled Ellery, "presumably an objective agent aiming at the same goal, you want my puny assistance?"

"Please. Let me finish, let me state Hathaway's position—he would have been here to talk to you himself, except that he's ill. Mrs. Wilson became the beneficiary of one of our policy-holders a matter of mere days before his death by violence. True, he created her his beneficiary himself; but there is no proof that she did not beguile or coerce him into making the change."

"Nor proof that she did."

"But the point is that Mrs. Wilson is the beneficiary, and the million does go to her. As I say, in the face of these circumstances, the National would be remiss in its duty to its policy-holders if it did not hold up payment of the policy pending an investigation."

"Why come to me? Surely you have your own corps of trained investigators?"

"Oh, of course." Finch paused delicately. "But there the personal element enters. I feel that an outside agent, specially employed for the purpose, could be depended upon to exercise more—er—discretion. And then you were on the scene from the beginning . . ."

ELLERY drummed lightly on the arm of his chair. Their eyes watched him. "You know," he said at last, "this is an odd position for me. This woman whom you propose to pillory is the sister of an old chum. I really should be in the other camp. The only element of your request that appeals to me is that you're interested, not in a preconceived result, but in simply fixing the truth . . . You could depend upon my discretion, Finch, but not my silence."

"What d'ye mean by that?" demanded Senator Frueh.

"Well, it logically follows, doesn't it? In my pitiful way I try to live up to my Messianic complex. If I should discover the truth . . . I can't guarantee that it will be a respecter of persons, you see."

Finch rummaged in the papers before him, extracted one, uncapped his fountain-pen, and began to write. "All the National wants," he said quietly, "is reasonable proof that Lucy Wilson did or did not murder or cause to be murdered her husband." He blotted what he had written, rose, circled his desk. "Will this do as a retainer, Mr. Queen?"

Ellery blinked. The piece of paper was a cheque, and above Finch's signature in its distinctive green ink there was stamped the sum of five thousand dollars.

"Very handsome," he murmured.

"But suppose we defer the question of remuneration until I've had a chance to look around a bit. I haven't quite decided, you see."

Finch's face fell. "As you wish, of course."

"A question or two, please. Mrs. Gimball, have you any idea what the present condition of your—of Gimball's estate is?"

"Estate?" she repeated blankly, almost as if she were annoyed.

"Joe was a poor business man," said Andrea bitterly. "He had nothing in his own name. Poor as that as in everything else."

Please turn to Page 40

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What Women Are Doing

Famous Singer's Wife

VIVACIOUS and attractive, Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett, who goes everywhere with her husband, the famous American singer, has accompanied him to Australia. They arrived in Sydney by the Mariposa last week.

Mrs. Tibbett says her husband is not at all temperamental, and does not fly into tantrums.

"As for me," she adds, "I'm just a wife. I don't sing or play. But I am a very keen listener, and I appreciate music."

Mrs. Tibbett, who has had some musical education, helps her husband choose his programmes.

Lectures on Practical Business Conditions

AT the annual meeting of the American Academy of Political and Social Science held at Philadelphia early this month, Miss Jean Polglaze represented Melbourne University.

Miss Polglaze is a Master of Commerce, and lectured on that subject at Melbourne University before going to Cambridge, where she has been engaged in research in practical business conditions.

In January of this year she left England for America to continue her research work, and is now spending her time between the Rockefeller Institute, where she is doing a lot of work in the library, and Columbia University.

She will attend several other Universities in the States before returning to Australia.

They Are An Entertaining Family

MRS. DUDLEY HERALD, of London, who is at present visiting Australia with her daughters, Thelma and Tessa, is a niece of Sir Harry Lauder.

Professions connected with stage and film work are a family trait, for in addition to Mr. Herald being a member of the "Balalaika" company, both Thelma and Tessa have appeared in numerous stage and film productions, and Mrs. Herald acts as private secretary to Norman I. Adams. Mr. Adams is administrator of the English film company that owns the largest circuit of theatres in the world.

Miss Tessa Herald was the champion schoolgirl free-style swimmer of South London for nine years, and during her last visit to Australia, four years ago, she won competitive events with the Bondi junior team.

Prominent Worker For Many Deserving Causes

THE Florence Nightingale Club, Melbourne, has completed another year of fine service. Thirty-six charities were helped by the club during the past 12 months.

At the fourth annual meeting held recently, Mrs. T. W. Fletcher was re-elected president, and Mrs. F. Harrison hon. secretary. Mrs. R. Reynolds resigned from the office of honorary treasurer after three and a half years' service, and Miss K. Abraham was elected in her place.

Mrs. Fletcher has for years been a prominent worker for numerous charitable causes. She is president of the St. Kilda-Ripponlea branch of the Queen Victoria Hospital; vice-president of the Ministering Children's League, and on the St. Kilda branch of the Women's National League. For 20 years she has been a member of the Red Cross, and was presented with a gold medal for her work in this connection.

Tanning Chemist

FOLLOWING the profession of a tanning chemist, Miss Gladys Conabere (Mrs. T. A. Curry) is doing interesting research work in London under the auspices of the British Leather Manufacturers' Research Association. Miss Conabere, a graduate of Melbourne University, began her present career by working in tanneries in Melbourne. She continued her practical experience in Brisbane, and went to London two years ago with her husband, Mr. T. A. Curry, to increase her knowledge of European conditions.

Miss Conabere was surprised on arriving in London how few women were employed in the leather industry, which she declares provides one of the most interesting careers in the world.

Known as "Miss Gunpowder" in Central Africa

MISS MARY REES, a member of the World Conquest Crusade, who has been on a lecture tour of Australia, is known to the natives of Central Africa as "Miss Gunpowder," because of her dynamic manner of speech.

She has been attached to the T. G. Studd Mission at Ibambi, West Wamba, for the past seven years, and among her converts to Christianity are pigmies and former cannibals.

According to Miss Rees, cannibalism is still widely practised in Central Africa, where natives regard it as a religious rite, although the Government has strongly attempted to stamp it out. Before returning to Africa, Miss Rees will go to England to visit her mother in Cheshire.

Former War Worker's Peace-time Activities

MRS. JAMES MITCHELL, of Narandera station, N.S.W., who recently returned to Australia after eighteen months' holiday abroad, was one of the founders of the women's branch of the British Legion.

From the beginning of the war until the cessation of hostilities Mrs. Mitchell worked at St. Dunstan's Hospital for the Blind, No. 3 London General Hospital, and at the Anzac Buffet. She was known to the soldiers as "Mrs. Anzac" and "Mother Mitchell."

It was largely owing to her efforts that blinded Australian soldiers were allowed to enter St. Dunstan's Hospital. Mrs. Mitchell is interested in the Country Women's Association, the Red Cross, and Boy Scout and Girl Guide movements.

Exponent of Interpretative Movement Visits Us

MISS ANNY FLIGG, celebrated Continental dancer and former pupil of Herr von Laban, is at present visiting Australia at the invitation of the Women's League of Health and Beauty. In addition to having her own studios in London, where she has been teaching for the past eight years, Miss Fligg was associated with the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, where she had charge of the chorus work for classical plays.

Miss Fligg considers that a thorough understanding of interpretative movement is essential for students of drama to help them understand and emphasise the characters to be portrayed.

Miss Fligg plans to give recitals in Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide.

Overseas Travellers Call Here on World Tour

A PARTY of women travellers bound for New Zealand, Honolulu, Canada and Vancouver, and so back to New York, reached Australia recently on the Mooltan, and disembarked in Melbourne to start the return half of their trip. They left New York in February, and expect to reach America again in May.

Included in the party were Miss Christine Homan (who conducts a private museum at Warren, her home town in Massachusetts), her sister, Mrs. William E. Patrick, Mrs. W. T. Dumm, and Mrs. G. T. Brand, of California, Mrs. I. Wild, and Mrs. E. R. Moore.

They are all members of a world tour organised by the "Christian Herald," an American religious paper, which arranges overseas tours for the benefit of its subscribers.

Big and Little Apple Dances Still London Rage

Big Apple and Little Apple dances are still the rage in London, according to Miss Jenny Brennan, Melbourne's well-known dancing teacher, who arrived from London on the Otranto. Little Apple is a variation of Big Apple, suitable for the ballroom.

Miss Brennan said the general trend of ballroom dancing in London to-day was exaggerated, but she thought that would soon pass. She mentioned the new Congo, which is written in marching time and contains many novel steps.

Travelling with her are two exponents of the latest dances, Maureen and Rory MacDermott, a brother and sister who belong to one of Ireland's oldest families. They will coach for the Imperial Society of Dancing exams in ballroom dancing. The new swing step Miss Brennan considered most attractive. It is characterised by short steps in the music during which partners hold their positions.

There is no one definite swing dance, but every teacher has his or her own version. Four basic dances, the foxtrot, slow foxtrot, waltz and tango remain, with many variations on their themes, but becoming more beautiful each year.

Received Red Cross Long Service Medal

ONE of Brisbane's most enthusiastic workers for the Red Cross is Miss G. Macaulay-Turner, who was recently awarded the society's long-service medal for 10 years' service.

Another token of appreciation of Miss Macaulay-Turner's work at the Red Cross workshop was her election as a member of the Queensland Arts and Crafts Society.

Miss Dorothy Cox, who shares much of the work with Miss Turner, is due for her long service medal next year.

Among the men working under Miss Turner's directions are some very capable craftsmen, whose handicrafts include rope mat making, leather and raffia work, cabinet making, basket and poker work, as well as small novelty work. Kindergartens in furniture is most attractively made, and some fine work has recently been carried out for one of the Brisbane playgrounds.

Very Well Known For Her Charity Work

WITH the departure of Mrs. E. L. Keirnan, of Melbourne, for overseas, Mrs. James Dwyer has taken over the duties of president of the Mercy Hospital Ball to be held on June 7 at Earl's Court, Melbourne. Mrs. Dwyer has been a member of the women's committee of the hospital since its inception.

Very well known as a charity worker, she is a splendid organiser, and has been responsible for many successful efforts for the hospital, St. Anthony's Boys' Home, and Broadmeadows Foundling Home.

The women's committee, formed before the hospital was completed, comprises 35 members who work mainly for the maternity section of the hospital.

Convener of Synod Teas Has Busy Time Ahead

THE office of convener for the Anglican Synod teas is indeed no sinecure, and Mrs. H. W. Broad, who has held office for over four years in Brisbane, will again officiate in June this year when the Synod takes place.

As is customary, every parish in and around Brisbane will take turns with the tables, of which there are eight. Throughout the four days of Synod, women helpers are at work each day and evening, and as convener Mrs. Broad is present continually. Prior to Synod, she personally attends to the purchasing of tea, sugar, and several other commodities, which are bought in bulk.

Mrs. Broad has been appointed treasurer of the fete committee of St. Aidan's Girls' High School.

Graduate of Linguist University of Russia

BRAINS and beauty are just two of the attributes of Mrs. Arthur Hardwicke, a graduate of the Linguist University of Russia, who now lives in Perth, and who has been broadcasting there and in Adelaide. She also has a flair for the unusual in dress, one of her summer outfits comprising a white linen frock with beret, sash and handbag made of striped canvas, with brightly-hued beads to match.

Mrs. Hardwicke, who was married in Russia about 18 months ago, speaks English, French, German, and Russian fluently.

Since she came to Australia she has done voluntary kindergarten work, ballet dancing, lectured, and broadcast. Her maiden name, Lillana Boresovna Nenchinova, is always announced over the air when she is speaking.

Scientist Returns To Take Up Research Appointment

AFTER five and a half years abroad, during which time she was engaged in research and study, Miss Muriel Crabtree, a Melbourne scientist, has returned to Australia to take up a research appointment at the Sydney University.

Miss Crabtree, who gained her M.Sc. at the Melbourne University, was the first Australian to win the International Bryn Mawr scholarship, which enabled her to continue her studies in bio-chemistry at the Bryn Mawr University in Philadelphia. From there she went to London, and the London Medical Research Council sent her to Switzerland to investigate iodine deficiency as a cause of disease. On her return she worked at the University College in London until she accepted the Sydney position.

Director of School of Social Work Visits Us

GRADUATE of two famous American Universities, Miss Gertrude Valle, B.A., A.A.S.W., has arrived in Australia on a visit to the Board of Social Study and Training, Sydney. Miss Valle is a director of the school of social work at the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, U.S.A.

She is a graduate of the Universities of Colorado and Vassar, and is an associate of the American Association of Social Work. The latter is a qualification necessary in America for staff appointments to a school of social work and for senior office in social agencies of high standing.

Miss Aileen Fitzpatrick, director of the Board of Social Study and Training, Sydney, is the only Australian to hold this distinction.

Station Owner to Study Elocution in England

ALTHOUGH managing Chickerloo station, Tarlee, S.A., is her real job in life, Miss Norma Gunn has a definite flair for voice production and elocution. As a pupil of St. Peter's Collegiate Girls' School, she studied elocution earnestly, and passed several examinations, gaining her A.L.C.M. before leaving school.

Now she is off to England for probably more than a year's stay, Miss Gunn has determined that she will make a further study of elocution, and probably teach it on her return to South Australia. Miss Gunn also intends to visit stock shows while abroad, and probably do some hunting.

Hobart Nurses Plan to Visit English Hospitals

TRAVELLERS to England now on the high seas aboard the Orama, are Miss E. F. Dumaresq, matron of the Alexandra Hospital, Hobart, Tasmania, and the secretary, Miss T. Cook.

During their nine months' tour they plan to visit many of the large London hospitals in the hope of gaining knowledge that will be of advantage to the Hobart Hospital on their return.

Gained Musical Training and Experience Abroad

MISS JESSIE BATCHELOR, who has returned from a trip abroad, intends to renew her former activities in musical circles in Melbourne, and is arranging to give a recital in the Kelvin Hall at the end of this month. The singer will introduce an unpublished "Ave Maria," composed by Maestro Lito Mantri.



Miss Batchelor

Miss Batchelor was a popular artist in 3LO and interstate broadcast programmes over a period of several years. She toured for twelve months with the Gonzales Opera Company, and appeared at numerous concerts. Training and experience were gained by Miss Batchelor in Europe. She studied opera under Maestro Mantri in Malta, and Maestro Vassallo in Italy. She made a constant tour of English watering places and provincial towns, and has always given her services generously to charity.

To Join Teaching Staff of Indian Health Centre

SISTER VIDA MACLEAN, R.R.C., has an interesting career ahead of her. She has been for the past 16 months adviser to the Truby King Mothercraft League of South Australia, but now she plans to meet Dr. Belle Allen at Benares, and join her Health Service in India.

Dr. Allen and her associate, Miss Kromer, a trainee of the Truby King Centre in London, visited New Zealand in 1936 to observe Truby King methods there. They have maintained a Health Service at Musoorie, in Northern India, with great success for the past five years, mainly on Truby King lines, and it is to join the teaching staff there that Miss MacLean is leaving Adelaide.

Sister MacLean has held important posts in mothercraft work in New Zealand and New South Wales.

Early in the war period she was charge sister of the Samoan Expeditionary Force, and later served in military hospitals in Cairo, Brokenhurst and Hornchurch. She also holds special qualifications for midwifery and pre-natal work.

Organises Country Camps For Children

RECENTLY returned from a visit to New Zealand, the land of her birth, Miss Gwen Hadfield, who is the Young People's organising secretary for the Seventh Day Adventist Church in Queensland, is actively at work again.

She is keenly interested in children and organises each year several country camps, where boys and girls are entertained with a jolly programme of swimming, hiking, nature study and camp craft, as well as Bible instruction and self improvement.

Of special interest is the camp fire hour, when well-chosen stories seldom fail to impress the child mind.

Miss Hadfield's aim is to encourage young people to become dependable, conscientious and self-reliant citizens. She also organises a fortnightly club for the young women of her church in Brisbane, as well as superintending others further afield, and these clubs are proving of absorbing interest and benefit to those who attend.



Miss Hadfield
—Poulson.



Miss Polglaze
—Eve Ray.



Miss Macaulay-Turner
—Poulson.



Mrs. Fletcher
—Vandrek.

"If it's his will you're after," grunted the lawyer, "I can tell you that he leaves everything to Jessica Borden Gimball. But since he's left virtually nothing but debts and his insurance, under the circumstances, that's a rather cynical bequest."

Ellery nodded and picked up his stick. "I'll let you know my decision in a day or so, when more facts leak out of Trenton. Good-morning."

It was growing dark on Monday evening when Ellery rang the Borden-Gimball bell on the eleventh floor of a rather staggering Park Avenue pile.

A fish-faced man conducted him noiselessly to a suite mysterious with dim lights and velvet hangings, in the midst of which sat a gigantic old man in a wheel-chair, enthroned like a dying king. A nurse with forbidding eyes stood guard behind him. There was a brocaded dressing-

gown over his wing-collar and ascot tie, and a heavy ring with a curious seal on the finger of his gnarled right hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Queen," he said in a rusty bass voice out of the side of his mouth. "Please excuse me for not rising. And let me thank you for your kind and courteous message on Saturday night. To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?"

"Good of you to see me, Mr. Borden," Ellery said quickly. "I shan't waste time in amenities that can only be painful to you. You know the nature of my interest in the death of your son-in-law?"

"I have heard of you, str."

"But Mrs. Gimball—?"

"My daughter has told me everything."

Continued from Page 38

Ellery paused. "Mr. Borden," he said at last, "truth is a curious thing. It will not be denied, but one can hasten its inevitability. Since you've heard of me, it's unnecessary for me to assure you that my concern with such tragedies as this is completely detached. Will you answer my questions?"

The sunken moving eye steadied. "You realise, Mr. Queen, what this means to me—to my name, my family?"

"Quite."

The old man was silent. Then he said: "What do you want to know?"

"I want to know when you first learned that your son-in-law was leading a double life."

"Saturday night."

"You had never heard of Joseph Wilson—the man or the name?" The ponderous head shook once, slowly. "Now, I believe you were responsible for your son-in-law's taking out the million-dollar policy?"

"I was."

Ellery cleaned the lenses of his pince-nez. "Mr. Borden, did you have any special reason for doing so?"

He fancied that a faint smile lifted the grim blue lips at the right side. "Of a criminal nature, no. My motive was purely one of principle. My daughter did not need her husband's financial protection. But," the rusty voice hardened, "in these modern days, when every man is godless and every woman a shameless gadabout, it is good that someone enforce the old-fashioned virtues. I'm a man of the past, Mr. Queen, an anachronism. I still believe in God and the home."

"And very properly, too," Ellery hastened to reply. "By the way, of course you did not know that your son-in-law—"

"He was not," rumbled the octogenarian, "anything of the sort."

"That Gimball, then—"

Borden said quietly: "He was a dog. A shame and a degradation to everything people of quality stand for."

"I understand your feeling thoroughly, Mr. Borden. I meant to ask if you had known of the change he made in his beneficiary?"

"Had I known," growled the old man, "feeble and chained to this foul chair as I am, I should have throttled him!"

The nurse signalled imperiously.

"He managed your affairs, Mr. Borden?" continued Ellery.

"That part of them to which he could do the least damage. I have considerable holdings. I presented him with several directorships in corporations I control. In the crash of '29 and '30 he lost everything I'd given him. On Black Friday he must have been off in that den of his in Philadelphia."

"And you, Mr. Borden?" asked Ellery with bland respect.

"I was still active then, Mr. Queen," replied the old man grimly. "They didn't catch Jasper Borden napping. Now—the shoulder twitched again—"now I'm nothing, a living corpse. They don't even let me smoke my cigars any more. They feed me with a spoon like a cursed—"

THE nurse was furious; her thumb was stabbing towards the door.

"One thing more," said Ellery hastily. "Have you always had conscientious objections to divorce, sir?"

For an instant Ellery feared the old millionaire might suffer another stroke. His good eye roved in terrifying circles and his face became suffused with dark blood.

"Divorce!" he shouted. "Sinful contrivance of the Devil! No child of mine..." Then he fell silent, muttering. After a while he said in almost a mild voice: "My creed forbids divorce, Mr. Queen. Why do you ask?"

But Ellery murmured: "Thank you, Mr. Borden, you've been very kind. Yes, yes, Nurse, I'm going," and backed to the door.

The fish-faced man downstairs looked annoyed, in so far as it was possible for him to express any emotion whatever, when Ellery politely asked to be announced to Miss Andrea Gimball instead of leaving the sacred domain. When Andrea appeared from an inner chamber, he stood to one side stiffly, as if it were his duty to protect her from invasion.

At her heels shambled Burke Jones in a dinner jacket, his arm rather sumptuously trussed in a black silk sash.

"Ah there, Queen," said Jones. "Sleuthing, eh? By George, I envy you chaps. Lead a dashed exciting life. Any luck?"

"None visible," smiled Ellery. "Good evening, Miss Gimball. That man's here again."

"Good evening," said Andrea. She had gone strangely pale at sight of him. Her black low-cut evening gown with its daring lines might have caused another young man to stare with admiration; but Ellery was what he was, and he chose to study her eyes instead. They were wide with fear. "You—you wanted to speak to me?"

The Australian Women's Weekly

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"On my way up," remarked Ellery casually. "I noticed a cream-colored car parked at the kerb. Sixteen-cylinder Cadillac..."

"Oh," said Jones. "That must be my car."

"Yours, Jones?" murmured Ellery. "Strange. Bill Angell saw a cream-colored sixteen-cylinder Cadillac roadster leave the driveway in front of the hideaway in which Joseph Gimball was murdered on the very night of the crime. Very strange indeed. Nearly ran Bill down."

Jones' walnut skin went grey. "My car?" he said at last, moistening his lips. His empty eyes went to Andrea and jerked back. "I say, Queen, that's not possible. I attended that charity jamboree at the Waldorf Saturday night with the Gimball party, and my car was parked on the Avenue all evening. Must be another car."

"Oh, no doubt. And, of course, Miss Gimball can vouch for that."

The girl's lips barely moved. "Yes."

"Oh," said Ellery, "you do vouch for it, Miss Gimball?"

Her hands fluttered a little. "Yes," she whispered. Jones was trying not to look at her.

"In that case," said Ellery, gravely, "you leave me no choice, Miss Gimball, but to ask to see your engagement ring."

JONES stiffened.

His eyes darted from Ellery to Andrea's left hand, and remained fixed there with horror.

"Engagement ring?" he muttered. "What earthly reason could—"

"I imagine," said Ellery, "Miss Gimball can answer that."

From somewhere above came the sound of voices. Jones took a short step towards Andrea. "Well!" he said harshly. "Why don't you show it to him?"

Her eyes closed. "Burke..." "I said," his voice became thick, "why don't you show it to him? Andrea, where is it? Why is he asking? You never told me—"

A door banged on the balcony above. Mrs. Gimball and Grovenor Finch appeared. "Andrea!" cried Mrs. Gimball. "What's the matter?"

Andrea's hands went to her face. The third finger of the left was still bare. And she began to sob.

Mrs. Gimball swooped down the stairs. "Stop that silly crying!" she said sharply. "Mr. Queen, I insist on an explanation."

"I merely asked," said Ellery patiently, "your daughter to show me her engagement ring, Mrs. Gimball."

"Andrea," rasped Jones, "if you've got me into a mess..."

"Andrea," said Mrs. Gimball. "What—?" Her face was livid and old. Finch ran down the stairs; he was obviously distressed.

"Oh," sobbed Andrea, "is everyone against me? Can't you see I—I—?" She sank into a chair, her bare shoulders shaking.

Mrs. Gimball said coldly: "If my daughter won't answer your silly questions, Mr. Queen, she won't. I don't understand your motive, but I see now that you're protecting that precious sister of that nauseous young man from Philadelphia. You're not working with us. You know she murdered him!"

"Ellery," said a low voice. Ellery turned. Bill Angell was standing in the doorway.

Please turn to Page 41

Sniff, Sniff, Sniff!

If due to a cold in the head or catarrh of a 1/2 tube of NASAL BALM for quick, soothing relief. NASAL BALM for Cold in the Head and Catarrh is a product of Dr. Williams Medicine Co. Pty. Ltd. with a six-pointed star on the package. See you get it. At chemists and stores.

Anita Louise

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* An exquisitely lovely girl—Anita Louise—with a complexion so perfect you'd imagine her beauty treatment to be most elaborate and costly. But not! Like 9 out of 10 glamorous Hollywood stars—wise in the ways of beauty—she gives her skin surprisingly simple care. Regular use of Lux Toilet Soap keeps it clear and radiantly lovely... just as it will keep yours if you follow her treatment faithfully.

LUX TOILET SOAP SUPERCREAMED

(SKIN-CREAM-IN-THE-SOAP)

keeps skin soft and smooth

SUPERCREAMING is the costly process of blending a little of a precious skin cream into every tablet of Lux Toilet Soap. Don't let your skin become parched and dry through washing with ordinary toilet soaps. Protect

the natural oils of your skin with the rich supercreamed lather of Lux Toilet Soap! Cream as you wash! Feel your skin getting softer and smoother every day... watch it growing younger and lovelier.



Make this test and see for yourself...

Take a cake of Lux Toilet Soap and test it against the soap you are using now or any other. Notice the unmistakably smoother, creamier feel of the supercreamed lather compared with ordinary lather. That's the actual CREAM you can feel. Notice, too, how much more richly and plentifully Lux Toilet Soap lathers on the instant it comes in contact with water.



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Per Cake
City and Suburbs

ALBANY PRODUCT

HALF-WAY HOUSE

Continued from Page 40

THE fish-faced man looked almost angry. Then he almost shrugged. Finally, with his nose in the air, he stepped aside and Bill came in.

"Well, Bill," said Ellery slowly, his eyes narrowing. "So you've come at last. I thought you would."

Bill looked unhappy, but his hand-some chin was hard. "I'm sorry, Ellery," he said, raising his voice and staring calmly about. "I should like to speak to Miss Gimball—alone."

Andrea was on her feet, her hand on her throat. "Oh, you shouldn't have come..."

"Andrea—" began Mrs. Gimball shrilly.

Jones said in a curt voice: "I've stood for about as much mystery as I intend to. Andrea, you've played me off long enough. I want an immediate explanation or it's all off between us! Who is this fellow? Where's your ring? What the devil do you do with my car on Saturday night? If you're mixed up in this murder..."

For a moment Andrea's eyes glittered. Then they fell, and a little color came into her cheeks.

Bill said blankly: "Your car?"

"Now you see," murmured Ellery, "why candor is the better part of romance, Bill. I could have told you last night that Andrea Gimball doesn't own or drive a cream-colored Cadillac roadster. Most elementary; a mere judicious inquiry in the right place... May I suggest the door be closed and that we all sit down and discuss this like sensible people?"

Finch muttered something to the servant, who looked grieved, shut the door, and vanished. Mrs. Gimball sat down angrily, with pursed lips, as if she wanted to say something nasty but did not quite know what. Jones glowered at Andrea, and Andrea kept looking at the floor.

"Just what," asked Ellery quietly, "were you intending to discuss with Miss Gimball, Bill?"

Bill shook his head. "That's up to Miss Gimball. I have nothing to say." Andrea gave him a shy, quavering little glance.

"It seems to me," observed Ellery after a moment of strained silence, "that I shall have to do the talking after all. I should have preferred listening. You've both acted very oddly—you, Miss Gimball, and you, Bill. Childishly, when it comes to that." Bill flushed. "Shall I tell you what happened? On Saturday night, while I was examining the rug in the shack, your eye happened to catch sight of something embedded in the nap which glittered. You put your foot over it. When you thought no one was looking, you pretended to tie your shoelace and picked it up. I was watching, and I saw it. It was a large cut diamond of at least six carats."

BILL stirred, and Andrea uttered a little gasp. Jones' skin was grey again, his cheekbones tight with wrath. "I thought—" began Bill in a mutter.

"You thought you were unobserved. But, you see, Bill," said Ellery gently, "it's part of my training to see everything, and part of my creed not to permit friendship to stand in the way of the truth. You didn't know whose diamond it was, but you were afraid to say anything about it to De Jong because you thought it might in some mysterious way involve Lucy. Then Miss Gimball came, and you saw a ring on her finger with the stone gone. It couldn't have been coincidence. You

realised she must have been in that shack... But, you see, Bill, I noticed it, too."

Bill laughed a little glumly. "I'm a prize fool, of course. My abject apologies, Ellery." His shoulders lifted in a secret sign to Andrea, as if to indicate his helplessness. Through her tension and pain she managed a ghost of a smile. Jones saw it, and his thin lips tightened.

"You drew her aside into a shadow," continued Ellery as if nothing had happened, "and, since there was a convenient shadow adjacent, I exercised the prerogative of outraged friendship and eavesdropped. Shall I go on?"

Andrea made a little sound. Then she suddenly looked up; her eyes were clear. "No need for that any more, Mr. Queen," she said steadily. "I see how futile it was. I'm not very good at—well, at that sort of thing, I suppose. Thank you, Bill Angell; you've been swell." He flushed again and looked uncomfortable.

"You borrowed my car during the afternoon on Saturday," muttered Burke Jones. "Hang it, Andrea, you've got to clear me of that."

Her eyes were scornful. "Don't worry, Burke. I shall. Mr. Queen, on Saturday afternoon I received a telegram from—from Joe."

"Andrea," said Mrs. Gimball feebly.

"Don't you think, Andrea," began Finch in a low voice, "that it's unwise to—"

Her lids veiled her eyes. "I've nothing to conceal, Ducky. I didn't kill him, if that's what you're all thinking." She paused. "The telegram asked me to meet him in that shack on an urgent matter. It gave me instructions for getting there. It set the time for nine."

"I'll bet it was a duplicate of mine," muttered Bill.

"I borrowed Burke's car—we were out during the afternoon and he couldn't use it... I didn't tell Burke where I was going."

"Why don't you tell them you drove," growled Jones. "I couldn't drive with this broken wing."

"Please, Burke," she said quietly. "I think Mr. Queen understands that. I got out there early. There was no one there, so I went for a spin, going off towards Camden. When I got back—"

"What time," asked Ellery, "did you reach there the first time?"

"Oh, I don't know. Eight, perhaps. When—"

"And what time did you reach there the second time?"

She hesitated. "Oh, I don't remember. It was almost dark. I went inside—there was a light on—and..."

Ellery stirred. "Forgive me for interrupting, Miss Gimball. When you arrived at the shack the second time, you saw nothing suspicious?"

"No, no, nothing." She said it so quickly that he repressed another question and lit a cigarette. "Nothing at all. I went in and there was Joe..." He was on the floor. I thought he was dead. I—I didn't touch him. I couldn't. The blood..."

"I suppose I screamed. Then I ran out. I saw another car near the house on the road and grew frightened. I jumped into the Cadillac and drove off. Of course, now I know it was Mr. Angell I almost ran down." She paused. "That's all."

Grosvenor Finch went to her and patted her shoulder.

"You've been a foolish child, Andrea, as Mr. Queen has said. Why didn't you confide in me, in your

mother? You did nothing wrong. For that matter, Mr. Angell received a telegram and was there, too, without witnesses, and yet you see he had no hesitation..."

Andrea closed her eyes. "I'm very tired. I wonder if—"

"And the stone, Miss Gimball?" asked Ellery casually.

She opened her eyes. "I seem to remember banging my hand against the door as I went out. I suppose the stone was dislodged then. In my—well, I didn't notice that it was missing until Mr. Angell called it to my attention later that night."

"I see," Ellery rose. "Thanks very much, Miss Gimball. If you took my advice you would tell your story to Pollinger."

"Oh, no!" she cried in alarm. "Not that. Oh, please, you won't tell him? To have to face those men..."

"It's not really necessary, Ellery," said Bill in a low voice. "Why complicate matters? It can't do any good, and it will only get Miss Gimball a lot of unwelcome notoriety."

"Angell's right, Mr. Queen," said Finch eagerly.

Ellery smiled a little. "Well, I seem to be overruled by sheer weight of numbers. Good night."

He shook hands with Finch and Jones. Bill stood rather awkwardly by the door. His eyes met Andrea's and came away. Then he followed Ellery out of the apartment with a despondent set to his shoulders.

DE JONG'S office in Chancery Lane was deserted. Bill drove around to South Broad, parked the car near Market Street, and they hurried into the dark lobby of the Mercer County Court House. In the office of the County Prosecutor on the second floor they found the small, dyspeptic Pollinger and the police chief with their heads together.

The heads separated with the celerity of guilt. "Well, look who's here," said De Jong in a queer tone.

"The very man," Pollinger was nervous. "Have a seat, Angell. Just drove down from New York, Mr. Queen?"

"Yes. I thought I'd get whatever developments there were at first hand. Bill happened to be with me. Any news?"

Pollinger glanced at De Jong. "Well," said the prosecutor casually, "before we discuss that, I'm rather curious to hear your views, Mr. Queen. That is, of course, if you have any."

"Quot homines, tot sententiae," chuckled Ellery. "So many men, so many opinions. I suppose I have one—a poor thing, but mine own."

"What did Finch want to see you about?"

"Oh, that," Ellery shrugged lightly. "He wanted to hire me to investigate this business for the National Life."

"The beneficiary angle, eh?" Pollinger drummed on his desk. "I thought they'd do that. Glad to help you, of course. We can work together."

"I didn't," murmured Ellery, "accept."

"Really?" Pollinger drew his brows up. "Well, well, let's hear your views, anyway. I'm not one of those short-sighted lawyers who disdain the advice of amateurs. Fire away."

"Sit down, Bill," said Ellery. "Apparently we've run into something." Bill obeyed. His eyes had become watchful again.

"Well?" drawled De Jong in a half-amused way.

Ellery took out his pipe. "I'm at a disadvantage. Obviously you men have information of which I'm ignorant... At the moment, I can offer no theory which focuses upon an individual. The facts don't lend themselves to solution, at least the facts at my disposal. But, from the instant I identified Wilson as Gimball, it struck me that there was one line of investigation which might prove fruitful. I suppose you gentlemen have seen your local papers recently?"

Pollinger pulled a long face. "They've had a field-day of it."

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

"There was one story by a fellow-townswoman of yours," continued Ellery, "which I confess impressed me. I refer to the work of that charming young hoyden with the red hair who writes special features for the 'Trenton Times.'"

"Ella Amity's all right," said De Jong indifferently.

"Oh, wake up, De Jong. That's faint praise. The woman's grasped something which has escaped all of you. Do you recall her sobriquet for the shack in which Gimball met his death?"

The two officials looked politely blank. Bill was sucking a knuckle with absorption.

"She named it," observed Ellery, "Half-way House."

"Half-way House." Pollinger looked impatient. "Oh, yes."

"It doesn't strike sparks," said Ellery dryly. "But it should. She's put her canny finger on the very heart of the problem."

De Jong sneered. "It sounds plain screwy to me."

"Your loss. The phrase is a positive inspiration. Don't you see its significance?" He exhaled a cloud of smoke. "Tell me. Whose murder are you investigating?"

"Whose—" The prosecutor sat up sharply.

"It's a riddle," grinned De Jong. "I'll bite. Mickey Mouse?"

"Not bad, De Jong," said Ellery. "I ask once more: Who has been murdered?" He waved his long fingers. "And if you can't give him a name, it's going to be more difficult to find his killer."

Please turn to Page 42



60-but he feels like 30!

HE doesn't wait if the lift is full. Not Grandpa Kruschen. Up the stairs he goes, three steps at a time, like any youngster.

If you never feel like bounding up the stairs, there's something wrong with you. Your body is not responding as readily as it should to demands you have every right to make on it. Nor is your mind. In fact, when you are disinclined to tackle stairs, there is danger ahead, for your system is poisoned. Your liver, kidneys and bowels are shirking their job. That's why you are shirking stairs. You need the "little daily dose" of Kruschen Salts.

Your Vital Need of Mineral Salts

Nature decrees that every day your system must have a full day's supply of six vital mineral salts. So long as your inside is in proper trim, these salts are being extracted automatically from your food; but as soon as your internal organs lose condition and shirk their work, the supply fails. The surest way

to make good the loss is provided by Kruschen, for Kruschen is a scientific combination of these vital salts.

The "little daily dose" of Kruschen—tasteless in tea or coffee—gives just the gentle assistance your overtaxed eliminating organs need. Restored to perfect condition, your liver, kidneys and bowels expel every particle of poisonous waste matter from your inside. Your bloodstream is cleansed and gloriously refreshed. You are all a-tingle with "that Kruschen feeling."

Follow the example of the man who wrote this letter:—

Good-bye to "Rusty Joints," Headache, Backache, Constipation...

"From my youth I suffered from stubborn constipation and acute headaches. My joints were beginning to get rusty, so on the advice of a friend I tried Kruschen Salts. After a week my headaches vanished. In the face of such pronounced improvement, I went on with the Kruschen treatment. For the last three years I have not ceased to take the 'little daily dose,' with the result that I have no more headache, no more backache, no more constipation. My joints are much more supple, and—thanks to Kruschen—fifty years don't weigh on me at all."—G.A.



Kruschen Salts

Kruschen Salts is taken by millions of people throughout the world. Why shouldn't you join that happy band? Get a bottle of Kruschen to-day, and start to-morrow morning. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores at 1/6 and 2/6 per bottle.

Beautiful brass needs the Quality Polish



A little Brasso gives great richness to your brass. Gently and surely this quality polish brings up a lovely, gleaming shine, lustrous and lasting. Make sure of the Brasso tin, and you'll get the Brasso shine.

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GLOWING HEALTH RETURNS TO ANAEMIC TIRED WOMEN

For years Mrs. Withers had been gradually feeling less and less equal to keeping the big house going. Every day the children seemed to cause more work and worry. She was continually snapping at them, but how tired and irritable she felt!

Mr. Withers was getting alarmed too. Was his wife getting old? "Yes," he said to his friend at the club, "she's five years younger than I am, perhaps she really should see a doctor." "Well," replied his friend, "my wife was feeling just the same until a friend put her on to Wincarnis, and now she's feeling ten years younger and fitter than ever before."

It is simply amazing how quickly Wincarnis brings back health and vitality to anaemic, tired people. Wincarnis is made from rich matured wine, prime beef extract and vitamin malt. Wincarnis builds up the whole system, creating rich red corpuscles and restoring energy and happiness.

Start a regular Wincarnis course to-day. But—make sure you get Wincarnis. No cheap, inferior tonic wine has the power to bring back glowing health. It stands to reason that such quality ingredients as used for Wincarnis cost money. Wincarnis can't be sold for less. But think how much more important it is to get the best and only the best in tonic wines. Wincarnis is the road to that priceless asset—health!

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Australian Women's Weekly
TRAVEL BUREAU

St. James Building, Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

"WHAT are you driving at?" snapped Pollinger. "Joseph Kent Gimball, of course. Or Joseph Wilson, or Henry Smith, or any other name you want to call him by. We've got the man, the body; that's the important thing; and we know who he is. What difference does his name make?"

"Possibly all the difference in the world."

The prosecutor's slender fingers played with a paper-cutter on his desk. "De Jong's made a major discovery. He's found the car used by the person who murdered Gimball. Saturday night, the small car with the Firestone tyres."

Ellery glanced at Bill. It was odd how Pollinger's simple statement affected the young man. It tightened his skin like a caustic, making it look dry and old. He sat in a lump as if he were afraid the slightest movement would precipitate an avalanche.

"Well?" He cleared his throat. "Well?"

Pollinger shrugged. "Abandoned. Had an accident."

"Where?" demanded Ellery.

"And don't think," drawled De Jong, "there's any doubt about it, gents. It's the bus, all right."

"An Olympian utterance. How can you be certain?"

Pollinger opened the top drawer of his desk. "By reason of three quite conclusive facts." He tossed over a bundle of photographs. "The impressions of the tyres. We've made casts of the middle set of marks from the mud in front of the shack, and compared them with the tyres on the car we found—'32 Ford, by the way, coupe, black paint job. Well, casts and tyres coincide. That's number one."

Bill was blinking as if the green-shaded light hurt his eyes. "And number two?" he croaked.

"Number two," replied the prosecutor, putting his hand into the drawer again, "is this." He brought out the rusty figurine of the woman which De Jong's man had found in the main driveway on the night of the murder—the radiator-cap which had snapped off at the ankles of the figure. And then he placed beside it another object made of the same rust-flecked metal—the plug of the cap, with two jagged ends of metal sticking up from its top.

"Examine them. You'll find that the broken edges of the metal ankles fit exactly into the broken ends of the metal feet on the cap."

"The cap comes from this Ford coupe?" asked Ellery intently.

"If it doesn't," said De Jong, "I was dreaming when I unscrewed it."

"Of course," continued Pollinger in an odd tone, "this is almost as

sound evidence as a fingerprint. Now, number three." For the fourth time his hand went to the drawer; when it emerged, it was swathed in some dark filmy material.

"The veil!" exclaimed Ellery. He reached for it. "Where did you find this, by thunder?"

Bill was glaring at the veil. "As a lawyer," he said hoarsely, "of course you realise that's the frailest kind of circumstantial evidence? You haven't connected. Where's your eye-witness? That would be a case. Or have you checked the times involved? How do you know the car wasn't abandoned long before the crime-period? How—"

Pollinger said slowly: "My dear young man, I know the law very well indeed." He rose and began pacing again. There was a knock on the door, and the thin little man whirled about. "Come in!"

Sellers, the small brown man attached to De Jong's staff, opened the door; there was another detective behind him. The brown man seemed a little surprised at the sight of the two visitors.

"Well?" barked De Jong. "Everything go off all right?"

"Fine."

De Jong flashed a glance at Pollinger. The prosecutor nodded and turned away. Bill was gripping the arms of his chair, looking wildly from face to face.

Sellers mumbled something and the other man vanished. A moment later he reappeared with his hand on the arm of Lucy Wilson.

ALL the blood seemed permanently to have deserted her skin. There were large violet arcs under her splendid eyes. There was something so bedraggled and woebegone in her appearance that for a long moment no one seemed able to find his tongue.

Then she said, in a weak voice: "Bill, Oh, Bill darling," and she stumbled toward him.

Bill sprang from his chair like a catapult released. "You skunk!" he shouted at De Jong. "What d'ye mean by dragging my sister down here this time of night?"

De Jong gestured to the brown man, who stepped forward and touched Bill's arm. "Come on now, Angell. We don't want any trouble with you."

"Lucy," Bill brushed the man aside. He gripped Lucy's shoulders and shook her. "Lucy! Why did you let them bring you into New Jersey? They can't do that. They can't cross a State line without extradition papers!"

She whispered: "I feel so . . . I

HALF-WAY HOUSE

Continued from Page 41

don't know. Oh, Bill, they—they said Mr. Pollinger wanted to talk to me. They said—

"You tricky shyster!" yelled Bill. "You've no right—"

Pollinger stalked forward with a sort of bantam dignity. He thrust something into Lucy's hands. "Mrs. Wilson," he asked formally, "do you recognise this automobile?"

"Don't answer!" cried Bill.

But she said with a tired frown: "Yes. Yes, that's my car. That's the Ford Joe gave me for my birthday a few years ago. Joe gave me . . ."

"You still deny knowing how this car of yours happened to get out of your garage Saturday?"

"Yes. No. I mean I don't know."

"It was found jammed against a tree off the road in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia," droned the prosecutor. "Not five minutes away from your home, Mrs. Wilson. Didn't you have an accident there, Saturday night—returning from Trenton?"

Her nostrils quivered, and perspiration sprang out on the bridge of her small nose. "No," she whispered. "Good heaven, Mr. Pollinger, no!" Her black eyes were shiny with terror.

Pollinger picked up the dark veil. "And isn't this black veil yours?"

"What? What?"

"You won't get anything out of her, Pollinger," said De Jong, gruffly. "She's a smart girl. Let's get this over with."

A clock ticked noisily away on the wall. The brown man's clutch

tightened on Lucy Wilson's sleeve. Bill stood in a half-crouch, his fingers curved and his eyes liquid with fear.

"Gentlemen," said Ellery sharply. "I warn you not to offer this poor woman up as a sacrifice to public opinion. Bill, be still!"

"I know my duty, Mr. Queen," said the prosecutor, stiffly. He reached for a document on his desk.

Bill shouted: "Don't! You can't—"

"Lucy Wilson," said Pollinger in a tired voice, "I hold here a warrant for your arrest. It charges you in the name of the people of New Jersey with the murder, with malice aforethought, of one Joseph Kent Gimball, also known as Joseph Kent Gimball, in Mercer County, State of New Jersey, on the night of Saturday, June the first, 1935."

The woman's black eyes rolled over as she slid, fainting, into her brother's arms.

ON the day of the trial Bill Angell grasped the edge of the jury-box with such vehemence that his knuckles whitened. "Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, the law gives to the defence the same privilege of announcing in advance and in general terms what it will prove as it gives to the prosecution. You have just heard the prosecutor of your county. I shall not take so long.

"My learned friend the prosecutor, His Honor the Judge can tell you that in most instances in trials for murder the defence waives its right to address the jury in advance, because in most instances the defence has something to conceal or must build its case out of the ragged remnants of the prosecution's case.

"But this defence has nothing to conceal. This defence addresses you out of a full heart, confident that justice can be done in Mercer County and that justice will be done in Mercer County.

"I have merely this to say. I ask you to forget that I am the brother of this defendant, Lucy Angell Wilson. I ask you to forget that Lucy is a beautiful woman in the prime of her life. I ask you to forget that Joseph Wilson did her the cruellest wrong in the power of any man. I ask you to forget that he was really Joseph Kent Gimball, a man of millions, and that she is Lucy Wilson, a poor loyal woman who comes from just such a walk of life as your worthy selves. I ask you to forget that during the ten peaceful years of their married life Lucy Wilson did not derive a single penny's worth of benefit from Joseph Kent Gimball's millions.

"I ask you to remember only that murder is the most serious charge which a civilised State can level against any individual. And, because this is so, I ask you to keep in mind during every moment of this trial that the State must prove Lucy

Wilson a red-handed murderess beyond the last faint shade of a reasonable doubt. His Honor will no doubt charge you that in a circumstantial case, such as this, the State must prove, step by step, without the slightest gap, the movements of the defendant until the very moment of the commission of the crime. There must be no gaps left to guess-work. That is the law of circumstantial evidence, and you must be guided by it. And remember, too, that the burden of proof is wholly upon the State. His Honor will instruct you in this.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, Lucy Wilson asks you to keep this principle constantly in mind. Lucy Wilson wants justice. Her fate lies in your hands. It lies in good hands."

"I SAID Ella Amity that evening, 'want a drink of whatever is in that bottle.' Ellery did things with cracked ice, soda, and Irish whiskey, and passed the red-haired young woman the result. Bill Angell, his coat off and his shirt-sleeves rolled up, shook his head and went to the window of Ellery's room. The window was open wide; the Trenton night outside was hot and noisy and as turbulent as a carnival.

"Well," said Ellery, regarding Bill's silent back, "what do you think?"

"I'll tell you what I think," said Ella, crossing her legs and setting down the glass. "I think there's a very large colored gentleman in the woodpile."

Bill turned sharply. "What makes you say that, Ella?"

The uppermost leg swung in an impatient arc. "Look here, Bill Angell. I know this town and you don't. Do you think Pollinger's a complete fool? Give me a butt, somebody."

Ellery obeyed. "I'm inclined to agree with the Press, Bill. Pollinger wasn't born yesterday."

Bill frowned. "I'll admit the man struck me as capable enough. But, the facts are there! He simply can't have anything important which he hasn't disclosed."

Ella snuggled deeper into the Stacy-Trent armchair. "Listen to me, you idiot. Paul Pollinger has one of the keenest minds in this State. He was weaned on a law-book. He knows old Judge Menander, and he's an expert on juries in this country. Do you think a prosecutor like that would pull such a boner? I'm telling you, Bill—watch your step."

Bill flushed angrily. "All right, all right. Will you kindly tell me what I can expect this magician to pull out of his hat? I know this case like the palm of my own hand. Pollinger's been misled by his own eagerness to get a conviction in a sensational case. It's been done before, and it always will be."

"You feel, then," asked Ellery, "that there's no chance for a conviction?"

"Not a chance in the world. I tell you this case won't even go to the jury. The law's the law in Jersey as anywhere else. When Pollinger rests the State, I'll make the usual motion for dismissal, and I'll bet you every cent I've got that Judge Menander throws the case out then and there."

To be continued.

PILES

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You can't mistake piles. You feel uneasy and fidgety, wondering how on earth to stop that irritation or bleeding.

Day and night piles worry you, taking your heart out of your job. You can't stand still for long, and you feel just as bad when sitting. Piles are dilated or inflamed veins of the lower bowel and are aggravated by a cold or constipation. In severe cases surgical treatment even may be necessary. Let DOAN'S Ointment give you the relief you so sorely need. This special pile prescription is healing, antiseptic and soothing. That is why it is equally successful in overcoming eczema and other itching skin complaints. But, be sure you get DOAN'S

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THERE IS NO NEED FOR US TO SUFFER WITH BRONCHITIS EVEN IF WE ARE GETTING ON IN YEARS. SINCE I STARTED TAKING BONNINGTON'S IRISH MOSS I'VE BEEN FREE OF BRONCHITIS IN EVEN THE COLDEST WEATHER. THE FIRST SIP BROUGHT RELIEF.

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Because only Bonnington's Irish Moss contains pectoral oxymel of carrageen, prepared from a seaweed found on the coast of Ireland. . . . This pectoral oxymel of carrageen flows straight to the mucous membranes, clearing away the germ-laden phlegm. These germs, or bacteria, which rapidly multiply when you have bronchitis, give out poisonous irritating toxins, causing that painful wheeziness which bronchitis sufferers know so well. . . . But you'll get soothing relief after your very first sip of Bonnington's Irish Moss.

1/9 a bottle—avoid imitations

Get immediate relief from bronchitis, coughs and colds, with Bonnington's Irish Moss



HER FEET hurt so badly she's had to slip out of her shoes—that's probably because, like most women, she wears them at least a half-size too small.

ARE YOU a Shoe KICKER-OFF?

If you are you don't know how to buy shoes: this article tells you what to look out for.

By EVELYN

sales-assistant to measure the foot on an authentic measure stick.

For correct fitting it is advisable to select a shoe at least two and a half sizes longer than the measure stick size, i.e., should the foot measure size two, a size 4½ shoe is immediately indicated.

The latest advance in shoe making are shoes of multiple widths, i.e., widths AAA to D. When fitting these, a graded measure device is used, showing the correct length and width that should be worn.

The main points to watch in shoe fitting are: length, width, support to the arch of the foot and a satisfactory grip around the heel. A competent sales-assistant, will, if requested, watch these details for you.

Watch the Shape

NOW when the size of your shoe is too small the toe joints are forced into a V shape. The cap of the shoe rubs them and that is one way corns begin.

Another thing to watch for in shoe toes is a rounded shape. If you constrict your toes into too pointed a shape they will have to overlap each other, and may easily get deformed.

The "fitting," which depends on your joint measurement, should be accurate. If you wear a shoe with too large a fitting, it will rub the side of the foot, hence a bunion.

Two other things to look for in buying shoes are a straight inside line (that is, the line from big toe to heel) and a tolerable heel an inch and a quarter to one and a half inches high, with base wide enough to walk, not balance on.

Ruined by Vanity

FLAT feet are generally caused by wrong sized or too high heeled shoes which have prevented the foot muscles from spreading. All children are born flat-footed, and stay so till they are four. Then from four to ten years the arch develops its structure. Small changes continue with growth.

Shoes chosen for vanity in the teens can ruin feet for life.

There are several ways in which you can make life pleasanter for your feet. The first is to take care in shoe buying.

Another good plan is to alternate your pairs of shoes (don't wear one pair till they drop off) and keep them in good repair. Going over heels mean weakening ankles. Remember, too, that shoes which fit over silk stockings will be tight over wool. Never wear stockings more than a day without washing them.

And here is a good wash for tired feet. Throw a handful of salt and a handful of soda into a footbath of warm water. You can do this twice a day, but sponge the feet afterwards with surgical spirit to harden and strengthen the skin.

Then powder them with a mixture of zinc, starch and boracic.

For rheumatic pains in the feet, a handful of Epsom salts in a footbath is good.

EXERCISE your feet plenty. Walk—and walk properly. The feet should be kept parallel with the toes

pointing straight ahead, the weight well balanced over the arches.

To find whether you are walking correctly, try it out with wet feet on a sheet of brown paper. If your footprints are right in front of each other with feet straight, you're right. If you're not right, find a nice long crack in the floor and practise walking along it, with feet straight.

Strengthen your arches by standing on your toes on the edge of the family album, holding on to the

Perfect Posture

TO keep a lovely throat, high, rounded bust, slender waist, and well-proportioned hips, it is necessary for you to cultivate a good carriage.

When you walk, hold your head erect, and stretch your neck upward by the long muscles that run to the shoulder blades from back of the ears. Keep the buttocks tucked in and down, exactly as if you were afraid someone was going to spank you—or as if you were trying to squeeze into a narrow space.

Chest should be high, abdomen in, back straight, and toes pointing straight ahead.

mantelpiece, and lowering your heels to the floor several times. If you have a tendency towards flat feet, walk on your outside edges a few minutes a day.

The wearing of badly-shaped shoes is a menace to health and good looks

PEEPING under the seats at the picture theatre you would see a jumble of women's shoes silently discarded.

About 80 per cent. of the women of this country suffer from some form of foot trouble. About 20 per cent. of the men. There are at least seventy-three ailments that affect the feet, and twenty-two of these come from badly-shaped shoes.

The average person walks about 55,000 miles from the cradle to the grave, and that is about two and a half times round the world. So take care of your feet, they are both tender and precious.

A properly-trained chiropodist (pronounced, to settle the argument, kitropodist) can detect at once whether your trouble is really foot trouble, or if it is one of the fifty-one ailments which start elsewhere and then attack the feet.

Why Your Feet Ache

FOR instance, a diabetic often suffers a great deal from feet. This is because the diabetic's circulation is poor anyway, and feet, being furthest and lowest from the heart, come off worst.

Same way, kidneys, heart, stomach, liver can all affect the feet. Anaemia, failure of the thyroid gland, infected teeth and tonsils, as well as drink and too much golf can make you say your feet are killing you.

But shopper's feet and kitchen feet,

corns and bunions (and all their repulsive associates), flat feet, dropped arches, and deformed toes need a different diagnosis—shoe trouble. They are avoidable and curable.

YOU come in from a day's shopping worn out. You've walked miles on hard pavements. Your head aches. So does your body. So do your feet. You say the noise and the traffic in town were "something awful."

But you've probably bought a "bargain" of high-heeled pinch-toe shoes in which you will cloddy-clop many more dozens of miles of pavement.

Wearing your natty-looking bargain, you will thrust forward the weight of your body on to the toes, strain all the muscles of the front part of your feet (called the metatarsal arch), and atrophy your calf muscles—to say nothing of your unnatural position causing a drag on abdomen and pelvis.

These are just a few of the jolly things too high heels will do for you.

You will probably say, "Well, I can't afford to have shoes made for me, or to give ridiculous prices for ready-made ones, so what about it?"

There isn't any need for the normal footed to do either. There is need for them to understand about shoe-buying, to know what to look out for, what to guard against.

In the first place, most women wear shoes at the very least a half size too small. It would be advisable when purchasing to ask for a competent



"I don't like it," whimpered Patricia Ann, every single morning when Mummie brought in her regular breakfast. There were always scenes and tears while Mummie tried to force Patricia Ann to eat.



"Mrs. Smith gives Betsy Kellogg's Rice Bubbles," says Sis, aged twelve. "I'll bet Tricia Ann would like those. Why, Mum, they go 'SNAP!' 'CRACKLE!' and 'POP!' when the milk is poured on. They're fun to eat!"



Mummie ordered some Kellogg's Rice Bubbles and now the whole family has them for breakfast. "Funny I never thought of them before," murmurs Mum. "Everybody knows rice is one of the best foods you can give children. And they're so digestible and nourishing, too—Patricia Ann and Sis have never looked or felt better!" . . . Order some from your grocer to-day!



© Hollywood "Dick"—the REAL in-drawn from Hollywood—by cable, presented by Kellogg's over a national relay—Mondays at 8.15 p.m.—2CH, 2KO, 2TM, 2WG, 4BK-AK, 3DB-LK, 5AD-MU-PI-SE.

R.T.

FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS

Troublesome Skin Complaints that Mar Baby's Appearance and Affect the Health

By A TRUBY KING EXPERT

ANOTHER common and troublesome skin complaint, from which many infants suffer, is known as hives.

These appear as large red pimples which look very much like bites.

However, they appear all over the body as well as on the exposed parts, such as the face and limbs, and they come in successive crops, fresh spots daily appearing.

Sometimes these pimples have a watery head. They do not always worry the babe, but sometimes they are intensely itchy and the child will scratch them until they become sore and scabby.

If they are very irritable they cause restlessness and loss of sleep, and if they do not respond to treatment and last over a long period they can reduce the child to a low state of health, and wear the parents out, too, from loss of rest.

A rash known as urticaria or nettle-rash is closely allied to "hives," and appears in various forms.

It may appear as a red, very irritating blotch, with a white centre, like what is produced by a stinging nettle and these may occur all over the body. If they appear in the soft parts of the body, such as near the eyes or tongue, they may cause great and sudden swelling. Occasionally they may occur on the tongue, or in the throat, causing croup.

It is often very difficult to trace

just what is the cause of these skin eruptions. There seems to be some constitutional tendency. Sometimes a child, who as a baby had trouble with an eczematous rash, will be subject to crops of hives long after all signs of the eczema have disappeared.

The causes, therefore, of the trouble are somewhat obscure, but are certainly due to something in the diet which upsets the digestion.

They are sometimes found to be due to overfeeding—sometimes just to a general overfeeding, sometimes to an overfeeding with some particular food component, such as too much fat in the diet or too much sugar.

Other Causes

SOMETIMES these troublesome spots seem to be due to some particular food in the diet—it may be eggs, or too much milk—to some cereal (such as wheatmeal or oatmeal), to some fruit (such as oranges or tomatoes or strawberries), to fish (and especially shell-fish), to an excess of fat or sugar (too many chocolates or sweets may be the exciting cause).

If the trouble is due to one particular article in the diet, the mother herself (by a gradual process of elimination, first cutting out one food which



DON'T THINK too much while eating. Reading is not a good habit. Light conversation and pleasant surroundings aid digestion—and general health. See article below. It's well worth reading.

might seem to be the cause, and then another) can often find out the child's susceptibility to a certain food, or foods. A good skin specialist should be consulted if a child has severe attacks of this trouble which will not yield to simple treatment. However when these spots occur in mild forms, they often respond to simple remedies.

Although the cure depends on internal treatment and careful adjust-

ment of the diet and general management of the child, the following simple applications often relieve any irritation:

1. Carbonate of soda: 1 level teaspoon to 1 pint of boiled water.
2. Weak ammonia: 1 teaspoon of cloudy ammonia (or sal volatile) to 2 ounces of water, is safe and effective to use.

The following home-made cream is useful:

- Carbonate of soda—1 level teaspoon.
- Sal volatile—1 teaspoon.
- Olive oil—1 tablespoon.

Make into a cream and dab on the spots as needed. If this seems too strong for baby's skin, more olive oil can be added.

Calamine lotion is also often advised, and relieves the irritation.

Shipboard Sensation

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



HERE is a girl who should own a smile like sunlight dancing on wind-swept water—a rippling, dazzling, flashing smile! The merest parting of her lips should reveal teeth that are bright, that glisten with a beautiful lustre.

But how distressing for her (and how shocking for you) if when she smiles she reveals dull teeth and flabby gums, tragic evidence of dental ignorance or deliberate and unforgivable neglect.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Don't let such neglect penalize you. Any time

She evades close-ups . . . Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "Pink Tooth Brush"

your tooth brush shows that warning tinge of "pink"—see your dentist and see him promptly. You may not be headed for serious trouble but it's safer to have your dentist's assurance. Many times, however, the verdict will be gums that are the victims of our modern soft foods—gums that need more work and exercise—and, very often, gums that will respond to the wakening stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth.

Massage a little Ipana into your gums when you brush your teeth. Lazy gums awaken. Circulation quickens and stimulates the gum tissues—helps them to a new firmness that keeps them healthier. The theory of Ipana and massage is approved by many Australian dentists—is taught in many schoolrooms all over the land. And right at home Ipana and massage can be your dentist's able assistant in the care of your teeth and gums.

Start to-day to use Ipana and massage—to help keep your gums firm and healthy—your teeth brighter. And your smile will then be a smile you can be proud of—radiant, winning, lovely!

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance; therefore Ipana is sold by chemists only.



IPANA plus massage is your dentist's able assistant in the home care of teeth and gums

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

BY A DOCTOR

It's important to change your habits—even good ones.

PATIENT: Is a routine existence better for our nervous system than a haphazard one?

EVERYBODY knows that there are good habits as well as bad ones. But how easy it is to slip into habits that are really harmful without realizing it!

For instance, this business of getting up too late, bolting breakfast and running for the train or tram, so as not to be late for work. Nine out of ten women do that day in and day out. They know it is foolish; they are forever making resolutions about getting out of bed fifteen minutes earlier. But they don't!

Reading the newspaper at breakfast is another bad habit. Discussing business or other problems at luncheon is in the same class.

When we are at meals, the blood mass should be down in the abdominal regions, so as to carry away into the circulation the products of digestion. But when we think too much while eating, a lot of blood stays in the brain.

The result is that we do not think as effectively as we should, while at the same time we court all sorts of digestive disturbances.

Then take smoking. If tobacco is to be enjoyed it must not be overdone. What happens to average smokers, however, is that, automatically, through habit, they light one cigarette after another, and scarcely realize that they are smoking at all.

Other habits undermine health also. Take the habit of staying home at nights, sitting by the proverbial fireplace, happy with one's family. A fine habit, you say?

Yes, to sit home at nights is a rule. But certainly it is not wise to overdo this good habit with the result that you become a staid stick-in-the-mud, never visiting your friends, never indulging in social relationships, never enjoying a play or a concert or a film.

Good habits, like rich food, can act as a boomerang.

Therefore, study your good habits as well as your bad ones, and see if they are not making you stale. Don't become an automaton. Don't do the same thing in the same way day in and day out.

Do unusual things once in a while. Break up your routine existence. Put some pep and snap into your life. Upset yourself once in a while. Surprise yourself.

By Our Home Decorator

BRIGHT IDEAS for Little HOMES

THE majority of these suggestions are simple, but all will interest you who delight in making your homes more colorful and inviting.

WHY not set a row of flower-pots painted white on a window-sill and plant in them orange and lemon-colored nasturtiums?

Nasturtiums are just coming up in our gardens, and now is the time to pot them. If you do not possess any, beg some plants from your gardening friends and try out this idea.

Use fruit as well as flowers to give color to your rooms. Pineapples in a huge basin topped off with some lemons are very effective in a hall at the top of a stairway, or between two chairs of your lounge-room suite.

Have a little table on wheels to move about from one part of the kitchen to another on your various chores. Consider, too, a cupboard glassed to show bright glimpses of your colorful kitchen china.

Original Color Scheme

If you feel you must rejuvenate your bedroom and are seeking an original color scheme, give earnest thought to this suggestion: Paint two walls yellow in a softer than mustard shade, and two in silver-grey. This dual effect is very new. Have one easy chair upholstered in yellow and one in rough grey honeycomb fabric, grey floor, and soft grey hangings.

If you possess an old-fashioned chest of drawers, here is a happy way of bringing it smartly up to date for a boy's room—or the pretty room of your young school-going daughter:

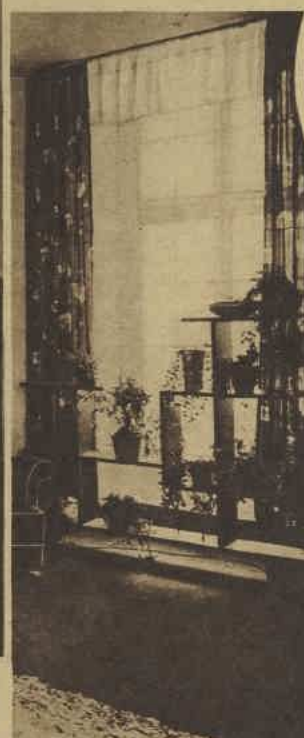
Remove the top drawer, and then build a base and back stop into the old chest and you have a handy book-shelf which will be prized by son or daughter. Paint this rejuvenated chest the desired color to fit into the scene.

In a gaily-colored kitchen, recently, I saw novel bookends used for the cookery books that stood on a shelf above the kitchen sink. They were old flat irons! The handles and ironing surfaces were painted black and the tops lacquered red. They certainly looked quaint used in this fashion. Try out this idea yourself.



BRIGHT red geraniums growing against cream walls—how does this idea appeal to you? The wall bracket that holds them also obscures the source of lighting in this modern little dining-room.

Outside the back door of a little English cottage, overlooking a pretty garden, I saw this: On one side of the door was a rustic seat made from a large barrel. The top had been removed; sides sawn down to half-way, leaving a half-circle back. A circular seat was then inserted in its "midriff." The barrel was painted orange, and a cushion in blue covered the seat. On the other side of the doorway stood a large stone jar filled with autumn leaves. At Christmas time this jar is filled with pine boughs, at other times



THE CHARMING picture above shows the beauty of greenery against spacious windows. The idea could quite easily be copied.

trailing ivy. The effect was decidedly novel. Can you visualise it? If you have a shabby-looking card-table you might like to follow the lead of an enterprising housewife, who rejuvenated one this way: The top was covered with wallpaper—glued down with flour and water paste. When dry, this wallpaper surface was given a coat of very thin colorless varnish. The sides and legs were then lacquered a gay color.

INSTEAD of placing a few flowers in half a dozen vases, why not, by way of a change, mass them in one huge bowl?



ABOVE: An arresting effect is gained by a door surrounded by bookshelves holding brightly-covered books. At left you glimpse a once shabby dining suite enjoying new life in a light-colored coat of good, glossy paint. Chairs are picked out in golden-brown color.

Don't wear court shoes
that cut your instep
... wear the Bedggood

Tango



Flexible
instep gives
fit with
comfort

Bedggood Tango flexible-instep courts cannot cut your instep because they are flexible at the very spot where other courts cut. Available in both kid and suede.

Tango
FLEXIBLE INSTEP
Court Shoe

MADE ONLY BY

BEDGGOODS

COLLEGE GIRL

"OH GOODY!
MOTHER'S SENT ME
WRIGLEY'S SWEET
CHEWING GUM
— JUICY FRUIT!"



A.S.18d

ORANGES Spell Health

WE give unusual recipes for using this vitalising and delicious fruit in all kinds of tempting ways...

ORANGES are rich in vitamins A, B, and C. They stimulate the appetite, aid digestion. They have an alkaline reaction on the blood which offsets acidity caused by such excellent foods as meat, fish, eggs, etc.

Often referred to as concentrated sunshine, they are literally worth their weight in gold!

Drink orange juice on arising, use them as often as you can. Here are some delicious recipes to aid you.

ORANGE CREAM CUSTARD

Four oranges, 2 egg-yolks, 1 pint milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 teaspoons plain flour, 2 whites of eggs, 6 tablespoons sugar, vanilla. Mix flour and sugar well together, add yolks and mix well, pour over the warm milk, return to double saucepan, and cook over boiling water till it coats the spoon. Peel oranges, remove all pith and cut into thin slices.

Conducted By

Mary Forbes

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Put half-slices in greased fireproof dish, pour over the custard, then put in remainder of oranges. Beat whites well, add sugar and heap over the oranges. Place in cool oven till meringue is set. Serve hot or cold.

ORANGE SNOW

One and three-quarter cups orange juice, juice 1 lemon, 1oz. gelatine, 1 pint boiling water, whites 2 eggs, 5oz. sugar. Soak gelatine in cold water, pour on boiling water. Mix. Add orange and lemon juice and sugar. Stir till sugar is dissolved. Leave till cool. Beat whites stiffly, add orange mixture gradually to it, then beat till

thick. Chill. Serve with cream or custard.

ORANGE WALNUT CAKE

Two ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 2oz. chopped walnuts, rind and juice 1 orange, 6oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder. Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten eggs, then orange rind and juice, then sifted flour and baking powder, lastly the finely-chopped nuts. Pour into baking dish or two coconut-bar tins. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler. When cold, ice with orange icing and decorate with walnuts.

ORANGE CREAM MOULD

One pint water, rind and juice 2 oranges, juice 1 lemon, 2oz. sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 4 oranges, whipped cream. Blend cornflour with a little water. Put water and sugar on to boil, and when almost boiling pour on to cornflour; return to saucepan and cook till clear. Add juices and rind. Turn into wetted mould, and leave till set. Turn on to a glass dish. Surround with quarters of oranges and pipe roses of cream between.

ORANGE JELLY MOULD

Three oranges, 3 gills stiff lemon jelly, 1 pint cream, 1oz. sugar, 1oz. gelatine, 1 gill milk. Divide fruit, after peeling, into quarters, line bottom and sides of a plain mould with lemon jelly, lay orange quarters on, and then a little more jelly, and allow to stand on ice till quite firm. Whip cream, add remainder of lemon jelly and milk in which the gelatine has been dissolved, being careful not to add when hot. Then, when quite cold, pour into the prepared mould. Leave on ice till set. Dip into warm water, turn on to a glass dish or stand. Garnish with chopped jelly and roses of cream.

STEAMED ORANGE PUDDING

Two ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, grated rind of 1 orange, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 4oz. self-raising flour. Cream butter and sugar, add orange rind, then gradually the beaten egg, then orange juice and the well-sifted flour. Pour into greased mould, cover with greased paper. Steam for 1½ hours. Remove from steamer, and turn on to a hot dish. Serve with orange sauce.

ORANGE SAUCE

Six tablespoons water, 6 tablespoons orange juice, grated rind 1 orange, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon arrowroot. Blend arrowroot with a little water. Place remainder of water, juice, rind and sugar on to boil. When almost boiling, pour on to the blended arrowroot. Return to saucepan. Stir till it boils, cook for 1 minute. Pour into hot sauce-boat, and serve.

ORANGE SOUFFLE

Three eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup orange juice, 1½ tablespoons gelatine. Soak gelatine in little cold water. Beat yolks of eggs well with sugar, add boiling water. Mix well. Stir in the soaked gelatine, thoroughly mix-



ORANGES are plentiful—make the most of them. At left you see orange delicacy, and above this tempting dessert is shown orange salad, which is made by placing rings of cream cheese on thick orange slices and decorating with olives or pickled walnuts.

ing in. Leave till beginning to set. Then stir in the well-whisked whites. Pour into serving dish. Chill. Cover top with whipped cream before serving.

ORANGE CONSERVE

Six oranges, 4lb. sugar, 4 pints water. Choose oranges with thick skin. Cut into very thin slices. Place in a basin and pour the water over and stand all night. Next day boil the oranges for half an hour. Add the sugar, stir till dissolved. Boil about 1½ to 2 hours, or until a small quantity sets and is thick when cold on a saucer. Skim well. Bottle immediately and cover. Store in a cool dry place.

ORANGE DELICACY

Half pint milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour, juice of 3 oranges, grated lemon rind, nuts, orange sections. Blend cornflour with a little milk, boil remainder, pour on to cornflour. Cook for one minute; add juice, rind and sugar. Pour into mould. Chill. Turn out and decorate with nuts and sections of orange. See picture above.

ORANGE CAKE

Three tablespoons butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, grated rind 1 orange, 1½ tablespoons cold water or orange juice, 1½ cups self-raising flour. Cream butter and sugar till white as possible, add well-beaten eggs, then

ORANGE CRUMB MERINGUE

One and three-quarter cups milk, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup orange juice, 2 eggs, 1/3rd cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, meringue.

Scald milk, pour onto breadcrumbs. Add beaten eggs, sugar, orange juice, rind and butter. Bake in greased pie-dish and when almost set heap meringue on top. Return to oven and cook slowly half an hour. Serve hot or cold.

ORANGE SHORTCAKE

Half pound self-raising flour, 4oz. butter, 1oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, orange jam.

Sift flour, rub in butter, add sugar. Make into a dry dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn onto a floured board. Cut in halves, roll out half in to a square about eight inches. Place on a greased, upturned swiss roll tin. Spread with the orange jam. Roll out the other half. Place over jam. Roll into small squares, about sixteen. Glaze and sprinkle with sugar. Bake in a moderate oven twenty to twenty-five minutes. Leave on the tin till cold. Then cut into squares that have been marked, or if liked, before cutting, for all over with orange icing with a quarter of cut orange on each square.

GRUYÈRE NO LONGER A LUXURY!



Kraft announce a fine Gruyère Cheese at little more than half the price of imported brands!

Do you know how to tell a fine Gruyère?

Famous Cheese Tasters agree that fine Gruyère should:

- ✓ (1) Have a creamy white appearance.
- ✓ (2) Have a rich but delicate flavour.
- ✓ (3) Be nut-sweet.
- ✓ (4) Be satisfying but not cloying.

Buy some Kraft Gruyère, and check these points one by one. You'll agree that Kraft have produced a really fine Gruyère.

IF you like Gruyère Cheese, but have given it up because of heavy imported prices — then here's your chance. Kraft Gruyère is only 7½d. a four-ounce packet (8d. in the Country). Just think of that! Only about half the price of imported brands! This remarkable price is made possible because Kraft Gruyère is made here in Australia. No heavy duties, and landing charges to be loaded on to the price. Buy some to-day!



KRAFT GRUYÈRE

THE WORLD'S FINEST CHEESES ARE MADE BY KRAFT

7½d. a 4-oz. pkt. (8d. in the Country)

Serve Soup Daily

These delicious Rosella Soups are 100% Australian and perfectly made — all double strength, therefore economical —

Tomato . Celery . Vegetable . Pea
Mushroom . Game . Mulligatawny . Oyster
Asparagus . Chicken . Or-Tail . Kidney
Scotch Broth . Mutton Broth.



Rosella
OVER 100 PURE FOODS

ATTRACTIVE MENU Wins FIRST PRIZE

In This Week's Best Recipe Competition...

OUR \$1 prize for the best recipe this week goes to a novel and delicious luncheon menu that will be helpful to housewives. And the recipes that win consolation prizes will also add zest to the business of eating.

Every week we select the best of recipes sent in by readers and award first prize of \$1 and 2/6 consolation prizes. Send us your best recipe!

LUNCHEON MENU

FARCED EGGS

Boil 6 eggs hard, peel, cut lengthwise, cutting a little piece off bottom of each to make them stand, take out yolks, put in basin. Make a white sauce: mix 2 tablespoons sauce with yolks, add a little thyme and chopped parsley, pepper and salt to taste. Fill some of the halved eggs with this mixture and join on other halves. Put in a savory dish, cover with basin, put in oven for quarter hour. Add few drops of tarragon vinegar to remainder of white sauce, make very hot, and pour over eggs. Serve at once.

RISSOTTO OF CHICKEN

Fry 1 onion (sliced), 1oz. butter. When nicely browned, remove, and fry 1lb. rice in butter for about 5 minutes. Add gradually 1 pint stock till rice is well-cooked and dry; add pulp of 4 tomatoes or 2 tablespoons tomato sauce or tinned tomato pulp; pepper and salt to taste. While rice is cooking chop up about 1lb. cold chicken. Beat up 1 egg with a little milk or cream to make chicken moist, season with pepper and salt. Line a plain mould with rice, put in chicken, covering top with rice, steam 1 hour. This can also be made with veal, lamb, or mutton.

SOUFFLE POTATOES

Wash 8 good-sized potatoes, cut a piece off the end of each, and bake

in a hot oven 1½ hours. Stand each one up in dish. When cooked cut tops off each, scoop out pulp into a wire sieve on top of a basin, pass pulp through sieve. Add 1oz. butter, yolks of 2 eggs, a little milk, pepper and salt to taste. Mix well, whip egg-whites very stiff, add, fill potato cases. Bake for about ¼ hour, till well risen and nicely browned.

INDIAN CORN

Make a white sauce with 1oz. butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup milk, liquid from one tin of corn. Mix corn with sauce, put into soufflé dish, and bake for about 10 minutes till thoroughly heated. Serve hot.

FIG JELLY

Stew 1lb. dried figs till tender, put through a sieve. Soak 8 sheets gelatine in cold water till soft, then melt in a little hot water, add to figs with ¼ cup of sherry and sugar, if liked. Pour into wet mould. Leave to set and serve with whipped cream.

SARDINES IN BACON

Cut thin slices of bacon, skin some sardines, and, if large, halve them, roll each in a piece of bacon, put a skewer through rolls and bake in oven for 20 or 30 minutes. Serve on hot, buttered toast cut in fingers.

First Prize of \$1 to Mrs. T. J. Henriksen, Forrest House, St. George's Terrace, Perth.

WINNIPEG BISCUIT PIE

For Crust: 2 cups plain biscuit crumbs, rolled very fine, 1 cup brown sugar, ¼ cup melted butter.

For Custard: 2 cups fresh milk, ¼ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 3 egg-yolks, vanilla.

Mix crust ingredients together, roll out and cover shallow pie plate. Mix cornflour, white sugar, vanilla with little cold milk. Boil rest of the milk, add egg-yolks, put in double boiler, and boil till thick. Pour onto crust and bake as ordinary pie. Cover top with egg-whites, beaten stiff. Place back in oven till brown. Serve hot or cold with cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Mary Milne, Askrigg, Gretna, Tas.

SCHAUM PUDDING

Three eggs, 3 tablespoons cornflour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, dash of vanilla, and pinch of salt, 3 breakfast cups milk.

Put milk and sugar on to boil, keeping back enough to mix cornflour smoothly with butter and yolks of eggs. Add salt and essence. When milk boils, stir in cornflour mixture carefully. Have whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and pour on to mixture, draw pan to one side, and let froth rest lightly on surface before curling it



SOMETHING NEW in party savories are these herring balls—equally attractive served hot or cold. Make them this way: Boil potatoes with a little onion. Cream with butter, milk, pepper and salt. For an extra tang add a little cayenne or paprika. Then add contents of a tin of herrings in tomato sauce, mixing evenly with potatoes. Roll into neat balls, drop into boiling fat, butter or oil and fry until crisp. Drain, roll in bread-crumbs, pierce with gaily-colored toothpicks, and serve.

gently in. Pour into a wet mould and chill when it is cool.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Jessie G. Brown, Victor St., Holland Park SE3, Sth. Brisbane.

POPPY SEED LUNCHEON ROLLS

Rub 1lb. cold boiled potatoes through a sieve, add 3oz. sifted flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, cream, 2oz. butter, and work into potato mixture. Knead into a paste, and allow to stand for ½ hour. Turn on to a slightly-floured board, and form into rolls. Brush over with egg-yolk, and sprinkle thickly with poppy seed. A little sugar may also be sprinkled with the seed, if liked. Bake on a well-buttered baking tin in a moderate oven until well-browned.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Beth Haywood, 264 Park Rd., Paddington, N.S.W.

MUSHROOM AND CURRY BUTTER

Grill large mushrooms, head down, adding a little cayenne pepper, salt, and butter.

To Make Curry Butter: Mix well 4oz. butter, 1 teaspoon curry powder,

½ teaspoon lemon juice and meat essence. Serve mushrooms piping hot on hot toast spread with curry butter.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Smith, c/o 30 Anglo Rd., Campsie, N.S.W.

MAKE
ICE CREAM
AT HOME
HALF PRICE



HANSEN'S
ICE CREAM
MIX

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REAL
MUSTARD

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MAY SPOIL
THE
COOKING

Keen's D.S.F. Mustard
is all pure Mustard
and has the strength,
flavour and zest that
makes its use a real
economy.



KM 3/38

KEEN'S
D.S.F. MUSTARD

Try These!

HERE are some splendid new recipes. Try them out for your next important meal.

APRICOT CAKE, COOKED IN CASSEROLE
Cover 1 cup dried apricots with water, bring to boil, drain. When cool, chop into small pieces. Cream ¼ cup butter and 1 cup sugar together; add 3 well-beaten egg-yolks. Mix well, then stir in 1 cup seedless raisins (chopped finely), 1 tablespoon each chopped crystallized cherries, blanched almonds, orange and lemon peel. Mix in 2 cups of self-raising flour, add 1 teaspoon salt, and the egg-whites stiffly beaten. Put into well-greased casserole, cover, and bake in a slow oven for 2 hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. G. Knight, 60B Westbury St., East St. Kilda, Melbourne.

AMERICAN CAKE

One and a half cups flour, ½lb. butter, ½lb. sugar, 1 teaspoon each powdered cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg, 4 tablespoons milk, small cup marmalade, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon carb. soda dissolved in 1 tablespoon boiling water.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add eggs, previously beaten well, then milk, then marmalade, then flour and spices, lastly soda in water.

Bake in moderate oven ¾ hour, in large, fat tin.

Icing for Cake: Beat 2oz. icing sugar to a cream with 2oz. butter, add ¼ glass sherry and 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Helen Brodie, O.K. Station, Moree, N.S.W.

DOLLY VARDEN CAKE

Beat 3 large tablespoons butter and 1 cup icing sugar to a cream, add 3 eggs, one at a time, and beat well. Prepare and sift twice 2 cups flour with 1 teaspoon baking soda, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, and pinch of salt. Fold these ingredients lightly with rest, adding ¼ cup milk and essence of lemon.

Divide cake mixture into two. To one part add 1 tablespoon coffee or caramel, 1 tablespoon currants, 2 tablespoons sultanas, a little chopped candied peel, ½ teaspoon spice. Put dessertspoon flour in with fruit when adding to mixture, and flavor with vanilla. Bake the two halves in two sandwich tins. When cold, join with plain icing filling, and ice top.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Jeffcoat, 144 Riding Rd., Hawthorne NE1, Brisbane.

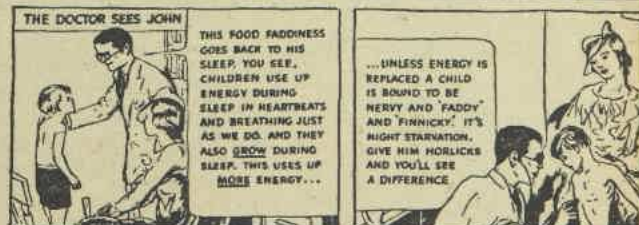
HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE SOUFFLE

Lightly beat yolks of 3 eggs, add grated rind of 1 lemon, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ cup sugar, and a few grains of salt. Cook in a double boiler, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Remove from fire, and stir in one level tablespoon gelatine, which has previously been soaked in a little cold water, and ½ cup crushed tinned pineapple. When mixture begins to thicken, stir in ½ cup cream stiffly whipped, and the stiffly-beaten whites of the eggs. Turn into a damp mould and leave to set.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Cooney.

John would not eat

John was thin and pale — poor appetite until the doctor traced the trouble back to sleep...



When making Horlicks, be sure you use the patent mixer. Horlicks mixed this way tastes twice as nice. If you have not already got a mixer, ask your chemist or grocer for a Horlicks Special Pack containing a 1-lb. tin Horlicks, Mixer and Measuring Spoon, all for 2/-. Horlicks is also obtainable in 1-lb. tins at 1/6 and 1-lb. tins (economy size) at 2/9.

HORLICKS at bedtime strengthens nerves, builds appetite, guards children against Night Starvation



Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

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Patterns are
available now

Please Note

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern enclose 3d. stamp.

DINNER GOWN

WW2228. — A very charming and slenderising design for your new dinner frock. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



2231



EASY TO MAKE

WW2230. — Charming and yet so simple to make. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3½ to 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SKI-ING SUIT

WW2231. — Smart ski-ing suit for sports. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WEE DRESS

WW2232. — A remnant will suffice to make this charming little frock coat for the little one. Sizes 2-8 years. Material required: 2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

CHIC ENSEMBLE

WW2233. — A very smart outfit for afternoon wear, with hip-length, collarless contrast coat. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 to 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SOPHISTICATED

WW2234. — Charming afternoon frock designed for black. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3½ to 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SMART IN TWEED

WW2235. — A slim-fitting, dashing style for new winter fabrics. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

THREE SPORTING JACKETS

Our three-in-one concession pattern this week provides for the three snappy jackets shown at right.

Pattern is cut to fit 32, 34, 36-inch bust. To obtain, fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our pattern department.

Material required, 36 inches wide:

For No. 1—2 3-8 yards, and 1½ yards 2½ inches wide fur banding.

No. 2—2½ yards.

No. 3—2 3-8 yards.

CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—Box 388A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE.—Box 409E, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE.—Box 183, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH.—Box 491G, G.P.O.
SYDNEY.—Box 429YY, G.P.O.
If calling, 158 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street.

TASMANIA.—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEW ZEALAND.—Write to Sydney office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please send address of our office, which will be found on Page 3.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

Size Pattern Coupon 30/4/38.

Patterns
Cost
3d.



SMART SUIT

WW2229. — Coats and skirts of contrasting materials are popular this season. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



Hand-worked Gifts . . . FOR Mother's DAY

Send at once for one or more of the dainty traced kerchiefs featured on this page. They can be swiftly embroidered.

Needle-
work
Notions



SUNDAY, May 8, is Mother's Day, the day when we come to do honor to all mothers, and give little separate tokens of regard to our own.

For more than any other occasion this is the time when a gift of your own making is the most acceptable. And with only a touch of flower embroidery and lettering for you to do to complete each one there is plenty of time still to get and to work them before Sunday, May 8.

Each handkerchief is already made up with drawn-thread, hemmed, or lace edges, with "Mother" or the letter "M" and floral motifs traced ready for working.

Each handkerchief measures 11 x 11 inches.

With hemmed edges it is obtainable on pure white, blue, yellow or green linen, for 1/- each, or in boxes of six for 5/6.

Drawn-thread handkerchiefs in pastel shades, 10d. each, or in boxes of six, 4/9, post free.

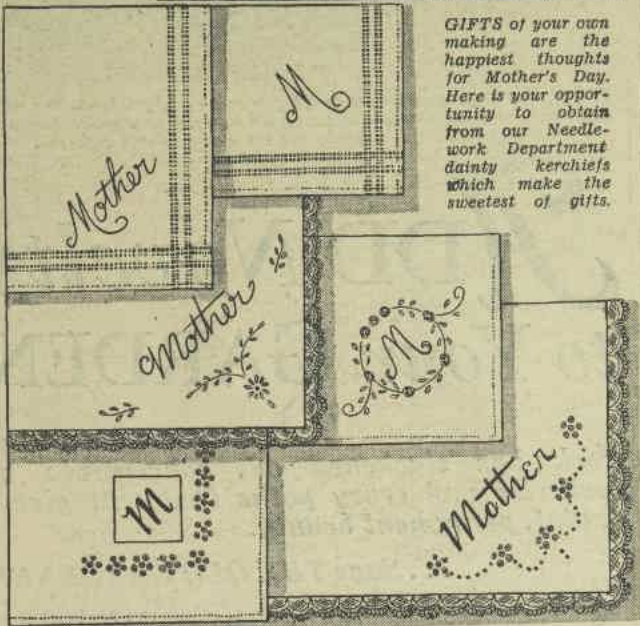
Lace-edged handkerchiefs, in white only, pure linen, traced with any design, 1/- each, or 5/6 for a box of six, post free.

Decide which one you want, and be careful when ordering to include all the details.

To obtain linens, send in to our Needlework Department. We regret no C.O.D. orders.



STURT PEAS are used in an all-over or corner flower design on linen and organdie supper-cloths, traycloths, throwovers, and serviettes. Further details and prices given below.



GIFTS of your own making are the happiest thoughts for Mother's Day. Here is your opportunity to obtain from our Needlework Department dainty kerchiefs which make the sweetest of gifts.

ABOVE, the different designs available in the Mother's Day handkerchiefs. When ordering specify edging, lettering, and color required.

Desert Flowers Grace Table Linens

Supper-Cloths, Traycloths, Throwovers, Serviettes, in Linen or Organdie, Traced in a Dainty Sturt Pea Design for Embroidery.

EXQUISITE hand worked table linens are the basis of the bride-to-be's trousseau, and among the home-lover's most cherished possessions.

For they can dress up tables so beautifully at the hostess hours, when proud woman wants her home to look its loveliest.

The Sturt pea, unique and colorful Australian desert flower, has been used in two charming designs on these traced supper and afternoon-tea sets, and gives a novel touch to the dainty effect. This brilliant flower lends itself splendidly to modern embroidery.

You may choose between an exquisite flower all-over design, with sprays of blossoms in conventional motif, or a flower corner design, dainty and light.

These linens are available individually or in complete sets as you require.

Set comprises 36-inch by 36-inch cloth, 36-inch by 36-inch throwover, 14-inch by 24-inch traymobile cloth, and 11-inch by 11-inch serviette.

They are obtainable on white, cream, green, yellow, blue or pink pure quality Irish linen, or in white, green, or yellow organdie.

36-inch x 36-inch cloth, 7/6 in linen.

14-inch x 24-inch traymobile cloth, 4/6 in linen.

11-inch x 11-inch serviette, 1/- in linen.

36-inch x 36-inch cloth, 3/9 in organdie.

36-inch x 36-inch throwover, 2/6 in organdie.

14-inch by 24-inch traymobile cloth, 2/- in organdie.

11-inch x 11-inch serviette, 9d. in organdie.

The flowers are worked in satin-stitch, with lazy daisy stitch for the leaves and stem-stitch for the stamens. The edge is spoke-stitched for crochet.



TWO
MOMENTOUS EVENTS
IN
AUSTRALIAN HISTORY

WHEN COOK
FOUND
AUSTRALIA

Dewhurst's "Sylko" has become famous by its strength, evenness and reliability. Supplied on reels of 100 YARDS. Size No. 40, in Black, White and over 350 All Fast Colors. SOLD BY ALL LEADING DEPARTMENTAL STORES.

WHEN AUSTRALIA
FOUND SYLKO

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Silk Substitute Mercerised.
MADE BY JOHN DEWHURST & SONS LTD., SKIPTON, ENGLAND.



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Knitting Yarn
Guaranteed
Never to Shrink

SUN-GLO
SHRINKPROOF WOOL

NOW you can say "NO" to shrinkage in knitwear, by always using the new SUN-GLO—an all-wool knitting yarn guaranteed not to shrink for the lifetime of the garment.

SUN-GLO is pure wool—shrinkproof, rub-proof, fadeless . . . the finest wool since knitting began! Knit to fit with "SUN-GLO" Shrinkproof Wool—it always remains soft, fleecy and full of lustre. Your draper or store stocks it in a large variety of shades in 2, 3 and 4 ply super fingering wool and 3 ply baby wool.

"SUN-GLO", 9½d. per skein.
"SUN-GLO" Baby Wool, 10½d. for 1-oz. ball.

Manufactured by F. W. Hughes Pty. Ltd., at their Alexandria Spinning Mills, N.S.W.

Wholesale Distributors:
PATERSON, LAING & BRUCE LTD.
All States.

A SUNBEAM PRODUCT

Uncomfortably Overweight

FAT, HEADACHY AND PIMPLY

The bloated, flatulent feeling of constipation makes you very uncomfortable. People who are too fat are often victims of bilious attacks, sick headaches, bad breath and blotchy, pimply skin. The fermenting poisons of food wastes become absorbed by the blood and cause these unhealthy symptoms. Good looks, good temper, health, fitness and attractiveness are lost or seriously impaired.

Get regular activity into your digestive system and liver by taking Pinkettes. These tiny, effective laxative and liver pills strengthen and exercise lazy bowels and clear away the poisonous waste accumulations. In this natural way you will see your unhealthy fat and pimples vanishing as you become regular in the essential daily habit. Bilious attacks and sick headaches will disappear and you will feel fit, vital and good tempered again. All chemists and stores sell Pinkettes, 1/3 bottle.

Head first INTO LOVELINESS

An Amami Shampoo makes hair clean healthy, radiantly lovely. Settings, too, are wonderfully easy for Amami makes your hair really manageable. BRUNETTES...No. 1 BLONDES...No. 5

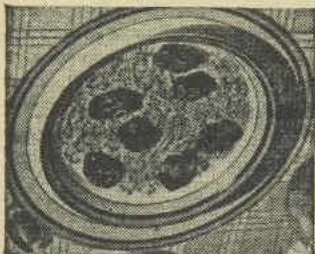
FRIDAY NIGHT IS
AMAMI
NIGHT

If unable to obtain Amami, write to Geo. Ripley & Co., Macdonell House, Pitt Street, Sydney.



REGULAR?
How do you
keep that way?

1. With Harsh Medicines?
They'll make your bowels respond at the cost of badly-weakened intestinal muscles. Dangerous illnesses will frequently follow.



2. or with ALL BRAN?

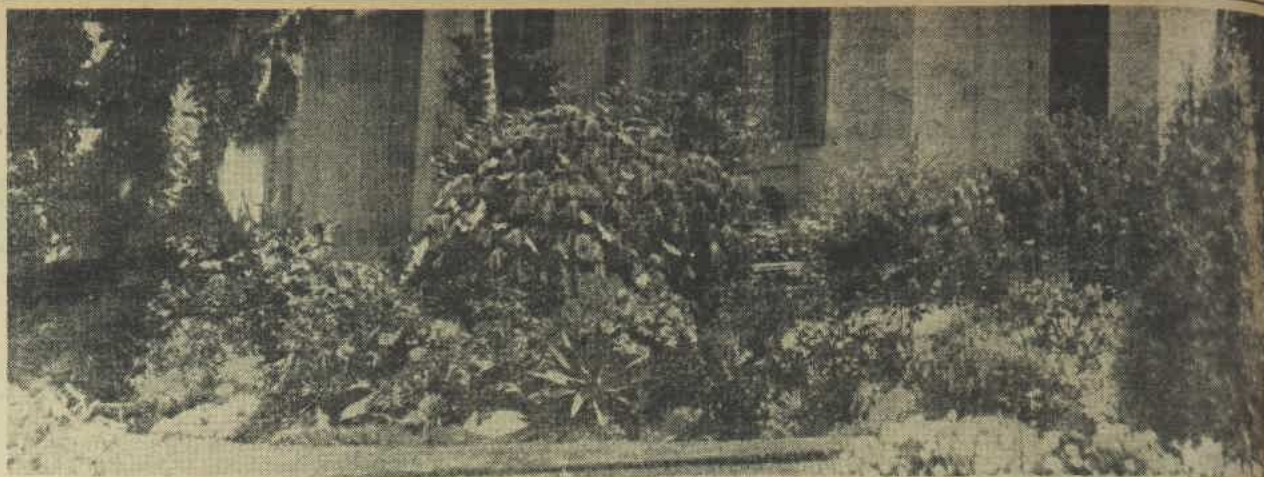
This is a nut sweet breakfast cereal which gives your system the "bulk" it needs to keep you regular. You should get "bulk" in the foods you eat but modern cooking deprives you of it. However, you can now get the most effective type of "bulk" in All-Bran. This "bulk" absorbs moisture and gently exercises the system—the right way to fight constipation. Two tablespoonsful each morning will gently exercise your system and keep you well. And Kellogg's All-Bran costs only a few pence per package.

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Kellogg's
All-Bran



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ALL KINDS of enchanting plants fill this rockery which banks the walls and loggia of a most beautiful Australian home. It is never devoid of color and interest, so skilfully are the chosen plants arranged.

ADD Novelty to Your GARDEN

DURING winter, when work has slackened off, concentrate on rockeries and crazy paths that will give a quaint, permanent beauty.

... Says THE OLD GARDENER.

NOW that we have our gardens specially planted for winter and spring displays, we must keep them on the move.

Constant work is necessary to keep down weeds, which make their appearance during the winter months. Winter grass is most prevalent at this time of the year, and the only way to eradicate it is to dig it out and remove it off the garden beds altogether. It is useless just to dig it in, as it will remain green for many weeks, and when the ground is turned up again will grow as rapidly as ever. Iceland poppies, if well planted, will be making good progress. Keep them on the move with constant applications of sulphate of ammonia, one teaspoon to every gallon of water, pouring around the plants, but on no account allowing to remain on the foliage. If any does reach the foliage, be sure to wash it off, as sulphate of ammonia burns any foliage. Also see that the soil is damp around the plants before using.

One of the best mixtures for both the vegetable and flower garden is five parts of superphosphate, five parts of blood and bone, two parts of sul-

phate of potash, and two parts of sulphate of ammonia. Mix these thoroughly together, then, at planting time, dust over the plot lightly, one handful to the square yard. Remember, use fertilisers little but often. This mixture is ideal, for it contains phosphoric acid, nitrogen, and potash, good for all plant life.

Stock and wallflower revel in potash, and if fed with constant applications will give splendid results. Use one teaspoon to every gallon of water, while the plants are small, then, as they grow, one dessertspoon to every gallon of water.

Ranunculus and anemone will respond rapidly to a dusting of this mixture. Cinerarias will also show splendid results with light dustings. Pansies also must be kept on the move with fertilisers or liquid manure. Sweet peas are lime-lovers, so give them liberal applications, and keep them well supplied with water.

During winter there is not so much work to be done as in other seasons. This, then, is the time to make new gardens and build rockeries. Every home garden can have its rockery, even the small garden.

Many people are under the impres-



GLIMPSE of a crazy pathway set in a green sweep of lawn and backed by potted beauty and greenery. Well-kept couch grows between crevices.

sion that rockery gardens entail expense, but this is not so. Build the soil first. Many people place the rocks first then fill in with soil, but this is wrong. Place the rocks so that when completed the rockery has a natural appearance. If you must use cement, place well down, so that it cannot be seen.

In small areas dig the ground deep, throwing the soil up into a mound in any shape you want the rockery to be. Rock gardens are meant to convey the impression of an upheaval of Nature. The stones should be of different shapes and sizes, if possible all the one color; place them on the mound of soil, so that they seem to be cropping up through the soil, with the plants growing here and there between them.

In building your rockery, imitate Nature as nearly as possible. The most effective position to have them is where they can be looked upon from a window or a balcony, for they add a quaint touch to even the smallest garden.

Have tall plants at the back, smallest at the front. There are many fascinating and unique plants to make the rockery interesting.

Crazy Paving

CRAZY paths also lend enchantment to the rockery garden. There are many interesting ways to make them, and even if you are an amateur at the work you can arrange some splendid designs. Crazy paving is charming if composed of stones of a regular size and shape, fitted together roughly to make them look natural and in harmony with the rockery already built. Once you start the work, you will be making little paths and by-paths that you would not have thought of before.

Stepping stones can be used around your home freely, and can be made informal and quaint. Stone pavings are becoming more and more popular each year, and when set in a natural formation, and in harmony with the surroundings, are delightful adornments to any garden.

Gardens which have long, straight paths of stone flaggings enhance the appearance of a garden. There are many different ways of laying the flags, and you may use split or sawn flags. But do it in a way that will harmonise best with the building. Split flags are the more natural.

There are split flags of various

sizes and shapes, and, if these are set about an inch apart, or even two inches, various tiny plants can be grown between the cracks. A very fine and unique display can also be had by cutting strips of turf and pressing them in between the cracks. These can be so arranged that the mower can be run over them, and the turf cut without any trouble.

In the semi-shaded portion of the garden, if stone flaggings are used in a crazy style, moss can be planted between the crevices, and looks most attractive. As the moss grows, plant the Monstrosa Daisy in it, with daisies of every hue and color, the path looks delightful.

No special skill is required to make these natural crazy paths. In fact, gardens they can be made to look and turn, so that you suddenly come unexpectedly upon corners of interest and enchantment.

There are many kinds of plants that can be planted in these crazy paths; secure some of the following: Lemon thyme, balm, and musk, all which have an exquisite perfume. Lobelia, beautiful blue flowering dwarf; sweet alicia, potentilla, various kinds of sedum, lavender, primula, violas, pansies, dwarf ageratum, polyanthus, portulaca, and thrift.

Along the sides nothing could be better than some of these lovely growing varieties:

Rosemary, wallflower, dwarf anemones, lavender, candytuft, primula, nemesis, and statice.

STUFFY HEAD COLDS

Catarrh, Coughs, Adenoids & Tonsillitis STOPPED INSTANTLY
Five drops of Dr. Brodie's Kanatox in each nostril kills germs and soothes soreness. In flask complete with dropper.

60 DROPS, 3/6
Treatment size, 10/-
Get Kanatox at any chemist.

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Generations of women have proved that 'Viyella' and 'Clydella' have no equal for nightwear and underwear during Autumn and Winter. So soft, so warm, they will protect you against winter's worst days and nights. So reliable, too, 'Viyella' and 'Clydella' never shrink or fade and they stand up to

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V 88. 15

STRIKING Anchor Chain CARDIGAN

A slick, nautical design that's bound to win approval. Note: It's really easy to knit

CARDIGAN is a necessary item in every woman's and her winter wardrobe.

Here is a cardigan with a difference: It lacks the bulky, loose-looking effect of many such garments; in fact, it is so styled that it flatters the figure.

The pattern slenderises the figure. It is a garment that is smart to look at, distinctive, and cosily so.

Follow the directions: Materials.—Eight 2oz. skeins of worsted wool, 1 pair each of No. 5 and No. 10 "Aero" knitting needles, 2 short needles with points at both ends (any size), and 7 buttons the size of a button.

Measurements.—Length from shoulder to hem, 22ins.; width all round under the arms, unstretched and when fastened, 18ins.; stretching to 36ins.; length of sleeve seam, including cuff, 18ins.

Tension.—11 sts. to 2ins. in width and 13 rows to 2ins. in depth.

Abbreviations.—K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; patt, pattern; rep, repeat; dec, decrease or decreasing; inc, increase or increasing; tog, together. Always work into the back of all stitches on sta. to produce firm edges.

THE BACK

BEGIN at the lower edge. Cast on 90 sts. using No. 10 needles and work 30 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib, but inc. 1 st. at end of last row (91). Change to No. 5 needles and patt. as follows:

1st Row: P. 2nd Row: K. Rep. these 2 rows once more. 5th Row: P. 1, * k. 1, p. 2, k. 2, p. 5, k. 2, p. 2, k. 1, 1; rep. from * finishing p. 2. 6th Row: K. 2, * p. 1, k. 2, p. 2, k. 5, p. 2, 3, p. 1, k. 3; rep. from * finishing k. Rep. last 2 rows twice more.

11th Row: P. 2, * k. 1, p. 2, slip next sta. on to one spare needle and leave it in front of work, then slip the next sta. on to the other spare needle and leave it at back of work, now k. next sta., then p. 5 from spare needle, then k. 2 from other spare needle (referred to as "twist" throughout directions), 2, k. 1, p. 3. Rep. from * finishing p. 2.

12th Row: Like 6th. Rep. 5th and 12th rows three times. These 18 rows form the patt. and are rep. throughout. Work 2 more complete patterns and the first 8 rows of 1st patt.

Armhole Shaping.—Cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of the next 4 rows; then dec. 1 st. at both ends of the next 7 rows, leaving 65 sts. Continue without dec. until 5 patts. and the first 15 rows of 6th patt. have been worked from the beginning, then cast off.

LEFT FRONT

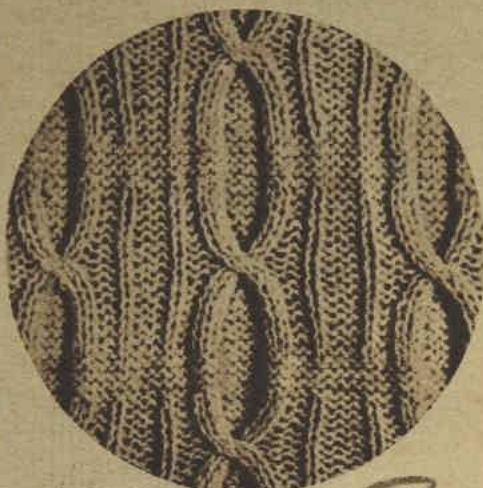
BEGIN at the lower edge. Cast on 52 sts. using No. 10 needles, and work 30 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Change to No. 5 needles and the patt. as follows:

1st Row: P. 50, k. 2 (the last 2 sts. will be worked in garter-st. throughout the front, as a border). 2nd Row: K. Rep. these 2 rows once more. 5th Row: P. 2, * k. 1, p. 2, k. 2, p. 5, k. 2, p. 2, k. 1, p. 3; rep. from * once more, k. 1, p. 2, k. 2, p. 5, k. 2, p. 2, k. 1, k. 3, p. 1; rep. from * once more, k. 2, p. 2, k. 5, p. 2, p. 1, k. 2. Rep. last 2 rows twice more.

11th Row: P. 2, * k. 1, p. 2, twist, 2, k. 1, p. 3; rep. from * once more, 1, p. 2, twist, k. 2. 12th Row: Like 5th. Rep. the 5th and 6th rows three times. These 18 rows form the patt. and are rep. throughout. Work 2 more patts. and the first 8 rows of 4th patt., then shape the armhole as follows:

Armhole Shaping.—1st Row: Cast off 3, patt. to end (49). 2nd Row: 1st patt. Rep. these 2 rows once more (46). Now dec. 1 st. at the armhole edge on every row until 39 sts. remain. Continue without dec. until 5 patts. and the first 8 rows of 6th patt. have been worked from the beginning.

Neck Shaping.—Cast off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next row, then dec. 1 st. at the same edge on every row until 24 sts. remain. Continue



CLOSE UP of the attractive anchor-chain stitch used in the distinctive cardigan, pictured at right.

without dec. until 6 patts. and the first 7 rows of 7th patt. have been worked from the beginning, then cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

BEGIN at the lower edge. Cast on 52 sts. using No. 10 needles and work 5 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib. 6th Row: Rib until 8 remain, cast off 2, rib 5. 7th Row: Rib 6, cast on 2, rib to end. Work 20 more rows in the rib, then rep. the 6th and 7th rows once more. Rib one more row (30 in all), then change to No. 5 needles and begin the patt. as follows:

1st Row: K. 2, p. 50. 2nd Row: K. Rep. these 2 rows once more. 5th Row: K. 4, * p. 5, k. 2, p. 2, k. 1, p. 3, k. 1, p. 2, k. 2; rep. from * once more, p. 5, k. 2, p. 2, k. 1, p. 2. 6th Row: K. 2, * p. 1, k. 2, p. 2, k. 5, p. 2, k. 2, p. 1, k. 3; rep. from * once more, p. 1, k. 2, p. 2, k. 5, p. 2, k. 2. Rep. the last 2 rows twice more.

11th Row: K. 2, * twist, p. 2, k. 1, p. 3, k. 1, p. 2; rep. from * once more, twist, p. 2, k. 1, p. 2. 12th Row: Like 6th. Rep. the 5th and 6th rows three times.

These 18 rows form the patt. and are rep. throughout, but make a buttonhole as before at the front edge on the 2nd row of 2nd patt. and then on every 2nd row of each patt. until there are 7 in all to neck, as follows: K. until 8 remain, cast off 2, k. 5. In the next row cast on 2 sts. to replace those cast off. When 3 patts. and the first 9 rows of 4th patt. have been worked from the beginning, then shape the armhole to match the left front and finish off in the same way.

THE SLEEVES

BEGIN at the lower edge of the cuff. Cast on 46 sts. using No. 10 needles and work 30 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib, but inc. 1 st. at the end of the last row (47). Change to No. 5 needles and begin the patt. as follows:

1st Row: P. 2nd Row: K. Rep. these 2 rows once more. 5th Row: K. 1, * k. 2, p. 5, k. 2, p. 2, k. 1, p. 3, k. 1, p. 2; rep. from * once more, k. 2, p. 5, k. 3. 6th Row: K. 1, * p. 2, k. 5, p. 2, k. 2, p. 1, k. 3, p. 1, k. 2; rep. from * once more, p. 2, k. 5, p. 2, k. 1. 7th Row: Like 5th. 8th Row: Like 6th, but inc. 1 st. at both ends.

Continue in pattern, but inc. 1 st. at both ends of every 8th row following until there are 67 sts., then continue without inc. until the sleeve measures 18 inc. from the beginning, measured down the middle. Shape the top by dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 9 sts. remain. Cast off.

THE COLLAR

CAST on 12 sts. using No. 10 needles and work 15 ins. in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Cast off in the rib.

TO MAKE UP

PRESS the work on the wrong side with a warm iron and damp cloth. Join the shoulders, sew in the sleeves and press the seams. Sew up the side and sleeve seams and press them. Sew on the collar, then sew buttons down the left front to correspond with the buttonholes on the right front.



A LOVELY GARMENT as well as a practical one. Knitting enthusiasts will want to start on it immediately. They will find it quick to knit. Instructions for making given on this page are accurate as well as easy to follow.

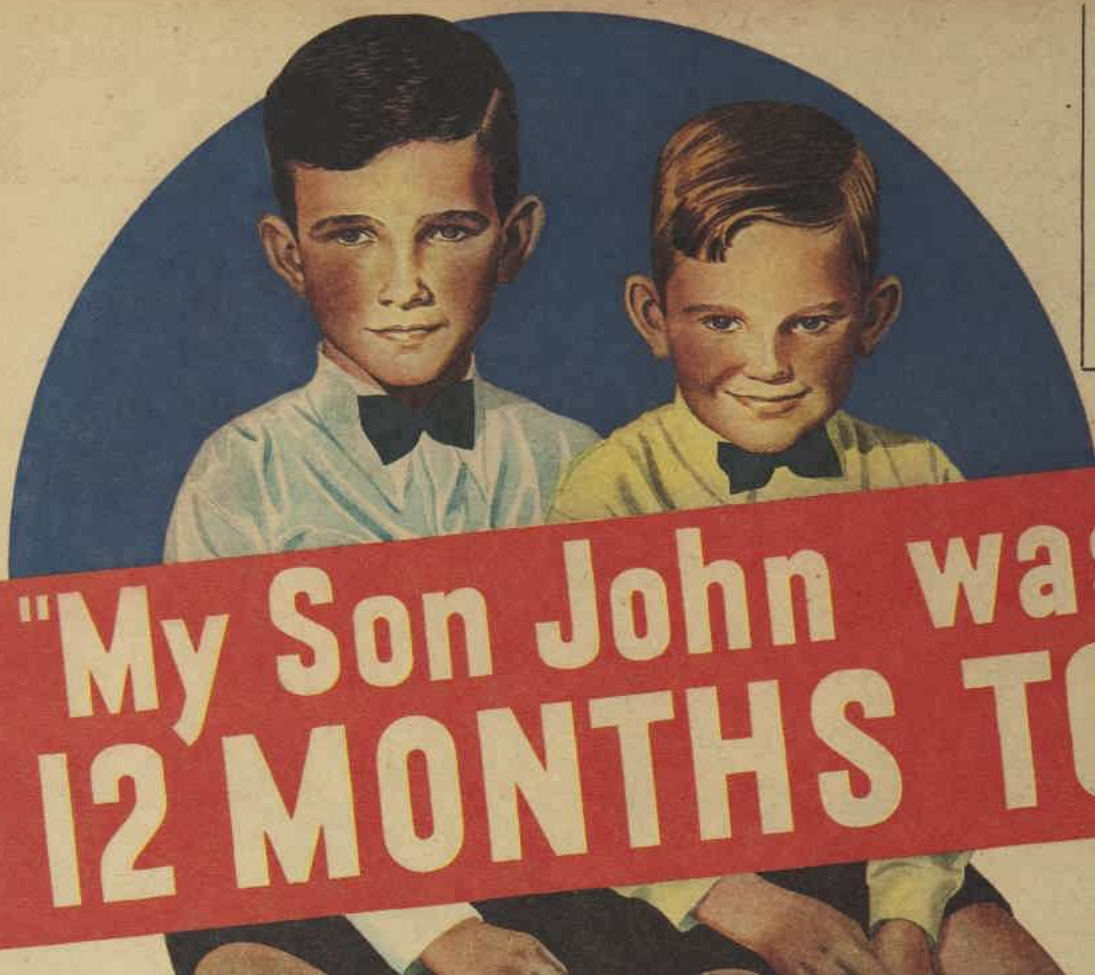


Sleeping Beauties

As warm and as beautiful as a kitten on the hearth. Snug! Purrr-y! Soft! They wrap your tiredness in snugly, downy cosiness. No-one but Kayser could give wool such lovely appeal.

Style illustrated K580 From 18/11.

Woolies
by
KAYSER



"My Son John was given 12 MONTHS TO LIVE"

This is what BIDOMAK WILL DO FOR YOU

1. Ends MINERAL STARVATION by adding ferrum (food iron), calcium, potassium, sodium, phosphates, glycerophosphates and sucrose.
2. Gives you a good appetite.
3. Brings sweet sleep to the weary sleepless.
4. Strengthens nerves that are tired and inflamed.
5. Relieves stomach upsets and dyspepsia.
6. Builds energy, "pep" and endurance.
7. Clears out body wastes from every cell of the body by increasing the amount of oxygen in the bloodstream.
8. Creates rich red blood, new healthy nerve cells, and nerve fluid.
9. Makes you feel well all over.
10. Tastes so good you'll like taking it.

Every Mother and Father should read this Astounding Case

"You may be interested to hear of my two little boys, John and Thomas, because after years of illness BIDOMAK made them strong and healthy, so that our friends and our doctors have been amazed.

We came to Lismore first of all on account of their health, my husband having been at Bathurst, but their health did not improve, and they were gradually becoming weaker and weaker.

Admitted to Hospital

Finally they were admitted to the Lismore Base Hospital with Acute Bronchitis. There was no sign of them getting better until one day my Mother rang up and said, 'Why don't you try BIDOMAK? It has cured me and I am sure it will do them good the same as it did for me.' I asked their father about it, and he said, 'Try one bottle.'

Improved with Bidomak

With the results of taking the first few doses they improved splendidly, and my doctor here in Lismore was very surprised to know how they had improved. After taking two bottles they were allowed to leave the hospital.

Given 12 Months' Life

John, aged 5, was in a very bad state when admitted to the hospital (previously he had been given only 12 months to live), he was only 2 stone 12 lbs. when he went, and now he is home taking BIDOMAK; he is 3 stone 5 lbs. 2 oz.

Thomas, 4 years of age, with the same complaint, gained from 2 stone 1 lb. to 3 stone. We are all very pleased with the results, so I am keeping my children on BIDOMAK."

Later—February 3, 1937

"Just a letter to let you know how my boys are doing. They are beautiful big boys. I gave them both their birthday parties this month—John, age 6 years, Thomas, 5 years, and all those I invited, both of John's school friends and my friends said that John and Thomas would pass easily for 7 and 8 years old as they were so big. Since they have seen the wonderful results of BIDOMAK, lots of my friends in Lismore have started using it. I only give it to my children now every morning.

Bidomak Helped Mother, Too

I have not written previously because I have been seriously ill in Lismore Base Hospital myself. However, since I have returned from the hospital BIDOMAK has pulled up my strength wonderfully.

Nurses Say Boys Pictures of Health

You will be interested to know that the nurses in Lismore Base Hospital, who nursed John and Thomas through their severe illness last year, were surprised to see what big boys they were when they visited me in hospital, and said they are pictures of health."

Later—20/1/38

"I thought I would drop you another few lines to let you know how well my boys, John and Thomas, are keeping.

No Colds Now!

They did not have one cold all through last winter, although you will remember that both of them were subject to Bronchitis, and their long illness in the Hospital was Acute Bronchitis. They did not miss a day—wet or dry—at school, and they now eat nearly as much as their father, but we don't mind that—we have spent no end of money trying to get them well, and now they are really fit, it is the talk of Lismore. Since I wrote to you last I have been to Bathurst, where we lived previously, and from which my husband was transferred for the boys' sake, to Lismore.

Our doctor in Bathurst was surprised to read of the remarkable improvement in my boys, and he saw them when we were on our holidays. All my friends and neighbours got the shock of their lives—they knew what I went through with the children's sickness. They said BIDOMAK must be a wonderful tonic.

My boys are 6 and 7 years old this month—Thomas was 6 years on the 1st January, and John 7 years on the 21st January. Both are doing very well at school, and the teachers say they play with all the boys happily.

Worth £5 a bottle

I think your BIDOMAK was worth £5 a bottle to me at the time my two boys suffered (what they went through) and to think it was only 3/- per bottle, and it brought new life to my children.

I am sending you a photograph of them as they are now, and I have done my best to tell people the truth about BIDOMAK. My husband too tells everybody he meets, and all our neighbours, and the nurses and doctors at the Lismore Base Hospital say the children are the pictures of health.



Print this Letter for Sake of Other Mothers

If you can use this letter to show people how bad my boys were and tell of their wonderful health now, it would help other Mothers who have been troubled as I was. No mother or father can read these remarkable letters—spread over a period of years—which prove the permanent results which can be obtained from taking BIDOMAK without wishing to give BIDOMAK immediately to their children, or anyone they know who is ailing or upset. Get a bottle of BIDOMAK today. It will not only do good to anyone who takes it, but it tastes so good everyone enjoys taking it.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

No certain age we that you will notice these benefits quickly, that we guarantee to refund your money if the very FIRST bottle of BIDOMAK does not benefit you and you return the nearly-empty bottle to your nearest distributor addressed below, within 14 days. Nothing could be fairer than that.

Bidomak is a product of the Douglas Drug Co., Sydney, Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane and Perth. Sole wholesale agents for Tasmania: L. Fairbairn & Son Pty. Ltd., 42-48 St. John Street, Launceston. New Zealand Distributors: Q-Tol-Fluorol Laboratories, Wellington, N.Z.

END NERVES AS YOU END MINERAL STARVATION—WITH

BIDOMAK

THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY—for Nerves, Brain and that Depressed Feeling

27 APR 1938
OF NEW & OUTRAGE

Idle Rainbow

By PHOEBE SHELDON



• FREE SUPPLEMENT
TO THE AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S WEEKLY.
MUST NOT BE SOLD
SEPARATELY

A COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

IDLE RAINBOW

By PHOEBE SHELDON

LINDSAY ABBOTT moved into Poppy Cartwright's apartment on a Saturday afternoon. "I'll be home then," Poppy said, "to help you stow away your things and divide up half the space in the medicine chest and half the hangers in the closet."

And now at four o'clock they had emptied Lindsay's trunk and tugged it out in the hall, stowed her golf-sticks in a corner of the backroom which Lindsay was to occupy, her shoes on the closet shelf, her skis and two suitcases under the bed. Poppy had curled up in a deep chair whose broken springs and worn upholstery were covered with a home-made chintz slip-cover. She had tucked her legs under her skirt and leaned her small head of dark curls against the back of the chair as she stirred a cup of amber tea. She watched Lindsay, who sat on a footstool poking at a blazing fire with the tongs. A cup of tea was beside her on the floor and from it rose a wavering curl of steam. In back of them under the window an open saucepan full of water was heating on the red-hot element of a one-plate electric stove which sat sturdily on four legs on the floor.

"This is almost too good to be true," said Poppy. "I thought we'd never manage, especially after your aunt wrote for you to come and spend the winter with her. And it's so stuffy living with older people. They mind so much the things that are really fun. And they can put an awful crimp in your style."

The firelight glowed on Lindsay's face in a pattern of coral and orange. Her light brown hair was brushed back from her forehead, breaking into ripples that reminded Poppy of sunlight on sand, the sand in the depths of a clear brook.

"I wouldn't have minded living with Aunt Spiddy so much. She has lots of sense about young people. Only I don't know whether she would have liked it. She wants me to bring you around, Poppy. Her apartment is the darlings place. She's probably promised father to keep an eye on me."

"I forgot to ask about your mother," Poppy said. "Father wrote that they were taking a trip to Naples and that the sunshine seemed to be doing her back good. I suppose we owe all this to mother's back."

"And your Aunt Spiddy's good sense. Do you suppose your father will mind because you moved in with me?"

Lindsay sighed. "I had the feeling all summer that they didn't quite know what to do with me. That I was as much of a puzzle to them as I was to myself and that they were all rather gently relieved to have it work out so neatly. The only thing Aunt Spiddy was definite about was not to scrimp on food. And she said if we ever needed money to be sure to come to her for it."

"She didn't know what a good appetite you have," said Poppy. "By the way, wasn't there a box of cookies?"

Lindsay leaned the fire-tongs against the brick of the fireplace and went over to lift aside the curtain of a bookcase. She tore the paper wrapper from a box and let the curtain fall hiding the few cans, plates, cups and saucers which comprised Poppy's kitchen.

"Don't you think it's funny," said Lindsay thoughtfully, throwing the paper into the fire, "that out of all the girls in our crowd in college we two should be living together down here in the city? I mean you and I never knew each other so well except in Smithy's short story class."

"Well," said Poppy, "we were on the board of the 'News' together. Do you remember that somebody in one of those vocational conferences said it was what you did with your spare time that pointed out a job for you. And it's worked out, hasn't it? I mean I was business manager and you were the editor of the paper. And now I'm on a newspaper in the promotion department and you're looking for some kind of an editorial job."

"Uh-huh. Do you think I'll be able to get a job, Poppy?"

"Well, you've got your allowance, anyway, so you won't be in real need if you're careful about things. You'll only have to pay half the rent, half the laundry and electricity and telephone."

"Do you suppose the world will ever get straightened out, so that when kids get out of college they can get right to work and not have to waste three or four good years finding a place for themselves? I feel as if I could work so hard, if I could only find a job."

"I suppose it will," said Poppy. "And you must remember that I've been out of college two years longer than you have. You can't be too particular at first about having a really good job. It is so silly that you can't get a job without experience and you can't get experience without a job. But don't worry, yet, for goodness sake. You'll get a job, of course, but it takes time."

"I hope so."

The doorbell rang and Poppy's face lighted. She set down her cup, found her feet under her skirt, jumped down to punch the clicker. "It's Toby."

Lindsay said, "Who's Toby?" as Poppy dashed into the bathroom and drew a comb through her dark curls so that they snapped with electricity. She powdered her nose and rubbed lipstick on the contours of her lips with her little finger. But before she came back a tall boy with a bridge of copper freckles across his nose and bright hair had come breathlessly bounding in the door.

He stood still and stared at Lindsay.

"Oh," he said.

Poppy came into the room. "Hello, darling," Toby leaned over and lifted her up and gave her a quick kiss. "Here's a present for you."

Poppy squealed with delight, and said as she began opening the package, "And you must meet my new room-mate, Lindsay Abbott. And don't look so astonished. She

won't hurt you and don't act as if you didn't know she was coming. And, Lindsay, this is Tom Tobin, an advertising man. Toby sweet, another penguin! Isn't it cunning?" She turned the little porcelain figure over and put it on the mantelpiece.

Toby drew a battered package of cigarettes from his pocket, took out a cigarette, lighted it, and sat down on the stool in front of the fire.

Poppy said, "I've always had a passion for penguins and Toby finds them everywhere. Last Christmas he gave me Penguin Island and my last birthday we made an excursion to the zoo to see the papa penguin holding the eggs on his feet."

Toby said, "Do you like the big city?" Lindsay laughed. "I've been here lots of times before, but I've never lived here. And I love it. But do you know of any jobs?"

Poppy said, "Toby, you act as if you'd never seen a girl before. What makes you so bashful all of a sudden?"

"I'm not bashful all of a sudden. Maybe you've misjudged me all these years. As long as you don't want to write book reviews or go into a publishing house or get on the stage, we can probably find you a job, Lindsay."

"That's what I told her," said Poppy. "What's the week-end schedule, Toby?"

"Dinner at Tony Rosetti's. Party at Julia Graham's, and a coming-out breakfast party at my house to-morrow morning for Lindsay."

Lindsay said, "Please don't think you two have to include me in everything. Really, I wouldn't have you . . ."

Toby smiled. "You've no idea how highly honored we are."

LINDSAY wore a slim dress of white lace with a high collar and long sleeves to Julia's party. She had put on her Grandmother Abbott's shell gold earrings, and around her neck she wore a thick braided gold necklace.

Julia Graham's apartment was in the East Fifties. A waiting doorman helped them out of a taxi and they flew quickly under the canopy, for the late September air was chilly.

"But she didn't really invite me," said Lindsay doubtfully.

"Oh, she said to be sure and bring you. It's just another evening party and one more doesn't matter. Julia loves to entertain and she adores people."

The room was oblong with a dark red carpet. The walls were blue with indistinct stars scattered here and there. There were white venetian blinds at the window and damask curtains. Julia was tall and slim in a silver dress which spilled about her feet. Everywhere light dresses contrasted with the dark suits of the men and the room was full of smoke. There was the clink of ice in glasses and the sound of

many voices. Some one impersonal in an organdie apron showed Poppy and Lindsay into a bedroom.

Lindsay sighed. The room was mostly in white with touches of red and deep blue. The curtains were made of fuzzy white material with an elaborate looping of red, white and blue cords and heavy tassels. A low table which appeared to be a truncated column on which stood a crystal cigarette box and ashtray was in front of a low blue chaise longue. A white fur rug was in the space between the bed and the door.

"Oh," said Lindsay, "I wish Aunt Spiddy could see this."

Julia Graham detached herself from a group and came over to welcome Poppy and Lindsay. Lindsay felt suddenly naive and a little shy. It was not only the touch of blue on Julia's upper eyelids and the shining cap of hair but her low voice and the way in which she put out her hand.

"My dear," she was saying to Poppy, "how very nice of you to bring your new roommate. Didn't you tell me once she was on the college paper with you?"

It was all very well, thought Lindsay, for her to remember so definitely, but she needn't make them feel like children out of kindergarten. But that wasn't all.

Julia was saying, "And Rufus, this lovely blonde child is Lindsay Abbott. She's living with Poppy this season." And Julia left them all abruptly and turned to another group of guests.

Toby wandered off with Poppy on his arm in search of refreshments. Rufus looked down at Lindsay out of clear grey eyes.

"Julia didn't quite finish, did she? The rest of the name is Haydon, Rufus Haydon, and you're Lindsay Abbott."

Lindsay replied something that made his eyes crinkle at the corners so that they were almost tight shut. He was offering her a cigarette from an open case and Lindsay smiled and said, "No, thanks."

"Given it up?"

"Well, I smoked a little in college, but I didn't like it really and couldn't see the sense."

They walked over to the trestle table set against the wall. There was a bouquet of shaggy pink daisies, and a glass punch bowl with a cake of ice in it. Clayton Hall was laddling out punch into small glass cups with handles. Rufus Haydon took two cups and gave one to Lindsay.

"I see two chairs unoccupied over there in the corner. If we hurry we might get there before anybody else does."

When they had gained the seats Lindsay put her cup down and clasped her hands over her knees.

"So you don't drink either?"

Lindsay opened her hands in a gesture of despair. "Oh dear, I hoped you wouldn't notice. I've got to learn a technique for holding a glass and then hiding it behind a Boston fern if Poppy is going to bring me to parties. No moral objections, but it always makes me dumb and sleepy and after a little I want to go home and to bed."

"Wait, I'll get you some ginger ale."

Lindsay said, "Thanks, I'm really dying of thirst."

While Rufus was gone Toby came and sat down in a chair next to Lindsay and she said:

"Toby, who is Rufus Haydon?"

Toby gave her a sharp look. "Why the sudden interest? I don't advise falling for him if that's what is on your mind."

Lindsay said, "Don't be silly, Toby, and jump to conclusions. I haven't the least idea of falling for anybody. But he's gone

to get me a cool drink and I thought I'd improve my mind on the subject in the interval. He interests me. He looks different. Older and more responsible and a bit tired of waiting for something he wanted a long time ago."

"Your powers of observation are amazing," said Toby. "Hasn't Poppy told you about him?"

"No, I never heard his name before."

"Rufe is a swell chap," said Toby, "though he verges a bit too much on the strong, silent variety. He's about thirty-five. I think, and he has two obsessions in his life. One is Julia Graham and the other is an ancestral farm up on the Hudson River. He spends most of his time up there, but keeps some sort of bachelor apartment at an hotel in the city during the winter time. By the way, what do you think of Julia?"

Lindsay said slowly, "She's lovely, she certainly is. I never saw so much sweetie all at once in my life. Why doesn't she marry Rufus?"

Toby shrugged his shoulders. "Too much sophistication, is my opinion. I never can get over the feeling the most of Julia is on the surface. But she has Rufe under a spell. She was married years ago to one of the Grahams who left her a lot of money."

"Money," said Lindsay looking around, "is fairly obvious."

"MAYBE Rufe won't marry her. He probably won't ever make any money. Possibly that's something that grieves Julia. I don't know much about it. But take a piece of advice from your Uncle Toby. Keep your hands off Rufus. There isn't a chance for anybody. And you're so young and nice. Never been kissed, have you? And besides," as Rufus came towards them, "you're scheduled to fall in love with me. This is an invitation."

Lindsay laughed. "Thanks for the compliment."

Toby looked back and said, "But I meant it. Many a true word, you know."

Rufus sat down and said, "I'm partial to ginger ale myself. You'll find all men have a secret passion for taking care of their health. I'd choose tomato juice every time instead of a Martini if it wasn't for the looks of the thing. Particularly now that I'm getting on."

Lindsay looked up. "You sound as if you had snowwhite hair and a long beard tied twice around your waist. I suppose you were born during the Civil War."

"Not quite then, my dear, but long enough to remember Merry Widow hats and hobble skirts, and a terrible war."

"The war was going on when I had pig-tails and two ribbon bows in my neck. It's the first thing I do remember very clearly."

"You make me feel awfully old."

Lindsay looked at him. "I'll bet you're not more than ten years older than I am."

Rufus took a sip. "A good ten years. Add three years and you'd be about right, I guess. We'll let it go. Tell me what you think of New York."

Lindsay looked out of the window, a square of darkness dotted with lights like jewels. "Of course it isn't as if I didn't know New York. The shopping district and the theatres. I've visited Aunt Spiddy loads of times, but this is the first time I've ever really been on my own and it heightens everything, if you know what I mean. I'm looking for a job, and of course I'll pretty nearly have to have one if I'm going to keep on living with Poppy. But there are lots of things in New York that I want to see."

"Monday," said Rufus, "we'll take a ride on top of a bus and see all of New York."

"But," said Lindsay, "I have to go job-hunting."

"It stands to reason you can't do that all day. I'll call for you at Poppy's about three," said Rufus, as Julia waving a long cigarette holder came towards them.

The party broke up at twelve-thirty, which Poppy said was early.

"Heavens," said Lindsay, "I hope it's only one night a week. When do you get your sleep?"

"Nobody ever does," said Poppy.

When they slipped into their coats and came out to say good-bye, Rufus was there. "And don't forget Monday," said Rufus to Lindsay.

The long room was finally empty of people and Julia sank into a chair. "Mix me a good strong highball," she said. "I never like to drink very much when people are here, and I'm suddenly very tired. And fix one for yourself."

"No, I don't think I'll have one to-night," Rufus cracked ice and poured whisky into a tall tumbler and pressed the siphon and filled the glass.

Julia lighted a cigarette and sipped her drink. Rufus put his hands in his pockets and looked out of the window. "Getting chilly," he said as he closed it.

"Can't you sit down? You're prowling like a caged lion. By the way," Julia's voice was carefully casual, "it seems to me you spent quite a bit of time with the starry-eyed younger generation this evening."

"Well, sometimes I find the younger generation interesting. I like their conversation. Their ideas are all right, too."

Julia set down her glass. "You mean you're getting tired of my conversation and my ideas?" She was suddenly unreasonably angry. She had been a little angry with him all the evening. He hadn't taken his duties very seriously, but sat all the time with that friend of Poppy Cartwright's wrapped in talk. She liked to count on Rufus to circulate and introduce people. Besides, there was something about that newcomer that frightened her a little. Made her conscious of the dryness of her skin, of the fact that she was two years older than Rufus Haydon and that there were not so many more years when she could enjoy wearing the kind of silver dress she had worn to-night, knowing that it set off her figure perfectly.

"Julia," said Rufus, "we can't keep on this way."

"Oh no? Why not?"

"Because I've had enough of it. Having you near me so lovely and unattainable. Julia, I want you to marry me now."

This was the Rufus Julia knew better. For a moment she had been frightened.

"Why do you trouble yourself with parties and people, Julia? Why don't we get married and go out on the farm and make a real home. We could still be in the city winters if you wanted. And it isn't far away. We could come in every day if you wanted to. And it's not so secluded. There are people there . . . the Alexanders, for example."

Julia said nothing.

"You do love me, don't you, my dearest Julia?" Rufus stood in front of her. She looked up at him and suddenly he knelt down in front of her, put his arms across her knees, and looked up into her face. "I love you so dearly. You have all my heart. I will spend the rest of my life making you happy. You are mine, now. I've never cared for another person since I set eyes on you. But life goes on, Julia. It's been six years now and you have said 'Yes, soon,' and kept

IDLE RAINBOW

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

putting me off. What is the matter? If you love me, marry me."

Julia leaned over and kissed Rufus' broad forehead. She rested her arms on his shoulders and enveloped him in a sweet warm fragrance. Then she got up and walked across the room.

"Of course I'll marry you, Rufus. I mean it when I say I love you. I think you are the only man I've ever cared about. But there is something naive and youthful and impractical about you, Rufus. You can't or won't look at the realities. There is your tumbledown farmhouse. You haven't even the money to pay the taxes, to say nothing of putting in steam heat and electricity. I admit candles and birch fires are romantic, but they will scarcely do in the cold spring and autumn months. What about the apartment in town, and theatres and clothes? I don't suppose you have the least idea what this dress cost. And that tree business of yours, the nursery or whatever it is. Maybe it would bring in money eventually, but so far it has cost you time and cash and every time we go out there for a week-end you leave me in the house with a book and go wandering over the range by yourself or grubbing in the dirt. If you do that week-ends, what if we were to spend our lives together? If you could find an answer to half of these questions I'd marry you tomorrow. If, for example, you could see your way clear to taking that job in Wayne and Hitchcock's office. It's a good firm, and selling bonds isn't the kind of a job you imagine it. It is quite far from slavery as a matter of fact."

"I wonder," said Rufus. "As I remember, your first husband sold bonds."

"I'm sorry I mentioned it," said Julia with a little edge in her voice. "But they've offered you a good position and they aren't going to hold it open forever."

"I think I understand you," said Rufus, taking a cigarette out of his case. "You have made yourself quite clear for once."

WHEN Lindsay opened her eyes the next morning, she gasped. It was nine o'clock. There was a crack in the door and cold air blew through Lindsay's room. That meant that Poppy was still asleep. Lindsay closed her window, thrust her toes into slippers and put on a bathrobe.

Then she remembered. It was Sunday. Toby's breakfast party was at one. But didn't people in New York have anything to eat before then? She went to the window-sill, took in a bottle of milk, poured herself a glass, and began to peel an orange. The skin tore and sprayed out a pungent aroma. She would take a shower and then go for a walk.

When Lindsay went into the closet for her coat and hat she saw the huddle of bedclothes that was Poppy, gently heaving up and down. She tiptoed over and pulled the window almost shut. Then she went out, closing the door softly. The hall was still lighted and there was no sound. In front of the closed doors were bottles of milk and folded newspapers. Thick with the comic section on the outside. Once outside the front door Lindsay stood still at the sight of the streets nearly deserted except for a few children coming out to play. Nearby were churchbells. The air was crisp and fresh and the sun was warm. She walked until she came to a little building pushed back from the street and almost hidden by tall apartments; a small steeped church with a green square of yard in front. The door was open and from high came the

sound of bells. Lindsay tiptoed into a seat in the back. The heavy fragrance of cut roses mingled with the smell of steam from the radiators. The low music of the organ grew louder. The congregation stood and began to sing a familiar hymn. The swelling up of voices in this new and strange place was oddly moving. Lindsay picked up a hymn-book in front of her and discovered it was all in German, but she sang the words she knew in a soft voice. Then the music was over and she tiptoed out of the church, smiling at a young mother who had brought in a pink baby in a christening robe, lying on an embroidered pillow.

It was nearly noon when she arrived back at the apartment with a Sunday newspaper smelling of ink and print. Poppy was sitting in her bathrobe by the window doing her nails. She had washed her hair and in the middle of the floor on a newspaper, an electric percolator was shooting liquid up into the glass top with a gurgling sound, filling the room with the fragrance of coffee.

"Where in the world . . . ?"

"You'll laugh, Poppy, but I went to a German church. At least I think it was. The hymns were all in German."

"Toby called a little while ago and wanted us to bring all our silverware and some cups and saucers. Then he called again to borrow a tablecloth. He sent his to the laundry and it was closed to-day. So I thought I might as well get up and get dressed. I asked him if he wanted us to bring the breakfast, too, and he said, no, he had plenty of food. But he didn't know how many people were coming. He'd forgotten who was asked."

"That coffee," said Lindsay, "smells good."

"You might as well have some now. It'll be hours before you get any at Toby's. I began to think you'd been kidnapped and was considering calling the police."

TOBY'S apartment was on the third floor of a red brick house. There was a delay after they had rung the bell. Then the clicker responded noisily.

Inside the hall Poppy sniffed. "Ummm . . . Toby's having pancakes. He's probably in difficulties already."

They opened the door to Toby's apartment. The room was full of smoke though the windows were wide open. Discernible in the frying-smoke was the smell of ham and coffee. A miscellaneous assortment of plates stood on the table. On each plate was a half-grapefruit, notched around the edge and dotted with a maraschino cherry.

Toby appeared from the kitchen.

"Why, darling," said Poppy, "you forgot to comb your hair."

"Oh, did I?" Toby smoothed it down with one hand and wiped the other off on a butcher's apron while he leaned over to kiss Poppy and Lindsay. "Good-morning, sweethearts. Put your coats and hats away. Poppy knows where. Papa's awful busy now."

"I smell something burning," said Poppy, cheerfully taking Lindsay's coat.

"It was the third pancake. I keep trying them out to see if the batter's right, but I don't seem to be making any progress."

Lindsay squinted at the griddle. "You need to grease it again. If you've got an old fork I'll wind a rag around it. Pancakes are my specialty, Toby, but you don't need to make them until the guests arrive. Leave it to me and put your mind on something else."

"I knew you were an angel the first time I set eyes on you."

"She even went to church this morning!" Poppy told him.

Toby raised his eyebrows.

"What'll I do, Toby? Set the table? Is it to be a stand-up or a sit-down breakfast?" asked Poppy.

"It would be so much easier if I could remember how many people I invited. Can you remember how many of the people I asked at the party last night? I probably asked Clayton and Madge, and did I or did I not ask Rufus Haydon? And I can't remember about Julia. Well, we'll soon know."

"I think," said Poppy briskly shaking out the tablecloth, "we'll make it buffet. Only don't get it mixed up and put on pickles and olives. Remember this is breakfast."

CLAYTON HALL and Madge Brown were the first to arrive. And then people came in groups, one after the other. Toby met them at the door with cups of coffee, and Lindsay, a large checked apron over her crepe dress, fried pancakes. There was talk and smoke and laughter and the clatter of silverware as Rufus Haydon came up the stairs.

"I can't remember whether I asked Julia or not," said Toby.

"If you did," said Rufus, "she probably didn't accept. She doesn't like breakfast parties. Her day begins at noon."

He saw Lindsay in the kitchen. "So you can cook, too. This is wonderful."

Lindsay's face was flushed as she flipped a pancake. "Do you think I can get seven on this griddle? And is it better to make them bigger or smaller? I can make more if they're smaller, but it takes them longer to eat the big ones. Do have one, Rufus. I'll bet you're hungry. And Toby has a jar of soft maple sugar that somebody sent him. It's heavenly."

"It's my turn to fry," said Rufus, taking off Lindsay's apron. "I'm a really good cook. We have pancakes almost every winter morning on the farm. The smell of them makes me homesick. Here, you haven't had one. You're looking gaunt and starved yourself."

"The farm sounds like fun," said Lindsay from her seat on the kitchen table, with her mouth full of pancake. "Tell me about it."

"The Haydons are English," said Rufus pouring batter out of the pitcher. "Say, if these hyenas keep on eating we'll have to mix up some more. And for more than a hundred years they lived there and farmed it, though bow, I can't imagine. It's half hillside and jutting rock and timber. Some Haydon has always lived there. It happens to be me just now, Aunt Mamie, the last of her generation, died three years ago."

"Do you live there all the year round?"

"I'd like to. But it isn't very practical. I'd have to put in a furnace, unless I wanted to spend most of my time in the kitchen. There's a grand stove there. Has two ovens. But it takes a lot of birch wood for a fire. Johnny Raymond cuts it. He lives in a tenant house back from the road."

Lindsay looked thoughtful. "And I suppose that at this time of year the leaves are red and yellow and there is the smell of burning grass. And there ought to be bubbling grape jelly and piccalilli on a stove that has two ovens. And in the winter the fences are covered with snow and you can ski down the hills and snowshoe."

"There are apple blossoms up on the farm," said Rufus flipping another pancake, "practically all kinds. Spice apples, crab-apples, baldwins and pippins and pound

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sweets . . . all the good old-fashioned kinds. We have plum trees, too."

"Are you trying to sell it to me?"

Rufus laughed. "No, indeed! It's not for sale although there isn't any money for repairs. I spend all my waking hours wondering whether to sell off a few hundred acres to pay for the rest, or put up over night cabins on the road. What I'd like to do is to put it all in the Haydon nursery. But I don't know why I'm bothering you with all this. I'd much rather talk about you. Tell me everything."

Lindsay jumped up. "I think it's up to me to make another pot of coffee. Didn't you say you were going to take me bus-riding to-morrow? Let's have all that until then. We'll want something to talk about."

As she came in with the coffee Clayton Hall called to her from his place on the window-seat.

"Come here, angel-face, and tell me all about your problems. Toby says you're after a job. Now I'll tell you how to go about it. First, what kind of a job do you want, and what can you do?"

Lindsay settled herself. "I'm trying not to want too elegant a job. Or to be too ambitious about it. I'd like to think I could get some kind of writing job. Something where I could use my English criticism."

Clayton blew a ring. "Sounds like an applicant for the editorial chair of our leading periodical at least."

Lindsay colored. "Please! I don't care really. I'm just telling you what I'd like when I get it. Could a person like me with very little experience get any kind of editorial job, do you think? Or even a re-writing job? Something where I could use my head? Of course I can type, but I don't know stenography."

"One way of getting a job is agencies. Another, reading the ads. in the newspapers, and another, by knowing people. The last is the best. Get people to put you on their minds. Like this. He took an envelope out of his inside pocket and wrote at the top, "Things to do on Monday . . . Think about Lindsay Abbott." And he smiled and put it back in his pocket.

Along in the afternoon it grew dark, and people had to go home.

Soon Toby, Poppy and Lindsay were alone in a litter of dirty dishes and overflowing ashtrays, and Toby said, "Let's not worry about anything. Let's all go for a walk."

So with Toby between they sauntered along and watched a pale sunset fade in the west, a quick sunset of amber and lemon. Finally they stopped and had tea at a tea-shop, and English muffins in a little booth in front of a blazing fire. Toby wanted to talk shop with Poppy, but Poppy waved him off.

"Not now, darling," she said, "I've got to tell Lindsay how to look for a job. The first thing to do is to get a loose-leaf leather notebook. About four by six."

"Wait," said Toby, "I'll get her one and then we can start straight." He dashed out.

When he came back with the notebook they sat in the firelight while Lindsay wrote in her black square handwriting the names and addresses of employment agencies. In the meantime Toby was marking in the Sunday paper the ads. for her to answer. Then there was a long list of people, friends of Poppy or Toby, that she was to see.

"And," said Poppy with a sigh, "you must work just exactly as hard at getting a job as you do after you get one. If you start out at nine and quit at five and take no longer than an hour for lunch you'll get a job within six weeks. And it might be even sooner."

"I promised to ride on a bus with Rufus Haydon to-morrow," said Lindsay.

"You might have to take it a bit easy the first day," said Toby complacently, "but we're all counting on you. Now you go home and write the very best letters you can and mail them to-night."

ON Monday morning it was Poppy who was up and dressed first. Lindsay opened her eyes to the sound of the radio and the shower in the bathroom. The percolator was bubbling in the middle of the floor. Lindsay turned over and stretched her arms above her head and yawned as the bathroom door opened and Poppy came out in a clean silk slip, her shoes and stockings already on.

"Up and off, my lamb. I've got twenty minutes before the Subway. I put on the coffee and bath during the setting-up exercises. When the news comes on I'm supposed to have my bed made, my orange juice and coffee. When Helpful Howard's Household Hints comes on, I'm in my dress and make-up and ready to march downstairs with the laundry, this being Monday. It saves me all the trouble of looking at the clock."

"I don't suppose it would hurt if I were fifteen or twenty minutes late to my job-hunting job. I mean if I didn't get to, let's see . . . it's Gertrude Weiss' agency first, isn't it?"

Poppy was suddenly very serious. "Yes, it would too, Lindsay. You must take this business of looking for a job very honestly. You must put everything you've got into it, or you just won't get one. You might just as well cultivate good habits at the start. Besides, the early bird gets the worm. Now will you remember everything I told you yesterday about going after one?"

Lindsay laughed. "Oh dear no, Poppy. But I'll remember some of it and you can tell me the rest to-night. Shall I come home early and cook dinner?"

"Uh, huh." Poppy shook her head. "We can't get much of a dinner here except a can of beans. And Clayton is sending down theatre tickets. Say, you are seeing Rufe this afternoon. Why don't you ask him to go with us. If the lovely Julia doesn't burst into flames? And Toby'll come, of course."

Lindsay lingered in bed until Poppy had turned off the radio and had gone out with the admonition to call her if the least little string of a job appeared. "I might be able to do something about it, I don't know." Then Lindsay jumped out of bed and showered and dressed carefully.

Outside it was crisp and sunny and fresh, with people hurrying for the subway holes and disappearing into them. Lindsay stopped at the corner and bought a map of the city and a morning paper. She glanced over the help wanted columns. Artist wanted, experienced, to paint lampshades. Wanted, chocolate dippers. Wanted, stenographers for brokers' offices. Wanted, young women to sell corsets. Wanted, model, size fourteen. Wanted, millinery model. Lindsay felt as if the whole world were suddenly spread out in front of her. Think of all the places you could be in, if you had nothing in the world to do but go from one job to another. Still, there wasn't a single place this morning that she could qualify for. She wondered dimly, if she would get a job, or how long it would take. Opportunity open in the educational department of a first-class magazine. Well, at least she didn't have any letters to write this morning and she

could be off and up to Gertrude Weiss' Agency.

The door was frosted and had the words Collegiate Occupational Agency printed on it, and underneath, Gertrude M. Weiss, Hours 9-12. Lindsay knocked timidly. A girl at the desk nodded.

"Did you want to register?" she asked.

"Yes." Lindsay saw a row of girls sitting in stiff chairs along the wall. They peered at her over their morning papers. Some were fidgeting with gloves and handbag. All looked bright and cheerful, cheeks colorful and lips outlined with rouge, a scarlet badge of brightness and courage to hide the waiting anxiety in their eyes. The girl at the vast mahogany desk indicated a smaller desk over against a wall. Lindsay glanced past the girl through wide windows with a landscape of roofs and towers against a sky. A silvery landscape with a look of mulberry brick. Then she drew off her gloves and sat down in the silence and stared at the printed blank in front of her. Last name first. Address, telephone number. Business telephone number? Education, age, married, single. Courses taken in college. Honors? Name of employer? Last job held? What was your position? How long employed? Reason for leaving? Job before that? And before that? And finally Important Notice. I hereby agree to pay Gertrude Weiss for a full-time position, one week's salary not less than three months after . . .

Lindsay felt in her bag, uncrewed the cap of her fountain pen and at length took the filled-out sheet to the girl at the desk. There were others waiting now, and the girl disappeared behind the frosted partitions where voices could be heard, where telephones had been ringing, behind the partitions where the important business of Getting a Job was really transacted. Lindsay took her place as one of the group of girls sitting in a row against the wall fidgeting with a pair of pigskin gloves.

Their turns came in strict order and when Lindsay was one before the next she began to get nervous. Her hands felt moist and when she was finally summoned with her application blank to follow the girl into the inner office, her knees felt suddenly weak.

But once in there opposite Gertrude Weiss herself she suddenly began to take an interest in the whole proceeding.

Then Miss Weiss began to ask questions. What kind of a job did she prefer? Did she know stenography? What would she take? Did she live at home? Did she have some money in reserve? Then she flipped rapidly through a wooden file-box in which there were divisions of cards of different colors.

Miss Weiss shook her head. She answered the telephone and talked into a silencer which fitted directly around her mouth so that Lindsay couldn't hear a word of what she was saying. A pencil traced a few notes on a white memorandum pad and then drew a series of squares and circles.

"Now I wonder if that was a job."

But Miss Weiss said briskly, "Thank you. We'll let you know if anything turns up and would you take this card back to the girl at the desk?"

Lindsay glanced down at it and saw scrawled in the corner where a blank had been left. "Modish, keen, interesting."

Her momentary disappointment, although she had really expected nothing of this first interview was dulled a little and she smiled as she put the card on the desk. Then she glanced at the stiff row of girls and hoped

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briefly that they would find the jobs they were looking for even if she hadn't. She closed the door behind her and started to push the down bell for the elevator when she noticed a printed sign, "Visitors to the employment agency will please walk down the stairs."

It was nearly eleven and once out in the bright sunny air with traffic and business flowing around her Lindsay was hungry. She was tempted to stop for lunch, but remembered Poppy's advice to get in all the agencies she could in the morning.

By two o'clock she was ravenous, discouraged, footsore and grubby. She would go home, take a hot tub and get dressed and enjoy the anticipation of haying Rufus call for her.

WHEN she reached home she found it dismal and forlorn without Poppy and she flopped down on the bed for a moment. Then she went to the telephone and called Poppy's number.

Poppy's voice was cheerful. "Never mind, darling, go take your hot tub and you'll feel better. Don't let it get you down. You've only been at this a day. Go and have a nice time with Rufus . . . only don't fall in love with him. You might get hurt."

It was some time after Rufus had rung the bell that he finally dropped the little brass knocker outside of Lindsay's door.

"Goodness," he said, whipping out a handkerchief. "I'd forgotten that Poppy lived up so high."

He sat down in a chair by the window. Lindsay in the mirror saw him look at her appraisingly. Funny how Rufus just by looking at her made her heart jump a little. Wonder why he was so tied up with Julia. Well, she supposed one just fell in love. Who it was couldn't be helped. But certainly it would do no harm to go around with him sometimes.

"I was thinking," said Rufe slowly, "that perhaps you'd seen enough of New York to-day. Why don't we do something that would make us feel elegant and prosperous, like tea at a good hotel?"

So that was where they went. It was very quiet. Very dignified and calming. There was a green carpeted floor like moss-green grass, and tables with snowy cloths that reached to the floor. There was a heavy silver tea-service and the fragrance of fresh flowers. Smartly gowned women rustled in and out and she could hear soft music somewhere in the background. Rufus sat looking at the menu as she said:

"Job-hunting is messy. It makes you doubt the value of yourself. You begin to believe if you're not worth being hired, maybe you're not as good as you think you are. Anyhow, some sort of debasing psychology gets started and grows and grows as you get tired until by the time you're through, your spirits are very low. But now I feel quite like the person I was before I started the day's work."

Rufus smiled and said, "You promised me the story of your life yesterday. I've been looking forward to it all day."

"I'm well versed in it to-day. I've written my age, background and education down so many times. But if you really want it I'll begin with mother and Aunt Spiddy. They came from Vermont and father came from a little town you probably never heard of. Father is a lawyer. This winter, since mother isn't very well they've gone on a cruise. I was sent down here to stay with Aunt Spiddy and just barely escaped being with her all winter. I have a sneaking suspicion that she is just as glad to escape as I am . . . and yet she is a dear, of course."

"Of course," agreed Rufus with a smile. "And now about yourself?"

Lindsay smiled back at him. "Well, I grew and went to school and high school. Then a year away at boarding school and four years at University. And it seems years ago, although it was only last June, that we all gathered forget-me-nots along the brook and made great bunches of them and went through that hot commencement teary-eyed, knowing that one phase of our life was ended. And on every hand we were told that we were the new generation, that the management of things was soon to be in our hands, and that we were at last done and finished with education and were on the threshold of life. And the thought of the vastness of years which stretched out ahead of us was rather terrifying. We all knew that never again would things be the same . . . and they haven't . . . and here I am down in the city with Poppy."

Rufus sat thoughtfully. "And you've left out probably the most important things in your life. The first time you were kissed by the boy next door, and the boy who came to your graduation dance and so on. Weren't any of them important?"

Lindsay felt color on her smooth cheeks. "I guess they couldn't have been. Not very. I mean I don't even remember their last names."

"But isn't there any man in your life at all, now?"

Lindsay smiled. "No. Not really."

Rufus sighed. "I wish I were ten years younger." He shook his head thoughtfully. "My life didn't run as smoothly as all that. Mother died when I was little. Then father. Then the war came. Of course I didn't get over. I was just too young for anything but a training camp. So that there was scarcely college at all; I mean coming back and finishing up very quickly and soberly without any of the fun you usually have. I took a few special courses in forestry and became interested in experiments to save the trees on the farm. And now the worry. The war and the depression make for a sober and serious background. I have a feeling I'd like to go back somewhere and laugh a little. Catch up on something I've missed. I don't just know what it is . . . but it's something you have, Lindsay, my dear. Something as heart-warming as sunshine on a cold winter's day."

Lindsay sat quiet. He went on with his strange talk. There were things that Rufus had left out that were as poignantly revealing as the things he said. Some of his chance remarks had a way of making her heart leap. She had a strange feeling that he wasn't very happy over Julia. At last she glanced at her watch and sighed. "I guess I'll have to go."

"Yes. I promised Julia to take her to dinner. But let's do this again, shall we? We haven't even begun on New York."

"I WONDER," thought Lindsay on Wednesday, "if this is a sample of what life with Poppy is going to be. I came Saturday, went to a party that night, a breakfast party and a tea on Sunday, tea on Monday, and the theatre at night, and since then I've interviewed," her pencil skipped rapidly over the names in her black notebook, "exactly forty-eight people. And, when, I wonder, will I get a job?"

It was, as a matter of fact, just ten days later when she scratched her name from the list of the unemployed. The excitement began with the finding of a letter in the mailbox. It informed her that Tom Groody, of the Adventure Guild Monthly, had received her application for a position, and would be interested in seeing her at 2 o'clock.

Lindsay rushed upstairs and called Poppy, who squealed in delight and began to tell her what not to do.

"But Poppy, the thing is that I can't remember what the job is . . . I've applied for so many!"

"It must be the one that wanted an editorial assistant. But, anyway, get all rested and look simply wonderful and don't let your spirits get dashed if he turns you down."

The hands of the big clock above the elevator pointed at exactly two as Lindsay tripped down the hall until she came to a door marked Adventure Fiction Guild. Here she knocked timidly, and when there was no reply she opened the door and went in. She found herself in a small waiting-room crowded with massive furniture. A mission table stood in the centre of the room surrounded by large leather-covered chairs. Huge ashtrays stood conspicuously about. Around the walls were sectional bookcases. And scattered on the table were any number of luridly-colored magazines. At the sound of the door a tall blonde woman came out of one of the adjoining offices.

"I have an appointment with Mr. Groody at two."

"Oh, yes, you're Miss Abbott, then?" She smiled and withdrew. A few moments later she reappeared and said, "You may go in, now."

Mr. Groody sat before a desk. He had a snow-white moustache, and a purplish mole on his nose. His white hair was parted thinly in the middle, and hung straggling behind his ears. He held a nicotine-stained ivory cigarette-holder which trembled so violently that he spilled ashes on the front of his vest. He motioned Lindsay to a chair in front of his desk with her back to the window, but he kept on writing with a trembling hand on scraps of yellow paper. Then he rang a bell. The tall blonde woman appeared, listened to directions and went away again. No sooner had she gone than he remembered something else and again pressed his finger on the bell. He thrust a sheaf of papers in her hand and with a motion that swept the business of the day clearly from his desk, turned to Lindsay and said:

"You're Miss Abbott who answered the advertisement in the Sunday paper for an editorial assistant?"

"Yes."

"Hm. A very nice letter. I gathered you have had no experience."

"Only what I wrote in the letter. Quite a little experience in college with make-up and editorial work. If that counts."

"Not very much. I suppose you can type?"

"Yes. Quite accurately, and fast."

"Well, you'll have about fifty manuscripts on your desk every morning, and two magazines to make each month. You'll have to write the columns in the back and handle the correspondence with readers as well as authors. There'll be serials to select, too—largely reprints."

"What is the magazine?"

"Miss Langham does 'Tropical Nights,' and you'll do 'Lasso' for awhile. Two issues a month. It's a western. I'm thinking of doing some detective fiction, too. We'll see how you get along."

Lindsay was suddenly aghast. "But I don't know anything about the West."

Mr. Groody had become suddenly gay and playful. "Oh, that's all right, my dear. I'm sure you'll get along. The salary'll be fifteen dollars a week for three weeks, and if you make good I'll raise you

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five a week. Eventually you'll get a really fine salary. Miss Langsam gets almost fifty now." He chuckled. "But it took her quite a while to do it."

"When will I begin?"

"On Monday. I suppose that's as good a time as any. Monday morning and you might talk with Miss Langsam. She'll show you the ropes."

Lindsay rose to go. But Mr. Groody with his trembling hand stopped her. "About the salary. I only meant if you were worth it."

Lindsay laughed. "I knew that, of course. I hope I will be." Once out in the street she felt an increasing lightness of heart. She stopped and bought a gardenia with a silver ribbon from a vendor who smiled and offered her conveniently a black-headed pin. Lindsay buried her nose in the centre-petals of the flower which held still sprinkled drops of dew, cool and transparent, and pinned it on her coat. And walking a few blocks further with no particular direction in mind she stopped still in front of a department-store window. There on a figure in the centre of a show-window was a dress so lovely she caught her breath. After a brief struggle with herself she went inside. The fit was perfect. It seemed to have been made for her. So she bought it. She had just come out, feeling guilty but glowing, when she ran directly into Toby, with a brief-case under his arm.

"You look," said Toby, "as if you had just found out why the sun rises and the moon sets."

"Well," laughed Lindsay, "I've got a job and bought a dress. The dress cost three times as much as my first week's salary and I've only the price of a chocolate soda left."

"And I," said Toby, "have just wangled a ten-thousand line contract for mayonnaise out of a concern that's refused to advertise in our paper for three years."

He stopped and lit a cigarette. "I think this calls for a celebration. Our meeting like this must have been arranged by the fates."

"Well, you'd better wait until I go over to Aunt Spiddy's and get a check cashed."

"And then we'll go to a movie and have dinner," said Toby looking at his watch. Toby slipped his arm in hers as they walked along.

When they arrived at their destination, Toby read the neat lettering on the window "Experience Abbott, Interior Decorator." The shop was empty. The bell tinkled as they opened the door and went down a step. Aunt Spiddy came in from the rear to greet them. In the workroom there were signs of feverish activity. Machines were humming and Christy Morris, Aunt Spiddy's unofficial partner, was waist-deep in a sea of organdie ruffles.

Lindsay said, "Hello, this is Toby and I've come to cash a cheque. But I've got a job."

Aunt Spiddy said, "You haven't! One thing at a time. Sit down. We were having tea to fortify ourselves against some draperies. And, Toby, this is Christy Morris."

Aunt Spiddy pushed aside a litter of brocade on the worktable, found two more cups, and poured hot water out of the brass tea-kettle. The tea-bags had little pasteboard tags on the end of the strings, and there was the sharp smell of lemon. And just then the bell tinkled again and Aunt Spiddy had to go out to look after a customer.

Then after a little, when Lindsay had told Aunt Spiddy breathlessly about her job and cashed her cheque, they went out.

Lindsay and Toby went to a movie, and then they had dinner in a smart restaurant with soft-footed waiters and indistinct music.

"Lobster thermidor," said Lindsay, "is my very favorite food."

"And you," said Toby, "are my favorite girl. Do you know I've never met anyone quite like you?"

"Toby, you arouse my curiosity. Why am I so different?"

"I don't know. I never met anyone I couldn't stop thinking about before. I mean I think of you when I wake up in the morning and when I go to bed at night. You're beautiful and mind-filling and heart-filling and lovely. And I love you." His voice sank lower as he finished.

"Oh, dear," sighed Lindsay, "I thought we were going to be good friends and now this spoils it all."

"I'm serious about it, Lindsay. I love you so much I can't bear to have anybody else look at you! I want to give you everything I possess. I really wangled this account to-day because of you. I kept thinking how glad you'd be if I did, and how I needed a really good job so that . . . well, some day I could ask you to marry me . . . if you would have me."

"Toby, darling," said Lindsay softly. "You've known me such a short while. How can you really mean what you are saying?"

Toby looked into her eyes. "But, Lindsay, dear, don't you feel anything when you're with me? Can't you see it's different between us?"

Lindsay sighed. "Every relationship is different. I feel excited when I go out with you because you're sweet and I know you like me . . . and that's fun, of course. But, Toby, I didn't realize. It's been fun to-night. I'm feeling especially gay because I've got a job and a new dress, but I'm afraid I don't love you."

Toby drew a long breath. "Well, I'll make you, Lindsay Abbott. You're going to marry me, some day."

It was almost eleven when they reached the girl's apartment. Poppy was sitting on the couch in her bathrobe reading under the light of a bridge lamp. A plate with a fork on it was on the window-sill.

"You got your own dinner?" asked Lindsay.

"Oh, I wasn't very hungry. I opened a can of beans. I've been wondering about your job."

Lindsay sat down on the edge of the couch. "Well, I got it. The salary isn't much, but it sounded as if there was a chance for a raise. And Toby got his mayonnaise contract!"

Poppy had avoided looking at Toby, but now she smiled at him. "Toby, I was so worried. I kept calling your desk, but they said you were still out."

"It was your presentation that did the work. It was simply marvellous."

Lindsay remembered something. "Was that what you've been doing all these evenings?"

Poppy nodded, and Toby said:

"I hardly had to say a word. There were the facts in black and white. All I had to do was to open that folder and point out the data you had put together and show him those letters. It was a fine job, Poppy."

Poppy closed her book. "Well, that's that, anyway. Business seems to be looking up all round. If you two don't mind, I guess I'll get ready for bed. There's an early meeting to-morrow. Toby, there's some beer on the window-sill and some ginger-ale for Lindsay."

Lindsay was watching her with troubled eyes. "You're not feeling ill or anything, are you, Poppy?"

"No. Just low and a little tired. All I need is a good night's sleep."

When Toby left he drew Lindsay outside the door into the hall. "Remember what I said?"

Lindsay said soberly, "Toby, I don't think I ought to go out with you any more. I mean it isn't fair because I don't feel the way you do."

"Listen, Lindsay, I'm crazy about you."

He leaned over and kissed her suddenly.

"Toby, honestly, you mustn't do that. You simply mustn't. Now, everything's different between us. Please, I mean it."

Toby stood there looking at her in the dim light of the hall.

"All right," he said.

Lindsay came inside with her face flushed and her light hair rumpled. Poppy looked at her and then went into the bathroom and closed the door. Lindsay heard the sound of a tub running. Later when they were both in bed Lindsay heard a strange noise. She got up.

"I thought I heard a radiator or something."

It was a moment before Poppy's voice came muffled from the bedside. "You're not used to street noises yet."

"That's it, probably," said Lindsay and went back to bed.

After Lindsay was asleep, Poppy got up, slipped on her bathrobe and sat for a long time in front of the window where the street light shone in whitely on the floor like synthetic moonlight. She sat there quietly and smoked a cigarette. Then she crushed it out on the window-sill and climbed back into bed.

THE office of Lasso was empty although a hat and coat hung on the rack when Lindsay appeared on Monday morning at five minutes to nine. Covers were on the typewriters and sunshine streamed through the window lighting up a layer of dust. Lindsay stood uncertainly in the anteroom, and then took off her coat and hung it on the oak hat-tree with brass hooks.

The door opened and Miss Langsam walked in. "Oh, I'm so sorry to have kept you waiting. I unlocked the door and then went down the hall to put my hair up again. I was in such a hurry this morning. Well, Miss Abbott, this is your desk and your typewriter . . . and let's see, oh yes," she sorted rapidly through the pile of mail on the centre table. "Here's the mail for Lasso. Thank goodness, you're here to look after it. I've been nearly crazy doing Tropical Nights and Lasso, too. I stocked your desk Saturday so we wouldn't have to delay this morning. You'll find the typewriter paper, carbons, second sheets, stationery in here. And this drawer for clips and pencils. The stamps are in the petty cash box over there, but you'd better ask me for what you want. And if you need anything more, rubber bands, erasers, let me know, and I'll get it from the stockroom in the hall. Here's the printing schedule for Lasso. And you know of course, you have to mail six copies to the Library of Congress and six more to England. That's for the copyright. And put your bag and gloves in the second drawer."

Lindsay, a little bewildered, pulled out her desk-chair and still watched Miss Langsam who rushed busily around the room, turning on radiators, slamming drawers and generally getting the business of the day started. She noticed the dust on her chair and started to use her handkerchief.

Miss Langsam stopped her. "There's a duster in the bottom drawer."

Lindsay dusted the chair and the desk-top thoroughly and then moved the typewriter on its iron tripod nearer the desk.

"When you're through with it you can put it over there in the corner. I suppose you've been through Lasso. If you have you know the various types and two serials... frankly you don't have as much variety as I do in Tropical Nights. Now I can take stories with almost any kind of plot so long as the setting is tropical... love, adventure, or even detective. I always have one lost jewel or something in it. The Green Emerald or something like that. And I suppose you know about fitting in the stories so that you don't run over the pages and putting in the advertising in back. You'll have trouble at first, of course, and I think the Old-Timer wants some new stuff in the back. Current Events in the Rodeo and letters from Cowboys. You'll have to do that. Well, you might as well begin on your mail."

Mr. Groody came in at about ten. He nodded good-morning, hung up his hat and coat and went into the inner office. A smell of cigarette smoke wafted over the partition, and Miss Langsam was kept busy with the little switchboard at her elbow pushing in and pulling out the plugs when the light showed red. Every once in a while she looked at Lindsay and an exasperated smile would cross her face. In answer to a summons a shoe-shine boy came in the door and went in to the Old-Timer. It was then that the bell rang on Lindsay's desk and she jumped, not knowing where it had come from.

"Miss Abbott," said the Old-Timer, "Miss Abbott."

"He wants you in there," said Miss Langsam.

Lindsay went into the office. Mr. Groody sat there one foot resting on the shoe-box while a boy bent over it with a polishing rag.

"How're you getting on?"

"Well, I'm finding where things are, and going over manuscripts."

"Um, Miss Langsam will keep an eye on you for a week and tell you what to do. And I'd like a layout for the stuff in the back of the book. Well, maybe you'd better pick out about five stories from the stuff to-day and use two reprints, one new serial and there's a serial running. You know about writing the story descriptions under the title and the synopsis of the serial. Well, all right. Write a report of the stories you pick out, cut up your serial, and I'll go over it this afternoon. All right." He punched a bell. "Miss Langsam, Miss Langsam!"

Lindsay went back to her desk, settled herself comfortably and began to read. About eleven Mr. Groody went out, leaving the office in peace and quiet with its smell of hot steam from the radiators, an ink-smell from the paper, combined with a paste that Miss Langsam was energetically using as she cut up a serial with a large pair of scissors. Lindsay's face was flushed. Before her eyes dashed bucking bronchos. Young men in chaps and sombreros. There were bad hombres and cattle thieves and the smoke and powder from the firing of many guns. There was the inevitable tussle in the saloon. There was the Bar-X Ranch. And the Lone Cowboy. There was a red and yellow western sunset and a cowboy riding into the West. There was the desert, and the gulch, and the mesa and the ravine. There were the Mexicans and ranchers' daughters and the ubiquitous school-teachers. With a wrenching of her mind

she lifted her head to hear what Miss Langsam was saying.

"I said, did you want to take your lunch hour at twelve or one?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter."

"Well, then, I'll go at one and you go now. And don't stay longer than an hour. Here's a towel and I'd advise you to bring your own soap. We keep it in that cupboard up there."

The afternoon was a repetition of the morning except that the business of the day was accelerated with messenger boys, telephone calls, cover artists and people to see Mr. Groody who had still not come back from lunch.

When she reached home Poppy was waiting for her with a cup of tea.

"How in the world," exclaimed Lindsay, taking off her coat and flopping down on the bed, "do people ever live and work in offices the whole year round, with just two measly weeks off for vacation. I think I'd positively die if I thought that was all there was to life. I mean, it seems so futile to work all the best hours of the day to get money to eat and sleep when none of that is any fun if you haven't any time to spend it."

"I know," said Poppy. "All of us feel that way sometimes. Days come when I wish I could be a human being once more. Just do the things I want to for one whole day. Just not go to the office, and read in bed and take time off for a long facial and go bouncing around shopping. But it isn't that way always, of course. There are ambitions and things to work for and things to be accomplished and all that. You haven't gotten into that yet. I expect you'll feel a certain sense of satisfaction when you've turned out one magazine."

Lindsay shuddered. "That awful, awful magazine with the terrible cover. Poppy, how could you? I feel so degraded. I mean there isn't anything you can feel about it, except to wrap it up in an envelope for fear people will think you actually read it. And imagine what mother and dad will say!"

Poppy said, "Well, drink your tea and forget it for a while. Toby said there was a good movie on at The Grand. He wants us to go with him."

"Tell Toby I'm too tired."

Poppy looked out of the window. "Well, just as you say. But I think it would do you good."

In the end Lindsay went, and felt better.

OCTOBER and November flew by in more or less of a pattern. Even the explosions of the Old-Timer at "Lasso" became routine punctuations of feverishly busy days. In the evening there were Poppy and Toby, occasionally Rufus and the others.

One cold night when the hint of winter in the air threatened to become a reality, Poppy, Toby and Lindsay took a taxi home. On the way upstairs they heard the phone ringing. Poppy tried to answer it, but was so breathless after the stairs that she couldn't say hello. It was Lindsay who took the receiver from her hand and answered. Suddenly her heart gave a little leap.

"It's Rufus," she said, turning to Poppy. "He probably wants to talk to you, anyway," said Poppy, throwing off her coat.

"I've been trying to get you all the evening. How about you all coming out to the farm for the week-end for some skating and some of Nettie Raymond's cooking? Oh, I mean Poppy and Toby and you."

Lindsay turned to the others. Her eyes were shining. "I don't know any reason why we can't do you? He says he'll take us out in the car if we don't mind antiques."

The following Thursday night Poppy and Lindsay were packing their bags.

"I've got to do six fashion ads and one school ad before I can light out to-morrow night. All that for a miserable Saturday morning off. How did you manage?"

"By working late a couple of nights and putting 'Lasso' to bed a day early. Why should I have to work so hard? I type more than thirty pages every day of my life, besides all the other work I do."

"Because," said Poppy sweetly, "you're being paid for it. Don't grumble. Be thankful you've got a job at all."

"Oh, I am," said Lindsay. "I'm thankful every minute. And when I got my first pay cheque it just seemed as if I couldn't take it. It didn't seem to me that I'd done anything to deserve that money."

THE next morning the two girls with their overnight cases stopped with suppressed excitement at the corner cafe for breakfast.

"I guess," said Lindsay, "I'll have breakfast number four. Might as well eat now because I won't have time for lunch. Bacon and eggs and toast and coffee."

"My grandmother used to say nothing stays by you any better than oatmeal," said Poppy. "Breakfast number three for me."

"I feel the way I used to be before going home for Christmas vacation."

At a quarter to five Lindsay began looking at the clock. Now that the time had so nearly arrived she couldn't do any more work. At five to she took her towel and went down the hall to powder her nose and wash the ink stains off her newly manicured fingernails. And at five o'clock Lindsay said good-bye to Miss Langsam and shut the office door behind her. It seemed to her that all the office doors were opening and disgorging lines of people like lines of ants, the lines converging at the elevator and the elevators disgorging more people to become more scurrying lines out into the lobby and into the street already flowing with the five o'clock rush. A long black river of people made up of thousands of tiny atoms, each an individuality intent, oh, terribly intent, on getting some place.

But there in the lobby was Rufus, scanning the faces as the elevator doors opened. His face lighted up as he caught sight of Lindsay. He rushed forward, took her bag and propelled her by the elbow.

"I had to park around the corner. Poppy and Toby are there. Come on now. I want to get started."

Rufus' car was an ancient touring car. He had put on the side curtains to keep out the wind. Toby and Poppy were securely tucked in with fur robes and in front of them in the ample floor space rested cartons of groceries, suitcases and miscellaneous packages.

"Now if I don't say anything until we get out of the city," said Rufus, leaning over and tucking a robe around her feet, "it's on account of the traffic."

There was an hilarious gaiety in the back seat as they wound their way out of the city. They passed through Yonkers and into the Parkway. A few oaks clung to their russet leaves while other trees stood leafless waving their naked arms to the grey sky. Darkness came on slowly and there was a smell of winter in the wind. Here and there lighted orange windows shone along the white fences of the roadway which gleamed from the headlights of cars. After a few miles Rufus drew up in a gravel driveway at a stone-terraced inn and said, "Here's where we stop for tea. We need something hot."

They stamped up the stone steps into a spacious room warm with a lighted fire, where groups of people sat at small tables.

The tables were of rubbed oak set with white squares of napkins and deep blue water-glasses. The candlesticks were brass and Quimper bowls held loaf sugar.

Six months later Lindsay remembered every detail as something that had happened in her remote past before she had had really any experience with life.

Rufus was thinking that he had never seen anyone so full of youth and wonder and eagerness as Lindsay Abbott. There was something saddening and even frightening about it. She was so lovely and so young and knew so little of the things that would be likely to hurt her. She was a lovely child and that was that. He wondered if Toby . . . well, Toby was a nice chap.

He was glad that Julia had chosen to drive out alone in her roadster. She might even be there now.

WHEN they had spread innumerable English muffins with marmalade, and eaten small towers of whipped cream pastry, and had two cups of tea apiece, Rufus looked at his watch and said: "We'd best be starting. I've been getting nervous seeing all that stream of traffic driving past."

For a little while after they started on Lindsay was talkative and then the air made her drowsy. There had been nothing but silence in the back seat, and once she had looked up into the driving-mirror to meet Rufus' eyes looking into her own, and to catch, at the same time, a dark glance at Toby with his arms around Poppy, all curled up in the rear rug. Passing cars aroused a wild wind as they whizzed by. The curtains in the back flapped a little, and there was the hum of the motor. As they swept through a brightly lighted village she sat up straight again and asked how much farther it was.

It was not, Rufus said, much farther. Ten miles and they would be at his driveway.

As they turned in the driveway and went down a long lane, Lindsay could see at the end of it the dark outline of a great house. They had not gone more than half the length of the lane when a door slammed and someone was on the back porch swinging a lantern.

"Hi . . . Johnny . . ." called Rufus. "Got some groceries for you. Unload, man. And here, Johnny, give a hand with the suitcases." Lindsay was stiff with cold and jumped down into Rufus' arms. "Now be careful, everybody, there's a little hill up to the porch, and then a high step, and, Johnny, your lantern! Let's get these people in the house and warm them up. Don't stumble, there."

It was dark and strange, feeling your way along and seeing as real only the little lighted spot cast by the lantern. The next morning in daylight it seemed to Lindsay curious that she had found it confusing, but there in the dark you couldn't see whether the next step was up or down. Presently they were in the hall where on a three-legged table stood a white-shaded kerosene lamp. The next room was bright and a blazing fire crackled in the old fireplace. Julia, tall and slim, arose when they came in, and held out both her hands to Rufus.

"I thought you'd never get here," she said. "Dinner's been ready for hours. Did the antique break down?"

Lindsay saw Rufus' face light up at the sight of Julia. She watched him go to Julia, hesitating as if he would have kissed her, had the others not been there. Then he said, "We stopped for tea."

"I fixed myself a cocktail," said Julia. "And I told Johnny to get a tray ready

when you came in. But if you've had tea . . . perhaps . . ."

"Tea," said Rufus, "was hours ago. Dump your things down, children," as Johnny Raymond pushed open the door, "and then we'll take you up to your rooms."

The room was small and low-ceilinged, with ancient wallpaper which in some places was stained dark brown where rains had come in under the eaves. Some of the furniture was very old, but much of it was of the Victorian era. A conglomerate room, thought Lindsay, with unpretentious charm.

They went up to change for dinner, which sent an appetising smell of roasting meat up the back stairs. Lindsay and Poppy shared a room under the eaves with a slanting ceiling. It contained an old wooden bed with a high headboard and a black walnut bureau with a marble top. "But," said Rufus grandly, throwing open a little door, "every guest has a private bathroom. We may not have electricity but we certainly have running water and plenty of it is hot. While I was putting in bathrooms I thought I'd do a very good job so that when I'm able to do the rest of the house over I will have that out of the way. It's probably the cart before the horse, but . . ."

Lindsay and Poppy stood astonished at the completely modern bathroom which they saw.

At dinner Julia sat opposite Rufus and the candle-light touched the edges of her smooth and shining black hair and fell on her face, lighting it with an unreal beauty. Some of the dishes and glassware were old and lovely, and some were terribly cheap. But it was a delicious if exceedingly simple meal. Lindsay sat opposite the swing door where she caught glimpses of Nettie, Johnny Raymond's wife presiding over the tureens and vegetable dishes in the kitchen. Johnny Raymond served in a short white coat, and they were all frightfully hungry and ate like starved wild animals.

When they rose from the table, Julia leaned over, put her hand back of the candles and blew them out and there was the smell of burning tallow trailing in a thin blue wisp through the air. In the front room again, already on a low table was a massive silver tray with a silver coffee pot and china cups in silver holders. Julia took her place on the sofa behind the table and asked Poppy, "Cream? Sugar?" And Lindsay sat back with her hands clasped over her knees and wondered about the strange relationship between Rufus and Julia. Why didn't they marry if they were so crazy about each other? And Julia, even now, showed in so many possessive ways the fact that she felt herself, indeed, to be mistress of the house.

They played a desultory game of anagrams on the card table, but finally they were all so sleepy it wasn't any use. And Toby who had scarcely said a word since he had arrived, finally ran his hand through his hair and covered an enormous yawn.

"There's something about this place," he said, "that makes me sleepy. I vote for bed."

Poppy sighed. "Oh, for a grand sleep to-morrow morning."

"I'll be up early," said Rufus, "anybody want a walk before breakfast?"

Lindsay's eyes sparkled. "I'd love it."

Julia sighed. "Rufus, your early-morning energy is the most plebeian thing about you. Anybody who is anybody never gets up until noon."

"It's my farmer forebears."

When the others had gone upstairs Rufus came over and sat beside Julia on the

couch. He took her hands in his and then kissed her.

FOR Lindsay the high spot of the week-end was the ramble with Rufus over the bleak hills. Rufus cut stout sticks for them and they climbed the hard, frozen road up the hill into the woods, the ground carpeted with crumpled dried leaves. They walked up past Johnny Raymond's tenant house to the spring where they found deer-tracks in the black, leafy mud. And they climbed another hill at the top of which they stopped and looked breathlessly back at the view of the river.

Rufus found a sheltered rock which had been warmed by the scanty morning sun, spread his coat for Lindsay and they sat down. Lindsay clasped her hands over her knees and watched a breeze lift a lock of his hair, watched him digging grass-roots at the base of the rock with his walking-stick. But for a time neither of them spoke. Finally he said:

"A penny."

"Hardly a penny's worth of thoughts, Rufus. I was thinking that the morning has sweet hours in it, and it smells nicer than any other time of day, and that a person owes it to himself, just as a matter of viewpoint, to get up high now and then, to think. That maybe if we could all see enough natural beauty around us, we could forget animalities . . . oh it makes all the things that happen down in the city seem so trivial and unimportant."

Rufus felt in his pocket. He handed her a silver coin. "That," he said, "was worth much more than a penny."

Lindsay smiled. "Now you tell me yours and I'll see whether you get this back again."

"If you had felt any other way or said anything else, I think I would have been disappointed. I was thinking several things. That I had never walked with anyone before, a girl, I mean, when it was quite unnecessary to talk. Do you know we've hardly spoken this morning?"

"Yes," said Lindsay thinking back "but I didn't realise it until now."

Rufus went on. "I've never shared this rock or this hill with anyone but you. I've day-dreamed hours away at this place, so that the very shape of that tree over there holds something of myself. Hope, anxiety, worry, and the thoughts inside that are real and honest."

Lindsay hesitated. Then she handed Rufus back his coin. "You deserve two of them," she said. "That's one of the nicest things anyone ever said to me."

"I used to come up here and think about my mother," Rufus continued. "She died when I was a year old, so of course I don't remember her. There were three pictures of her, one taken when she was about ten, and one when she graduated from High School, and one when she was married to my father. The one I liked best was the little-girl picture. I probably wanted someone to play with. Then my father died and I lived here with Uncle Amos and Uncle Tom."

"But weren't there any women to look after you?"

"Oh yes, Nettie Raymond washed my clothes and saw that my ears were clean, and all that sort of thing. Uncle James went to town and started a store and made quite a lot of money selling hemp cord. It's a good thing he did, or there wouldn't be a Haydon living on the farm now."

Lindsay got up. "Rufus, you've been a darling to bring me up here. I've enjoyed

It more than anything else that's ever happened to me."

Rufus took her hand. "You can't mean that?" he asked her. "No small talk allowed up here."

Lindsay looked into Rufus' level eyes. "But I do mean it. Rufus, and I feel as if I had known you longer and better than any one in my whole life."

"That pleases me," said Rufus.

They scrambled down the frozen wood road hand in hand, so that Lindsay wouldn't fall or catch her foot in a hidden root. They were breathless and laughing when they came to the fields and walked more slowly. Lindsay looked back at the thick green woods and asked: "How big is that, anyway?"

"It's deep and wilder than you'd believe. The Alexanders across the hill lost one of their prize cows in there, and we never found her again, although we looked for days. We never even found her skeleton."

Lindsay shivered. "I never dreamed there could be a place like that so near the city."

"There wasn't so much of it in the beginning, although some parts of the farm have never been cut over. But the last of the Haydens was discouraged with the rocks and the angle of the slope and let it grow up to trees. That's where I do most of my experimenting with the needle blight."

"Rufe, have we time to see the nursery before breakfast?"

Rufe looked at her with surprise. "You mean you want to see it? You're not just asking because you think I'd like to show it to you?"

"Why no, Rufe, I really would."

"Well, come then." The air in the greenhouses, one set at right angles and adjoining the other, was moist and sweet-smelling. A kind of warmth seemed to come up from the rows of dirtboxes filled with tiny blotches of green which would some day become Norway spruces and white pines and hemlocks.

Rufus took her down the aisles of the greenhouses into the "Insectary" where eggs, caterpillars, and cocoons were all isolated in maulin cages.

"Aren't you even a little bit creepy?" asked Rufus.

"No. I think it's fascinating. I wish you'd tell me more about it."

"I will, when I can't look out this window and see Nettie Raymond in the kitchen flipping a sausage. There's just one more room and then we'll go. This is where I do my real work," he said with a loving glance around. "It used to be a woodshed."

"It looks a little like a laboratory with that desk piled with papers."

"Isn't that just like a woman to notice the one disorderly spot?"

"I don't wonder that you like it. I think I could work here myself in front of that window."

Rufus sat on a table and his muddy shoes swung back and forth. He turned the cap in his hands round and round. "Sometimes I wonder," he said slowly, "if it's worth all the back-breaking struggle. Sometimes I think it's useless. It doesn't produce a thing except trouble and taxes. But it just seems to me I can't let it go. I'd be breaking faith with all that grim lot of Haydens who scrimped and slaved and put every ounce of themselves into this land. And I feel if I let one piece go I'd be letting it crumble around the edges."

"I'm not so sure, Rufe."

He took her by the hand as he jumped

down. "I've got one more exhibit. Nettie Raymond and the women before her wanted the spring piped to the house. Before that the water was carried. Finally the Haydens got around it . . . but look . . . here's the end of the pipe, ten feet from the kitchen door!"

"But why?"

"If they brought it way into the kitchen it would have taken quite a lot more pipe, quite a few feet after the mile or so they had to lay from the spring."

"Thrifty, weren't they?"

"Thrifty and dour. Look, Johnny Raymond's just coming out to ring the bell for us."

It was a short walk from the greenhouses to the side door. Long sharp-bladed grasses were covered with thick frost and lay flat on the frozen yellow ground. In the driveway were the frozen impressions of horses' hoofs, the tread of a tyre, in which were small pools of water frozen to thin bubbles of ice. As they entered the kitchen door Nettie was bending over the stove, which was glowing with red eyes and sending out a savory smell of burning birch wood. Johnny came through the swing door from the dining-room with a tray of dirty dishes.

"We're late," said Rufus.

"Oh, dear. And I'm so hungry."

The others were already at the table as they went through into the dining-room.

"I didn't expect to find you up so soon," Rufus smiled at Julia.

Julia pulled her quilted bathrobe a little closer. "Did you have a good walk?"

Lindsay thought suddenly that Julia's lipstick was too red for morning. She was suddenly conscious of the flush on her own cheek whipped in by the cold morning air. She pushed back a lock of hair and wondered if she looked terrible and if she ought to go upstairs and powder her nose.

"Oh, Rufe," said Julia. "There was a mouse in my room last night. It kept me awake all night jumping in and out of the waste basket and rustling the tissue paper until I thought I'd go crazy. I won't sleep there to-night, Rufus, unless you find the hole and plug it up."

"I'm sorry," said Rufus gently, "what's for breakfast?"

"Pancakes," said Toby. "Sausages, biscuits, and honey and apple sauce. Golly!"

"Johnny," said Julia. "You've forgotten my egg. Two minutes and a half. And I wanted my orange cut up. Not juice."

"Yes, Miss Julia," said Johnny as he took away the glass of orange juice.

Rufus lifted the platter of sausages and passed them to Lindsay, who sat on his right. "And these, my dear, came from the Alexander farm. Gwen and Terry have gone into farming. They have blooded Jersey cows and a real garden. I think these are some of their last year's little pigs."

Julia gave a little scream. "Rufe, what an unlovely idea. No, I don't care for any."

Lindsay thought, "Julia doesn't like any of us and me mostly because she thinks I like Rufus. Well, maybe I do." And she defiantly speared another sausage.

Poppy sighed. "I don't see how in the world I can ever eat another thing."

Rufus laughed. "After you've been hiking or skating or horseback riding, I'd like to face you with one of Nettie's dinners and see your reaction. By the way, do you want to skate or ride? Speaking of riding, here comes John Alexander."

Lindsay looked out of the window and saw a man on a horse come clattering down the hill and up to the low porch at the side

door. Rufus went to the door and called to him.

"Come in and have a cup of coffee."

A lean young man in riding breeches jumped down from his horse.

"Poppy Cartwright, Lindsay Abbott and Tom Tobin, this is John Alexander." John came in. He greeted Julia like an old friend.

"How about a treasure hunt to-night at our house? The clues are ready and Gwen and Terry want you all to come."

Julia took a deep breath. "I know it's going to snow," she said, "I thought I'd go to town this afternoon. I don't want to get caught in a snowstorm out here."

John squinted at the sky outside. "On my word of honor, it's not going to snow. And it wouldn't be much of a party without you."

Julia smiled. "Well, if you'll make the weather man promise to hold back the storm."

"It's a bargain. And wear old clothes. Don't get dressed up because you'll be going miles for clues. Terry and Gwen are home now copying them and they've got some good ones."

There was still a curious tension in the air when they decided about eleven o'clock to go skating. The home-made rink was down in the small lake in the depression which Johnny Raymond had worked over for days. Although not a large space, it had a glassy surface. Above it hung naked apple boughs curving down from gnarled trunks. To some of the branches a few leaves and a brown wrinkled apple still clung.

Toby guided Poppy and Lindsay over the sharp stubble and carried three pairs of skates over his shoulder. Behind came Julia and Rufus.

Lindsay sat down on an ancient stump and took off her shoes. For a moment the air felt cold to her foot in woollen stockings as Toby knelt in front of her, pulled back the tongue and loosened the shoe-strings. Poppy sat on a hummock nearby and bent over struggling with hers.

"Wait a second. I'll put them on for you," Toby called to her.

Julia, Lindsay observed as Toby expertly wound the excess yardage of shoe-string around her ankle, was no mean skater. Probably, she reflected moodily, that was why they all went skating instead of riding. Maybe Julia wasn't such a good homemaker. "Goodness, what a cat I'm getting to be," she said to herself as she stood up.

Rufus let go of Julia with a sweeping gesture that sent her spinning and came over to Lindsay. Julia went on by herself. She wore a white sports costume, ski trousers, a peasant leather belt and a bright green scarf sprinkled with scarlet flowers and matching mittens.

"Maybe," said Lindsay to herself, "she thinks she's doing some fancy exhibition skating. Maybe she thinks she's Sonja Henie, and her thought was left behind in air as she and Rufus struck out together and Julia went round and round by herself."

"This isn't the biggest rink in the world," laughed Rufus as, having gone the length in two or three glides, they had to turn and come back again. "Still, it's pretty smooth. Johnny Raymond has been fussing with it for weeks, not entirely for us, I imagine, as he has four children in his own family who've been mighty interested in this bit of pond. I do feel something lacking though . . . have you noticed?"

"Yes. It's the music. Couldn't you import a hurdy-gurdy or a mechanical piano?"

When they came back to the stump, Toby was already off with Julia and Rufus with Poppy. Lindsay found the strings of her shoes tied a little too tightly by overzealous Toby, sat down to loosen them. Funny she thought as she bent over, how the lack of a single escort could set up all sorts of odd little waves that made you uncomfortable. Just why she didn't know. And maybe it wasn't that. Maybe it was something else.

Poppy and Toby were playing a game of tag and then, a little tired, sat down on the edge of the pond to talk. Poppy's eyes were bright and her cheeks glowed. She wore a tight knit cap and a red sweater over a bright blue wool skirt. She sat there unimpeded by the bark from a twig and Toby was saying:

"Do you remember that talk we had ages ago about marriage and I said a young man just starting ought not to tie himself down too soon? Do you remember, Poppy?"

Poppy flipped the twig a little. "Of course I remember, Toby."

"You said you thought it was steady and good to be married. Do you remember? You said you'd rather make a success of marriage than any old job."

Poppy smiled. "Did I say that, Toby?"

"Yes, you did. We were up in the cafeteria. I can even remember what we were having to eat. It was clam chowder day."

Poppy sighed. She remembered, too, even the little green stars on the table that had fallen out when the tickets were punched. At fifteen cents for clam chowder. She remembered reaching out one hand and brushing them in a heap. Yes, she remembered.

Toby laughed. "Do you still feel that way? I mean are you still in love with the guy you were telling me about that day?"

Poppy laughed. "Still, Toby. Always Toby."

"Gee, he's a lucky fellow. Do you still feel the way you did about sharing everything? Burdens and happiness? You said there would be only half as much worry because you would divide it. And you were telling me that he didn't care for you, that he didn't even know you existed? By the way, how is it coming?"

"Oh, it's about the same, Toby. Only a little less hopeful. I've thought lately."

"Oh, well," said Toby, "he'll wake up one of these days. Let me know who he is and I'll tell him a thing or two."

"That's a funny thing for you to say," said Poppy. "But were you telling me you'd changed your mind about marriage?"

"Yes, I was thinking that all you said wasn't so bad, Poppy. And that I didn't agree with you then, but that I do now. I've been thinking about it lately, and I think every young man owes it to himself and to his country to get married early and to settle down and have children."

Poppy squinted up at him. "You've been awfully quiet this whole week-end, Toby. What in the world have you been reading? Has this been going on in your mind all the time?"

Toby laughed. "Well, I don't know. But I've been thinking lately and also I had something I wanted to ask you. Do you think I've got any chance?"

"Chance?" said Poppy a little hysterically. "What do you mean—chance?"

"Why, I mean just this," said Toby. "If you'd be a good pal and find out from Lindsay how she feels about me? I mean if she's in love with anybody else or anything like that? Would you, Poppy, do it for me?"

And Toby looked up to see a streak of red

whiz by him like the wings of a scarlet tanager in flight and Poppy was way down at the other end of the tiny pond.

Rufus was skating with Poppy, and Toby and Lindsay were together when they heard a little scream and looked around to find Julia lying out full-length. Lindsay only had time to say to Toby under her breath, "I'll bet it's a fake. I bet she did it on purpose, just to get Rufus' attention."

Rufus, however, reached Julia's side in an instant, but instead of the scene that Lindsay had expected, Julia sat there quietly as Rufus, his face anxious bent over her.

"I don't think I'm hurt, Rufus, old lamb. Don't look so scared. It's my wrist. My right one there. I . . . I think I've sprained it. I landed on my right hand there. I think my skate caught in a twig in the ice."

And there was a twig frozen in the ice. Lindsay could see as she kicked it with her toe and furthermore Julia grew suddenly very pale and fell back in Rufus' arms.

"She's fainted," said Toby.

"I'll carry her to the house." And in a flash Rufus had stuffed a sweater under Julia's head for a pillow, unfastened his shoe-skates and put on his shoes. He picked Julia up and started along the path to the house.

It was a subdued group that followed Rufus and Julia, as swiftly as they could change their shoes and start up the path. Lindsay was conscious of a cold wind and gathering clouds overhead.

The color was slowly coming back into Julia's face when they arrived at the house. Rufus was on his knees in front of her, holding a glass of brandy to her lips. He hardly knew when the others came in, so concentrated was his attention on Julia. Finally he straightened up and said:

"I feel sure it isn't broken, but it is a bad sprain. Dr. Shaw ought to be here any moment, and then we'll know. I'm so sorry, Julia dear. Do you know yet how it happened?"

"Never mind, Rufe. It was a twig in the ice. But it might have happened without it. I mean it wasn't your fault." She patted his arm with her strong left hand. "Now be good and help me out of the top of this suit, if you can. It . . . well, it's a bit warm indoors, or maybe it's the brandy."

JULIA'S wrist was badly sprained. It was bandaged and put in a sling which she carried in a loose white silk scarf for the evening. It managed somehow to give her an air of distinction, an air of fragility, and to make her the centre of attention.

As they drove up the hill to the Alexanders' they could see cars already there in the driveway with their headlights on, looking as if it might be, said Toby, either a roadside inn or a wedding. The porch lights were on and there was already a crowd gathered there, talking. They were introduced to Terry and Gwen and to others who stood nearby. Most of the girls had on silk sport dresses with polo coats thrown over them. The boys were in slacks and sweaters. Julia Graham sat down in a wicker chair under the porch light and was immediately surrounded by several men with whom she chattered and laughed. She was going to chaperon the stay-at-homes, she said. She was going to be the reception committee along with John Alexander, and Terry and Gwen. And Rufus needn't bother to stay with her. She was perfectly all right. Rufus should go on

ahead. Take Lindsay Abbott in the car and not mind about her, even if she couldn't go.

It was Poppy who kicked Lindsay's toe. "It's just the way she says things," she murmured. "Now Rufus will have a rotten time just because she's made him feel that she's a martyr. She can't let go of him. She gives me the most awful pain in the neck."

Lindsay nodded and burrowed deeper into her camel's hair coat. "Me too."

When the clues were all distributed and John Alexander saw that there was somebody in each car who knew the country, they set off. Lindsay, in the front seat, opened the cigar box and read the first clue.

"When you arrive in your city hat Drop a penny, thin or fat."

"That's easy," cried Poppy. "The weighing machine in a station."

"Of course," cried Rufus. "And it'll probably be Garrison. I wonder if the others are all as easy."

They weren't, they discovered, after they had found the cigar boxes behind the weighing machine and had been smilingly observed by an old gentleman sitting in the doorway of the station smoking a pipe. There was one that had them all, even Rufus, baffled. It had something to do with "A cow's howdy, plus a g."

"I'll bet it's something terribly native," said Toby. "I can't seem to make head or tail of it. If we could only get that one, we might get back first and win the prize."

Rufus was driving aimlessly, thinking. He frowned. Suddenly he stepped on the gas. "Why, of course. It's Moog's Tavern. Why in the world didn't I think of that before?"

It was Moog's and the bartender polishing glasses with a broad smile on his face handed out another cigar box without even being asked. "The last one," he said.

"Oh dear," Poppy's face fell. "I thought we'd done them so quickly."

"We have," said Rufus. "They weren't in order and everybody has to do ten clues. This one, I'm thinking leads us back to the apple tree in the front yard. We can soon tell."

Rufus stopped down in the driveway and everybody tumbled out, dashing to the apple tree. Lindsay gasped. There, hanging on the lowest limb, was a leather pouch. Holding Rufus' flashlight they pulled the string. It was filled with shining new pennies.

Lindsay and Poppy shrieked and ran up to the steps of the carriage house lighted and gay with music and voices. Already John Alexander, Gwen and Terry were running down the steps. "We've won," screamed Lindsay. "Look! It's the treasure!"

"Rufus Haydon's car won!" Already another pair of headlights turned, their searching rays up the road and the occupants tumbled out and made for the apple tree. "Too late," danced Poppy. "The treasure's been claimed."

"Oh dear." They stood there crestfallen. "Congratulations, Rufus!" And then excitedly they began to talk about the trouble they had in getting the clues. In figuring them out and Rufus, unconsciously with his arm around Lindsay, climbed the stairs holding the leather bag with the treasure.

The game-room upstairs was brilliant. The ping-pong table in the centre was crowded with glasses and plates and turkey

sandwiches. A keg of beer on stilts in the corner was foaming around the spout and bubbling up in the vent at the top while somebody drew hissing glasses. It grew noisier as more and more cars drew up in the driveway and the crestfallen occupants came up the stairs to find out who had claimed the treasure. Poppy was sitting on the ping-pong table dividing five hundred new pennies in four piles. Lindsay sat in front of the blazing wood-fire with her feet on a white polar bear rug. Toby saw her there and came over. Lindsay turned and smiled at him and thought:

"Here I am sitting in a game room at the Alexanders'. That chestnut log fire is lovely and most of the people here I've never seen before. Three weeks ago certainly I hardly knew that anybody here existed. Mother and Daddy are probably in Egypt and Aunt Spiddy and Christy Morris no doubt are eating dinner at the Southern Tea Room and Aunt Spiddy isn't missing me a bit. And Toby has come over beside me with that dreamy look in his eyes and probably nobody in the room will notice because they are all too busy telling about the clues. And in just a minute he will tell me he loves me."

She turned and looked at Toby. "Something tells me that you are going to say you love me all over again."

Toby grinned. "There's something awfully disarming about your approach. It might discourage a less determined fellow than myself. I'm all in favor of treasure hunts, aren't you?"

"The curious thing about a treasure hunt," said Lindsay, "is that the only people who really get acquainted with the host and hostess are the people who don't go on the hunt."

Toby looked over at Julia in her slim white sport dress. John Alexander stood above her. They were laughing over something he had just said. "I think I see what you mean."

Somebody else had observed, too. Rufus Haydon stood with his back to the beer keg and was sipping a glass of beer. Gwen Alexander had just passed him a sandwich and recommended the ones on the right-hand side. "That is, if you like cheese." Rufus smiled and thoughtfully took a bite. He watched John Alexander hang over Julia's chair, watched her smile up at him. He chewed the mouthful of sandwich thoughtfully.

Lindsay watched Rufus. Something inside of her was blazing furiously. Julia was just baiting him, using him, playing with him. Why, if she was so fond of him, didn't she marry him, or else let him alone? Why . . . oh, this was dreadful, to see, to witness a person being hurt as Rufus was. She could feel it almost like a physical stabbing in her own heart, in sympathy for Rufus.

As she watched, John Alexander brought a loose white coat and helped Julia into it tenderly. Together they made their way through the crowd and down the stairs into the driveway. Lindsay, listening, heard the sound of a starting motor and the light spatter of gravel as a car started off. Lindsay arose and went swiftly over to Rufus.

"You wouldn't dance with me, would you?"

Rufus smiled down at her. "If you're not too fancy to dance with an old two-step and waltz man like myself."

Rufus danced lightly for such a brawn. Lindsay decided. He held her firmly and there was pleasure in the rhythmic measures

and steps. Lindsay smelled pipe smoke on his vest, a leatherly, horsey combination excitingly masculine. And she thought, "Good gracious, maybe the way I feel tonight is falling in love."

And Rufus, feeling a wisp of a curl against his chin and catching a faint flower-fragrance that rose from Lindsay's pale hair, wished vaguely through his humiliation over Julia, to have so ignored him in front of his guests and neighbors, that he could somewhere somehow start his life over again. He wished that he were ten years younger, or that this child, Lindsay, were a little older. He said as much.

"I wish I were the age of Toby over there, or that you were ten years older."

Lindsay shook her head. "No you don't, either. You wouldn't like me so well if I were."

"Sometimes you say the oddest, wisest things, Lindsay Abbott, and sometimes you act as if you had just emerged from kindergarten. It's a lovely combination."

It was Monday morning. Lindsay sat at her desk and went over the stack of manuscripts in front of her. Then she stuck a sheet of paper in her typewriter and wrote:

"Dear Mr. Brown.—As Lasso is full-up now we aren't buying much. I like your story 'The Wyoming Kid,' and if you would take 12 dollars for it, would be glad to send you cheque by return mail.—Yours, Tex Brant, Editor."

She had written that particular letter so many times that now she didn't mind. The first time the Old-Timer had dictated it to her she said, "But, Mr. Groody, you surely don't want me to write that in a letter!" And he had looked up at her, his hand shaking so visibly after writing those angular characters. "Well, what's wrong with it?" And she had replied, "N-nothing, I guess."

Miss Langsam was cutting a serial for "Tropical Nights" and writing the sub-heads. Outside the snow was falling in soft, feathery flakes and at the same time a gentle and silent peace seemed to be settling and muffling the city noises, the traffic noises and life in the skyscraper office buildings. The Old-Timer hadn't come in yet and the only morning appointment ahead was a cover artist to see Lindsay at eleven. Miss Langsam said:

"What are you doing for Christmas?"

Lindsay answered, "I don't know really. My mother and father are in Egypt. I'll spend some time with Aunt Spiddy. And my room-mate has asked me to go home with her. And there is to be a party or two which I'd hate to miss. I've bought a lovely new evening dress with white accordion pleats and a gold belt that is very wide and it has a Grecian look with a peplum, and I think I'll have William do my hair high in the back with a topnot of curls. And if I stay in the city I'll have much more of a chance to wear it than if I go home with Poppy."

"But then you won't be lonesome without your family?"

Lindsay shook her head. "I've never lived in the city before and it's terribly thrilling. You live with yours, don't you?"

"Aah yes. In Brooklyn."

"And you've done all your Christmas shopping. I suppose?"

Miss Langsam nodded.

The door of the office opened. They had both expected it would be the Old-Timer, but it wasn't. Miss Langsam rose and went out. Lindsay bent over her work, looked out, and saw a man dressed in chaps, a broad-brimmed hat and full cowboy regalia.

"I'd like to see Tex Brant," he was saying.

Miss Langsam smiled and cast a backward glance at Lindsay, whose head was bent over a manuscript. "Why, he . . . he isn't here now. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Why, no, I guess not. I wanted to see him. He's an old friend of mine. When'll he be back?"

Then Miss Langsam had an idea. "Why, his secretary is in there now. You might speak to her." She turned. "Miss Abbott, this gentleman came in to see Tex Brant. He's an old friend, he says. Perhaps you could help him out."

Lindsay, smothering a laugh, rose, and came to the door. "Mr. Brant is away on his vacation," she said. "Would you care to leave a message?"

The gentleman in question held his huge-brimmed hat in his hands which Lindsay noticed were blunt and square-fingered. He turned the brim round and round in his fingers and shifted his weight from one foot to the other. "Why, it's this-a-way . . . if he's the same man I think he is, we used to ride line together, and I got to thinkin' he might like to see me doin' a little bull-doggin' and rope work in the Show. He ain't never seen me since I joined up with the Rodeo, and him and his lady-friend might get a laugh out of it. I brung along a handful of tickets. There's a pair for you if you could use 'em." He glanced at Miss Langsam. "And for the other lady, too."

Lindsay had been looking at the nail-studded leather bolero vest, at the checked shirt and the pocket which held a huge pistol. "That's awfully nice of you," she said, "but I'm not sure . . ." she paused.

He looked up at her with clear grey eyes, a glance that was at once appealing and disarming. "I've got 'em right here now. I hope you can all come and see me ride. They say I'm good." He smiled boyishly. "I reckon you wouldn't be able to write a little piece about me in your magazine here, 'Lasso.' But I would like for you to have the tickets anyway." He counted out three pairs. "Will six be enough?"

Lindsay took two pink tickets for herself and two for Tex Brant and Miss Langsam, and said, "We always cover the Rodeo, you know. It's one of the big events in the season. As a matter of fact I write the contest column in 'Lasso,' the one with all the news of the rodeos, and the pictures of the cowboys and the cowgirls, and I'd be glad to give you a little boost. Your name is . . .?"

"Gordon . . . Henry Gordon." The tall cowboy shifted his weight. "And I'd be mighty complimented if you would have lunch with me. I could tell you some of my experiences and a little about the history of the Rodeo."

It was all so unexpected that she accepted. Afterwards she didn't just know why. She said, "Why, I'd be delighted to have lunch with you, Mr. Gordon, but my lunch hour isn't until twelve."

It was at that moment that the door swung open and the Old-Timer came in with a rust of wind, just in time to hear the whole sentence. He frowned and hung up his coat and limped into his office, and left Lindsay nervously fingering her pink tickets and wondering if he was to bellow out of his office that if she went to lunch with total strangers who came into his office she needn't come back. But he slammed the door of his office shut, and Lindsay, a little pinker than usual, smiled at the cowboy and said, "If that isn't too late."

He smiled back at her, showing a row of

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even teeth. "Shall I come back here? Or had I better wait downstairs for you?"

Lindsay answered with a twinkle in her eye. "I think downstairs would be better." She went back to her desk and drew a long breath as Miss Langsam looked at her curiously out of the corner of her eyes. Lindsay said in a soft voice that would not float over the partition. "Here are your tickets. I hope you will enjoy the show."

"Oh, I couldn't possibly use them," Miss Langsam quickly replied. "Give them to your friends."

Usually when Lindsay had a luncheon date the Old-Timer thought of important things for her to do about twelve o'clock so she would be late. But this day he put in his numerous telephone calls early and then took his coat and cane, and limped out.

Henry Gordon was waiting for Lindsay as she stepped out of the elevator in the great gilded amphitheatre of the office building in which the business office of the Adventure Fiction Guild was located. He stood near the elevators and let people stream by him as unconcerned as if he were on some far-off plains and hills and totally unaware that he was the cause of amused interest on the part of hurrying passers-by. His face lighted up when he saw her. He swung his hat from his head, then replaced it and took her by the arm, his face wreathed in smiles.

"I wasn't sure whether you'd come or not. I was afraid maybe you'd think better of it and not show up."

Lindsay was conscious of a little clicking sound as they walked along in the busy stream of people. As if something were dragging almost. Then she realised that it was his spurs that clicked on the pavement with every step that Mr. Gordon took.

Suddenly Lindsay saw somebody that looked familiar. Somebody coming towards her. Then her heart gave a little leap. It was Rufus. Rufus and Julia. Rufus in a new overcoat. Julia's chin was buried in the fur of a mink coat and her hands were lost in a tiny muff. Rufus saw Lindsay. He stopped and swept off his hat and Julia looked up suddenly. She frowned even as she smiled at Lindsay and then frankly laughed as she saw Lindsay's escort.

"Why, Lindsay, what is this? Is it a publicity stunt for that silly magazine of yours?" Before Lindsay could answer she added, "I should think you'd keep off the Avenue. At least spare your friends." She said it all in fun but there was that about Julia's humor that stung.

Lindsay's cheeks felt hot. "Hardly that," she said icily. "Miss Graham, may I present Mr. Henry Gordon of Bingham's Wild West Show that is putting on the Rodeo . . . and Mr. Haydon . . . Mr. Gordon."

Julia smiled devastatingly and sweetly, but with a glance that withered all the sweetness she might have meant to convey. A glance that said plainly, "Rufus, this is too horrible. Let's go on. I didn't think the girl would have the nerve to introduce us." And Julia flung back her head, "So sorry, but we're in a terrific hurry," she said and started on again, conscious that all of them had been attracting far too much attention.

The blush remained on Lindsay's cheeks as they went into one of the more fashionable tea-rooms. That Henry was distinctly out of place was obvious from the moment he entered the door. His chaps swept menu-cards, napkins and even silverware from the tables as he passed. His wide-brimmed hat dominated the establishment.

There was no place to hang it, and when he finally put it on the floor it caused a mild traffic jam among the waiters and patrons. Lindsay thought she had never seen anything more incongruous than Henry Gordon in his checked shirt beneath the Italian Renaissance balcony of the stairs. The range-rider was in a strange posture, but there was something about him so ingenious and simple that it fascinated her.

"How about some flannel cakes?" he asked when at last the waitress was standing over them, pencil in hand.

"Flannel-cakes?" asked the waitress in surprise.

"That's right," said Henry. "And some frijoles and an enchilada or two."

"Just a moment!" said the waitress in alarm. "Did you find all those things on the menu?"

"No, ma'am," Henry answered with some surprise. "But where I come from they're stock victuals. Any Chinaman can fix those up."

Shaken with suppressed laughter and still a little embarrassed by the situation, Lindsay suggested that she be permitted to order for them both and Henry readily agreed.

"Just the thing," he bellowed good-humoredly, "and when you're out in my neck of the plains I'll do the orderin' for you."

As they were lingering over their coffee at the end of the meal, Henry suddenly asked out of a clear sky, "What about that hombre we met up with on the street . . . the one with that uppity lass in the fur coat?"

"Oh," said Lindsay, "you mean Mr. Haydon?"

"Reckon that was the name you called him. Looks like a good egg."

"He is, I'm very fond of Rufus."

The cowboy grinned. "I reckon he's fond of you, too."

"What makes you say that?" she asked.

"Oh, the way the other gal acted mostly. Women are like broncos . . . they do funny things when they're jealous. They know what's what, though. They can tell when a man's in love with another gal even before he knows it himself." Then without any prelude he swung into his life history.

"I come from a lumber family in Minnesota. My dad's got a big lumber stake up in the north. He wanted to send me back into the woods to cut down trees. Well, if there is one thing I hate to do, it's to cut down trees. Did you ever see a giant white pine fall? It's one of the most tragic sounds in the world."

"I wouldn't have expected you'd mind cutting down trees," said Lindsay. "I mean you don't look as if you'd mind doing anything that took strength and was hard. I didn't think you'd . . . you'd have feelings like that."

Henry nodded. "But you see you haven't heard a tree crash. That's the reason. After this trip I'm givin' up the show and goin' to settle down on a timber-lease up north. Dad's made a place for me to look after a big stand of trees that's got a blight. It's up to me to see if I can't save the life of them trees. But I don't guess you know much about it."

"Well, some," said Lindsay. "Mr. Haydon is interested in pine and blights, too. He's doing some experiments on a thing called the needle blight."

Henry slapped his knee. "Well, if he ever finds out what causes it, let me know. It's cost my father a pile of money already."

As they left the tea-room and Henry carefully piloted her across the street, he said, "Now, don't fail to come to the show, will you? I'll be looking for you. I'm doing some very special ridin'. Why don't you bring that tree man? I'd like to meet him and talk to him about the blight?"

"Maybe I will," said Lindsay. "And thanks for taking me to lunch. I enjoyed it."

She left him in the lobby and hurried up to the office where Miss Langsam was pointedly ready and waiting to go out although she hadn't yet put on her coat.

"He was the sweetest person," she said. "I never met anyone I liked better on such short notice." And Lindsay sat down at her desk and while her eyes followed the typewritten words on a manuscript she puzzled over something in her mind.

CHRISTMAS that year came on a Wednesday, which was awkward. You could neither take the week-end nor have Monday or Tuesday. It couldn't be worse. Poppy, whose family lived two hundred miles from the city, decided to take an excursion up the week-end before. That way she would have at least two nights whereas if she went on Christmas Day she would spend the whole holiday in the journey.

That Friday night she was knee-deep in tissue paper and cellophane ribbons. She had washed her hair and was doing up her Christmas presents. She said with a sigh of relief, "Well, anyway, Lindsay, I won't have to do yours up before to-morrow. That's one comfort." Then she said while tying a silver bell into some dark blue ribbon, "Lindsay are you sure you aren't in the least bit in love with Toby?"

Lindsay was trying on her new evening dress. "Uhm, Poppy, don't you think the waist ought to be raised a little bit? Well, no. Not the least cenny bit in love with Toby. The deeper in love I get, the more it is with Rufus. Do you think he likes me, Poppy? I mean really likes me?"

Poppy sat still in the midst of the tissue paper confusion. "Oh, Lindsay, why did it have to be Rufus? I mean he's been in love with Julia since the beginning of time. Don't you know it's absolutely hopeless from the start? I mean why couldn't it have been somebody else? Anybody except Rufus. I mean you look so starry-eyed, darling, and there's absolutely nothing to be done about it but suffer."

Lindsay looked into the glass. "Do I look starry-eyed?"

"You certainly do, angel. You look . . . oh well, as if you'd just come alive, and oh dear, Lindsay, you'll just get hurt. That's all. At first it's so splendid, just loving. But after awhile, it hurts almost too much."

"Heavens, Poppy, you're being as melodramatic as the tabloids. Don't worry about me."

Poppy shook her head. "Well, there isn't much I can do. Don't forget the laundry on Monday and we owe for the morning paper. I'll settle up next payday, if you don't mind. This trip and all . . ."

"I've got lots of money," said Lindsay. "Mother and Daddy sent me a cheque and Aunt Spiddy gave me one, too. I don't know why they all gave money this year. It's nice but it takes the surprise element out of it, don't you think?"

"Well," said Poppy, "if I ever get back I'll go and get some knick-knacks for your stocking, darling. Things that will surprise you no end. Oh dear, my red dress is at the cleaners."

"I'll get it for you provided I can have

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SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

a tangerine in the toe of my stocking. There's nothing that smells so much like Christmas as a tangerine."

Toby came at ten o'clock with an armful of roses for Poppy, and when Poppy took them moist and dew-sprinkled out of their tissue paper wrappings, her eyes filled with tears. "It's just because it's Christmas," she explained. "I always get teary whenever I go or arrive. Don't worry. But it was sweet of you, Toby. I shall remember this." And she broke the damp stem of a red rosebud and stuck it in the lapel of his coat. They took a taxi at the last minute and wondered if they could get Poppy into the train before it pulled out of the station. A light snow began to fall. The streets were lined with lighted Christmas trees. Strings of colored lights in the street behind the veil of falling snow, were fairy-like and full of the magic of Christmas.

That was the beginning of the holiday. Lindsay on Sunday bought an armful of holly and arranged it in a bowl on the gate-leg table. On Monday morning she broke off a twig and pinned it on her coat. Monday noon she had lunch with Poppy, who had rings under her eyes from not having slept much on the train.

"You don't mean it is still going to be Christmas?" laughed Poppy. "Well, well, I thought it was over. And I was going to ask you what you and Toby did Christmas Eve—I mean the night I left for home."

"Nothing much," said Lindsay. "After your train left we went to a midnight movie. And the next morning we had Sunday breakfast in town and Toby said he was thinking of buying a car if he got a bonus this month. We looked at some very modernistic pictures which neither one of us appreciated and wondered if you were having Sunday dinner at home. After that we went over to Joe Root's for cocktails. By the way, there are two parties this week . . . Christmas Day at Clayton Hall's and Christmas Eve at Julia's."

That evening their doorbell rang and after pushing the clicker and waiting a long time they heard a curious swishing sound in the hall. Lindsay opened the door and looked out. "What is it?"

"It's me . . . Rufus!"

He was completely hidden behind a huge hemlock tree. "I thought maybe you would like this," he said, putting it in the centre of the room.

Lindsay clasped her hands. "It's a perfect Christmas tree. It seems almost a shame to cut it down."

"Well," said Rufus, sitting on the edge of the couch. "You remember the little tree in the Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale, the little tree with the grune blatter which was decked out on Christmas Day? I brought one down for Julia, too, but it seems it spoils her color scheme. She has a blue tree all decorated with artificial snow and blue lights, but I'll be darned if it looks much like a Christmas tree to me."

"I wish we had some trimmings."

"Well, can't we get some?"

They found a tiny store in the city with half its wares on the sidewalk. They bought packages of tinsel icicles and silver bulbs and strings of colored lights, with a red flannel Santa Claus for the peak and some goofy presents to wrap up and put under the tree. Everybody was hurrying with packages and last minute shoppers were buying little trees from the sidewalk and it was all very gay. It was after one o'clock when they finally had their tree trimmed and the cord connected so that it would light properly when you turned the switch. Lindsay clasped her hands and drew a deep breath as the lights hidden in the feathery, fragrant branches of the hemlock tree glowed like jewels in the

darkness of the room. "Oh-oh! It's Christmas," she said.

Poppy hadn't finished her letters so Lindsay and Rufus went down to the corner Coffee Pot for a hamburger and a cup of coffee. And on the way to the corner it began to snow again. The flakes grew larger and larger, so large that they floated in the still air like small parachutes. One landed on the tip of Lindsay's nose and rested there for a moment. It was under a streetlight and the light glinted on a tiny drop of water, the remains of the snowflake and Rufus leaned over and suddenly kissed her on the nose.

All around them it was absurdly still for a moment. There was, Lindsay remembered afterwards, the distant rumble of a truck, and then somewhere the sound of a closing door and a peal of laughter.

They walked along in silence. It was later when Lindsay dropped a loaf of sugar in her coffee and said, "Were you aiming at my nose?"

Rufus grinned. "What do you think?" "I think it would be nice if I found a sprig of mistletoe and stood under it. Then you'd have to kiss me."

"Do you think it would be so difficult?" "Well, it's the first time you've shown any signs of wanting to."

"That's what you think."

"Well, of course, there's Julia."

RUFUS bit into his thick roll in which was a flat pancake of hamburger steak. "Yes, there's Julia."

Lindsay said, "I couldn't very well forget, could I?"

Rufus put down his roll and looked at Lindsay. "This is all in fun, isn't it?"

Lindsay returned his glance. Then Rufus a little roughly shook her shoulder. Lindsay Abbott, you nut," he said sharply, "forget it. Do you hear me? Forget it!"

"All right," said Lindsay, with an effort. And when Rufus said good-night to her in the doorway she faltered, "B-but you will come and have your presents with us Christmas morning, won't you? I've got something awfully nice for you."

Then it was Rufus' turn to say all right.

"I don't suppose you'd kiss me anywhere except on my nose, would you?" It came out quite unexpectedly.

Rufus leaned gently towards her. "I don't suppose I would, Lindsay." But he did, in the dimness of the doorway while Lindsay's arms hung loosely at her sides.

When she opened her eyes she noticed a streak of light that was the streetlight shining on the rows and rows of brass mailboxes. She said good-night and went slowly up the stairs, her face flushed. She felt that something final, irrevocable had happened.

Lindsay wore her new evening dress to Julia Graham's Christmas Eve party. It fitted her perfectly. She had washed her hair. Then she had it cut short and brushed it upwards so that each small curl wound itself singly.

"It makes you look," said Clayton Hall, who stood beside the punchbowl, "exactly like a Christmas angel. I expect you to burst into carols at any minute."

Lindsay didn't, however. She kept very close to Poppy and Toby all that evening. She avoided Rufus who was helping with the punch. She held her chin high, and there were little red spots on each cheek that weren't artificial, and her eyes were very bright.

Something rang false about the whole party. Lindsay decided along the middle

of the evening. There was something hard and forced about this Christmas Eve . . . something all wrong. Something about Julia's long blue dress shot through with metal threads so that the light caught in its folds every time she took a step; and the silver band around her head. There was something cold about the blue tree hung with silver lights and tinsel snow. Something hard about the white patent leather holly.

Along about two o'clock all the brightness left Lindsay, and she felt like bursting into tears. She wanted to go home. Julia was still circulating brightly among her guests. There was something pathetic about Julia's desire that her guests should enjoy themselves. She always went to the greatest amount of time and trouble to prepare for her parties. And all that evening Rufus had scarcely looked at Lindsay. He was probably furious with her. She wondered if he would come the next morning.

He did. With an armful of packages. Toby was already there, having contributed part of the breakfast. Lindsay in her Chinese lounging pyjamas left over from college, flushed a bright pink when he came in.

"Merry Christmas! We've saved both breakfast and the presents. And we've been shaking and feeling and smelling everything. I can hardly wait."

Toby was Santa Claus. He read the gift tags in a deep booming voice. "For Poppy Cartwright, a good girl, from Santa."

And they all sat on the floor in a vast sea of tissue paper and colored ribbons and squealed with delight as they tore open the packages. It was intimate and cozy, and Poppy who was turning the bacon on the electric grill with a long handled fork, got so excited over her presents that she let the bacon burn and they had to start another pan all over again.

Rufus said, "I sent Johnny Raymond a twenty-pound turkey. Do you think that's big enough for his family?"

It was about three o'clock when Rufus left, and Poppy and Lindsay began to get dressed for Clayton Hall's supper party.

It was small and intimate. About ten people including Madge Brown, and Rufus and Julia. Clayton's colored girl, Irma, waddled in with a plate in each hand, while Madge poured coffee. As they were eating the doorbell rang. Clayton said, "That should be the ice-cream."

Madge was sitting on the couch, beside Poppy. "I suppose," she said, "you had lots of Christmas presents."

Poppy nodded. "Yes—underwear, handkerchiefs, a scarf, perfume, and a darling lamp from Lindsay. What did you get?"

Madge held out her left hand on which gleamed a ring. It sent sparkles of light into the room. "From Clayton."

Poppy flung her arms around Madge. "You darling, I'm so glad. Look, everybody. Look at Madge. When is it going to be?"

Madge was even a bit dreamy. "Next year," she said.

"But that," said Julia, "is only a week away."

"We thought," said Clayton coming back having deposited the cartons in the kitchenette, "that we'd start the new year right. It's your turn next, Rufe and Julia."

"You might be surprised," answered Julia evenly.

"And what," said Lindsay a little hysterically as she and Poppy and Toby walked home together, "could she possibly mean by that?"

Rufus was asking Julia almost the same thing as they sat together in the taxi on the way home.

"I've always said I would marry you," said Julia, "eventually." She sat still. "That is, if you haven't changed your mind."

Rufus said almost roughly, "You know very well I haven't changed my mind. What I want to know is why you've changed yours so suddenly?"

"I haven't," said Julia gently. "Only . . . you do love me, Rufus?" There was a note of anxiety that Rufus had never noticed there before. At that moment the taxi gave a lurch and threw them together. Involuntarily Rufus gathered Julia in his arms. A wave of fragrance engulfed him. He buried his face in her hair and said huskily, "I do, darling, I do indeed."

Julia gave a long sigh. "Rufus, I'll marry you on one condition. I've been doing some thinking lately. You could get probably sixty thousand dollars for the farm. That should produce a small income. Then if you took the job in Wayne and Hitchcock's you'd have a good salary, a chance to invest . . ."

Rufus was staring at her. "Don't you realise what that would mean to me? It means giving up the one thing in the world I care about."

"B-but Rufus, darling, I thought you said you cared about me."

For a moment Rufus sat stiffly staring straight ahead at the lighted advertising cards on the dashboard that flopped over one after the other.

Then he said, gathering her up in his arms, "I do, Julia. Nothing else in the world matters but you."

FINALLY Christmas was over. Lindsay took down the silver linnet, and because Rufus had bought it, wrapped it up carefully with the red flannel Santa Claus, and put it all away in a Christmas box on the top shelf.

The third week in January the weather turned bitterly cold. Snow hardly ever entered the pages of the *Lasso*. It was, thought Lindsay, largely a desert, with gulches and red mesas, and cattle rustlers and bad hombres from the Mexican border. Miss Langsam on the other hand wallowed in the jungle, in a lush damp foliage with a moist and suffocating heat permeating the air.

"It would be," said Lindsay one day as she was pasting the dummy together, "rather nice to have a magazine with snow in it. Why not, for example, have Arctic Adventures, or Love in the Snow? You could have harpoons and sealskins, and carved ivory teeth and scenes in an igloo. And on the cover you could have Eskimo dogs pulling a sled in which were people clothed in parkas or whatever it is they wear in the arctic."

Miss Langsam listened to her seriously. "The only trouble," she said, "is this. 'How many copies of *Lasso* do you sell a month?'"

Lindsay thought a moment. "There were nine thousand returns last month from the News Company. That makes about 72,000 circulation, I guess."

"And do you know where most of them were sold?"

Lindsay laughed. "Of course, I see what you mean. Most of them were sold in Washington, Oregon and Arizona. I suppose you mean that there would be a rather limited audience in the arctic regions for 'Arctic Adventures'?"

"Exactly," said Miss Langsam.

"Well, anyway, I've got to hunt up some sure-fire stuff for the March issue," Lindsay began to count words.

The telephone rang. The Old-Timer was not in. It was for Miss Abbott. Lindsay took up the receiver on her desk and Poppy's voice sounded in her ear.

"Could you have lunch with me? At the Woodstock? Have you seen the morning paper? Listen, prepare yourself for a shock. Yes, it's about Rufus. . . . No, he isn't hurt. . . . No. . . . only . . . he and Julia. Yes, they have. I mean Nancy Phillips pointed it out to me. The paper says the wedding will take place in the near future. How do I know? I've got the clipping. Yes, I'll bring it with me. And it gave all the dope about Julia's first husband. He was a first family I guess. The Grahams. And listen, did you ever know that the Haydens were in the social register, too? Some uncle of theirs was Governor of New York. And there were two Cabinet members in the family. . . . Lindsay, are you there? I mean, can't you hear me? Are you all right?"

"Yes," Lindsay had hardly heard anything except the piece of news itself. She was holding the receiver away from her ear and had forgotten that Poppy was still talking. "Yes, I'll be there. Twelve, Poppy."

And then a little dizzy, she got up, went over to the water-cooler, pushed the button and watched the water fill the paper cup. It was sharply cold and she drank two cups. Then she felt better. Miss Langsam looked at her curiously.

"Anything wrong?"

"No."

No, there was nothing wrong except that her heart had just been broken.

Lindsay carefully poured coffee into a cup. "It probably is true," she said.

The clipping lay there on the white tablecloth.

There was something terribly final about seeing it in print.

"What are you going to do?" asked Poppy.

"Nothing," said Lindsay, "what is there to do . . . except console myself with Toby, maybe."

Lindsay didn't see Poppy's face. It was hidden by the brim of her felt hat as she leaned over to gather up her gloves and bag. "I have to hurry back," said Poppy.

"Meeting an advertising salesman right away," she glanced at the watch on her wrist. "He wants a milk presentation."

"May I keep this?"

Lindsay folded the clipping and put it in her bag.

She walked slowly back to the "Lasso" office. She hung up her coat and hat, put her gloves and bag in the bottom drawer, pulled out her chair.

"The funniest thing about this whole business," she said to Miss Langsam, who was getting ready to go out, "is the way they chop the ending off a story if it doesn't fit the space. After that first issue, I'm mighty careful to get the right number. I'm not going to have the tails of my stories cut off again if I have my way."

Miss Langsam said, "Well, sometimes I think the stories are better if they do cut off the end. I used to worry about it too, but not any more. By the way, the Old-Timer went out to lunch early to-day. Better be on the look-out."

"Oh, dear," sighed Lindsay, "I've got to show him the dummy to-day. It would be to-day."

It was a heavy afternoon. The dark fell early, so that Lindsay snapped on the lights

at three o'clock. Outside it grew colder and colder. At four the Old-Timer stamped in.

"Miss Abbott, Miss Abbott!"

Miss Langsam looked at Lindsay out of the corner of her eye and then shrugged her shoulders.

Miss Langsam had felt a premonition for a week. Things were not going so well. There had been twice as many returns from "Lasso" and the returns from "Tropical Nights" had also increased. Which cut down the profit. And the Old-Timer was worried. She could tell because he went out to lunch earlier and came back later. And his wife had taken to coming up and snooping around the books at odd times. A fine person she was. The kind of a person with a thin nose who, when asked for a cup of coffee on the street, would take the beggar into the nearest restaurant, order it for him and watch him drink it. Miss Langsam sniffed. No wonder the Old-Timer . . . she stopped as she heard his voice mounting higher and higher, floating over the partition. She raised her head and listened. In her mind's eye she could see him shaking all over with rage. She heard Lindsay say, "If you didn't insist on using so much reprint stuff, I could get a better magazine together."

MISS LANGSAM was rigid. This was serious. This was something more than usual. The Old-Timer was shouting. Should she go in? He never had thrown any paper-weights or things, but mightn't he? She wouldn't want to be a witness if he did throw—well, that bronze buffalo he kept on his desk.

She hesitated. A light on the switchboard showed red. She plugged in a connection. She took the call herself. The door opened and Lindsay Abbott came out, her face very flushed, her eyes bright with tears.

Lindsay shook her head. "It's hopeless, I guess. He wants an entirely new magazine. He doesn't even like the cover. And it's supposed to be in the mail to-night. Besides, I'm fired."

The Old-Timer came out of his office. His hand trembled so he held onto the desk to steady himself. "To-morrow when you go to the bank for pay-roll, bring Miss Abbott two weeks' salary. She is leaving Saturday."

He put on his coat and left the office.

Saturday night Lindsay went dancing with Toby. Poppy stayed at home because she had work to do, and a headache which she should have saved, said Toby, for a Monday or a Tuesday, or a much less important evening. A headache on a Saturday was a crime and an insult to her friends.

"Nevertheless," said Poppy, "I'll get some letters written and go to bed early. I haven't been in bed before one o'clock in ages. It might even be a sensation worth cultivating."

"All right," said Toby. "Lindsay and I are going to a night club. We're going to do the town up right. I've been asking her for ages and she's refused me. Then all of a sudden she celebrates losing her job by going out. I can't understand her."

"Hurry up if you're going," said Poppy, "and leave me be with my notepaper."

"Do you know what you need?"

"No; what?"

"Mr. Coffee-nerve has you in his grip. Change to decaffeinated coffee and you'll regain your sweet disposition."

"I will not," said Poppy, slamming the door.

"That girl," said Toby, "has a temper." "She's been queer the last few days."

admitted Lindsay. "I'd like to know what's the matter with her."

THE walls of the restaurant were lined with mirrors. The lights were very dim. A bar with glittering bottles on shelves ran the narrow width of the room. Waiters in mess jackets held trays high and walked down the narrow aisle made by the skirts of the tablecloths. There was the constant beat of music. The upper air was heavy with blue smoke. There was talk and chatter and the clatter of dishes. Now and then there was the sound of the bartender rattling ice in a cocktail shaker. It was Lindsay decided, a false place, a place of glitter. It would, in the daylight, be a very dismal place. It would seem smaller and there would be the smell of stale tobacco and alcohol. But to-night with the lights and music, nothing was real. Even the tiny dancing floor-space on which a blue spotlight played seemed to have lost its actual proportions. It was a place of enchantment.

"How did you know about this place?" Toby lighted a cigarette and scanned the menu card. "It's one of Julia Graham's favorite places and Rufus Haydon told me about it."

Lindsay was quiet. "I wouldn't have thought Rufus would have liked this."

"I said it was Julia's favorite place. By the way I suppose you've heard the news?"

"Yes, Poppy told me. Toby . . . look who's coming in."

"Who is it? I've got some smoke in my eyes."

"It's John Alexander and one of his sisters . . . what was her name? Gwen? I'm sure it is. Look, Toby, and see if I'm not right? And oh, Toby, there are Rufus and Julia."

They filed in and were ushered to the table up on the dais. Julia was over in the corner and Rufus' back was towards their table. It was so dim with the lights off that Lindsay could scarcely be sure.

"Well anyway, darling, we've got to have our dinner. Do you want roast chicken or fried chicken which always seems a bit silly to me. Does it matter so long as it's chicken? Oh wait a minute. I forgot the top. Shrimp cocktail or bluepoints or . . . listen, how did you happen to come dancing with me to-night? You aren't by any possible stretch of the imagination falling in love with your Uncle Toby, are you?"

"I'll have puree mongoi," laughed Lindsay, "and tell you later."

In the end it was Gwen Alexander who caught sight of them dancing together while their food grew cold on the table. She sent John down after the dance to talk to them. So Toby danced with Gwen and Rufus came down and danced with Lindsay and it left John and Julia talking together. If Lindsay hadn't been so terribly conscious of Rufus' stiffly starched shirt-front she would have laid her head against it and cried. There was still about him that faintly lavender scent of shaving cream.

"I suppose congratulations are in order, Rufe."

"I suppose they are, Lindsay."

And it was funny just then that she should look up and see Julia and John there together at the table. It was just in that instant and because the table was raised up a little bit from all the others that she could see under it. She could see John Alexander's hand groping for Julia's. And all the time they thought the tablecloth was long in front and nobody could see. And on the surface Julia's face was non-

committal. It made Lindsay feel a little sick. Rufus swung her around again so that she looked the other way. Did Rufus know that Julia was interested in John Alexander?

After the dance Rufus sat at her table and smoked a cigarette. "I'm sorry you lost your job."

Lindsay said a little flippantly, "Well, I was getting tired of the West and the great open spaces."

"What are you going to do now?" Rufus was looking deep into her eyes. He was saying something to her that couldn't be said with words. What was it? Darling, darling Rufus, I hope you'll always be happy.

"Toby's a nice chap, Lindsay."

"Yes, Rufe, he's sweet."

"I've thought for some time he was crazy about you, Lindsay."

And I'm crazy about you, Rufe, and I can't help it. And now I can't even tell you so. That's what makes it hurt so much. And I suppose I'm a nut to ever think you like me. But I do, and I always will.

"When are you and Julia . . . ?"

"She says she'll marry me when I sell the farm. We get the licence the day I turn the deed over to somebody else."

Lindsay's eyes grew round. "Oh, Rufus! You don't mean you have to sell the farm!"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I would have had to sell it anyway. It's been a burden for years."

"But Rufe, couldn't you sell just part of it? What about your nursery? Your greenhouses? What about the row of white pine trees? Wasn't it this year that you were to find out whether your theory was right or not about the needle blight? Rufus, you can't sell it!"

"I thought I couldn't, either, Lindsay. But I find that I can after all. It's quite within the range of possibility. Johnny Raymond is still looking after things. We haven't a buyer yet. In the meantime maybe I can sell you a gilt-edged security. I'm in the bond business, Wayne and Hitchcock."

Rufus' face looked white and strained. The bones were more pronounced. This gave it an angular appearance, made his cheekbones prominent. And there was a sag, a set of discouraged lines under his eyes. All was not well with Rufus. Of that she was quite sure. She was even more sure when he left her finally with, "I hope you get another job, Lindsay," and turned to join the others at their table. There was a slope to his broad shoulders, something she had never seen there before.

"I THINK," said Lindsay, "that February is the most unspeakably dreary month of the year." She stood by the window and looked out on the dark street where the remains of the last snow-storm still lingered.

Poppy covered a yawn. "Well, it isn't any too nice. I've got to sew a clean collar on my blue dress."

"Why didn't you tell me? I could have done it. It isn't as if I didn't have plenty of time nowadays."

"Did you have any luck to-day?"

"Not much. Finished the rounds again, and that's that."

"What did your Aunt Spiddy say?"

"A lot of comforting things, of course. And also that there wasn't much excitement in the decorating business just now. That I could come over and 'tend shop for her any time I wanted to. I wish I could get courage to tell her about Rufus."

"Oh," said Poppy, sitting down on the

couch and looking at Lindsay. "So that's what's the matter with you."

"There isn't anything the matter with me," said Lindsay. But suddenly she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

The next day Lindsay turned an avenue and walked where stood a row of thin little trees, their future as shade trees doubtful. Yet somebody had hopefully planted them there. They made her think of Rufus and Henry Gordon. Strange how in the letter or two she had had from Henry they had grown to be extraordinarily good friends, honest friends without the least hint of anything else.

Henry had written that his father, after a series of troubles which would have daunted a much less hardy man, was finally on his feet again and making money. He had been on the verge of bankruptcy several times. Once when a contract for hardwood was cancelled by an automobile concern. They had decided to use steel in that particular part instead. Another time his partner ran away with several thousand dollars. The third and last blow was in an attempt at expansion. He bought a stand of lumber and a sawmill, and the river, up to this time, a reliable river, rose to unprecedented heights, flooded the mill, carried off the booms, swept everything down the river and far away. The thing that had really saved his skin, Henry wrote, was a chain of small retail lumber yards in the north. He was sorry Lindsay had lost her job. And how was she progressing with the man who had met them that day? Did she still love him? Was he still pursuing the cause of the white pine needle blight? The blight was becoming serious. The government was conducting researches. So far it hadn't affected them greatly, though it might. However, he supposed that she was hardly interested in all that.

But she was. Indeed she was. It was all so complicated in her mind. Why did she keep thinking about him? After all if Rufus had cared about her really would he have engaged himself to Julia? That is, formally engaged himself? He had shown her pretty plainly, hadn't he, what he expected her to do? And why in the world did she bother with all this, anyway?

She came to the end of the avenue and rang the top bell of a three-story brick house marked "Hall."

Madge said, "You darling! But what are you doing loose at this time in the afternoon? I thought you were one of the nine-to-five brigade."

"I was," said Lindsay, taking off her coat and laying her gloves and bag aside. "And I'd like to be again."

"Oh, dear. What happened?"

"It was largely my own fault."

Madge said, "Wait a minute while I get a cigarette. You don't smoke, do you?"

Lindsay shook her head absently. "I like your apartment, Madge. It looks as if you'd been living in it ages."

The doorbell rang and Madge said, "Julia Graham is stopping in for tea. You must take care of yourself, dear. You're not looking too well. I don't like to see your face so long and thin. You must not be too downhearted over losing your job."

It was three flights and finally after Madge finished with the clicker there was a knock at the door.

Julia said with exaggerated courtesy, after she had hugged Madge, "And hello, Lindsay, what are you doing out this time in the afternoon? Oh, yes, Rufe told me you lost your job."

"Anybody would think I had skipped school," thought Lindsay. But she said, "Just another member of the army of the unemployed."

"I'm awfully sorry."
"Are you really?" Madge, you've done wonders with this place. How did you get it finished so soon?"

Madge said, "But I'm not nearly finished. I wonder sometimes if I ever will be. What would you do for curtains? They are almost impossible windows with that skylight overhead. You think about it while I put the water on."

Lindsay stirred uncomfortably on the couch. "I think I should be going. I've got to take a book back. It's due to-day."

Madge smiled. "But you haven't had any tea. Wait and I'll light the fire and everything will be ready in a minute."

Lindsay, sitting in front of the fire on a long bench while Madge fussed with the tea-things on the table and Julia Graham flipped the ashes from her cigarette into the blazing fire, felt like a little girl. Like a rather naughty girl. It was, in fact, a curious situation. She looked down into the amber-colored tea and watched the loaf of sugar melt.

Julia was saying, "I've been having some linens marked and some lingerie made."

Madge laughed. "You always do everything so thoroughly, Julia. Never catch you unprepared for anything. When Clayton came for me I was sewing a clean collar on an old dress. We were married before I remembered we didn't have any flowers. It was hedge-podge, but it was awfully nice. And it saved me no end of trouble. Only if I had stopped to get ready I wouldn't have had to worry about dish-towels now."

"There was a girl in college," said Lindsay, "who was engaged when she came and she planned to get married right after graduation. She had a hundred and fifty-three guest towels by the time she finished."

Madge laughed and said, "And when are you planning on the wedding, Julia?"

"I told Rufe it would take place on the day he signed the deed to that farm of his. I couldn't face married life with Rufe and that white elephant. I just sat down and thought one day the thing that had come between us was the farm . . . once that is out of the way . . ."

"It's rather a shame," said Lindsay, "it's been in his family so long and he seemed so fond of it."

"**H**OW'S he getting along in the brokerage house?" asked Madge. "And doesn't it take a long time to sell a really large estate like that Garrison farm of his? I mean, to get a good price for it? I've heard of large tracts like that being on the market for years and years."

"Well, about his job, it's all strange and new to him at present. It's too soon for him to say whether he likes it or not," answered Julia. "As for the farm, he has had plenty of offers. He listed it about a month ago and the inquiries began to pour in. I think it's safe to plan on having the wedding in June."

Lindsay laughed. She was surprised at the sound of her own voice. It seemed high and tense as if the voice had belonged to somebody else, and not herself at all. "I was just going to say," she said as she put down her teacup, "that it seems awfully funny to think of Rufus Haydon without that farm in his background somewhere. And it seems even funnier to think of him cooped up in the city at a desk, or talking to some prospect about a bond issue. I just can't see him without his ancestral hills and woodlands."

Julia with the loops of her black hair waved and showing in scallops underneath a close-fitting hat looked at her. It was a hard stare. But she held her hand

loosely over the arm of her chair and the firelight was soft on her face. "She is lovely," Lindsay admitted to herself, "and I suppose that's the reason."

Julia turned and said, "I can see that you don't know Rufus very well."

"And that," said Lindsay to herself, "is calculated to slay me at once. The cue is to leave."

"No," she said, quite evenly. "I don't know him well at all. I merely noticed that week-end at the farm how much he seemed to like being there, and how he seemed to fit in with his surroundings."

"Oh, yes," said Julia as if she had just remembered, "you are one of those early birds who like to walk in the morning."

Lindsay stood up and took her coat from the couch.

"But you're not going so soon?" Madge asked.

"I'm afraid I'll have to. I have an errand or two to do for Poppy."

"Give my love to that nice young boy-friend of yours, Toby," Julia smiled brightly as she leaned over for another cigarette. "I do think he's a dear."

Lindsay prickled all over after she was down in the street. She felt a pink blush still behind her ears. She was furious at herself for being annoyed. Still, she thought, Julia couldn't have said it any more plainly.

She passed the olive-green brick house where Toby lived and glanced up at the windows on the top story. There were no lights. He probably hadn't come yet. She walked on, wondering what was the matter with her. Why in the world did she feel so depressed? She was wishing that the month of February had been left out of the calendar.

Then she heard Toby's whistle behind her. Now he was running, shouting to her. She turned, not admitting to herself that unconsciously she had timed her itinerary so that if Toby did come home, she might meet him.

"Why are you being so solemn with your chin in your coat-collar like that?"

"Because," she said, "it's five-thirty on a February afternoon and I'm chilly."

"Good," he said, "come on up and we'll have a fire and get warm. If I remember right there's a basket full of wood, if the gentleman from across the hall hasn't borrowed it in the meantime. Don't know as I blame the poor devil, though. It's been beastly cold on that top floor, and he's home all day out of a job."

"I'm out of a job, too," said Lindsay.

"I know," said Toby.

Upstairs Toby threw his coat and hat on the couch, helped Lindsay out of hers and then went over to the fireplace, rubbing his hands. He broke some kindling across his knee, wadded up a newspaper and put three logs on top and then touched a match. The fire blazed. Toby put the fire-screen in front, drew up two chairs. Now . . .

She sighed. "This is nice, Toby. I may as well admit now that all along I hoped I was going to meet you."

Toby whooped. "Lindsay Abbott . . . that's absolutely the first sign of encouragement you've ever given me! I think we ought to have a celebration of some kind. But you don't drink. How about some tea?"

Lindsay shook her head. "I had tea over at Madge's."

"Then we'll have dinner. And I'm getting hungry, too."

Lindsay said, "Maybe I ought to call Poppy and tell her . . ."

"No," said Toby. "I've got you alone for once and I want to talk to you."

"Toby, you keep this place awfully neat for a man." Lindsay's eyes wandered around the room. "I like your water-colors. And where did you get that Van Gogh? That's one of my favorites. 'The Olive Tree,' isn't it?"

Toby said softly, "I hunted all over town for that particular one. You admired it when we saw it, remember? But I haven't dared to give it to you."

"How funny, Toby! Though it's much too much of a gift."

"Lindsay Abbott, I'd like to give you everything I possess! If you could only believe how I love you!" Toby had put his arms on Lindsay's shoulders. "You do love me a little, don't you? Say that you do."

Toby sat on the arm of her chair.

Lindsay still looked at the fire. Her eyes were fastened on it. She said, "Of course I'm fond of you, Toby."

"Would you marry me, Lindsay?"

She looked up into his eyes. He pleaded with her. She felt a sudden little thrill. To think for once that she, Lindsay Abbott, was needed! That she could actually make someone happy. It was Toby who needed her. Dear Toby. She put her arms up and drew his head down. "Darling!" Toby gathered her up to his arms.

THE next morning Lindsay lay in bed and looked at the ceiling. She had meant to tell Poppy when she came in last night, but Poppy had been asleep and she had decided against waking her. And now Poppy had gone in a hurry, leaving her bed rumpled and the remains of a squeezed orange on a newspaper. And that was all right, too, Lindsay reflected. Now that she was out of a job and had all the time in the world, hadn't she encouraged Poppy to do just that?

The telephone rang and Lindsay jumped up. It was Madge.

"Listen, angel, I'm awfully sorry about yesterday afternoon. It was all my fault. I should have told you as you came in the door that . . ."

Lindsay said, "Madge darling, I've got some news for you. Toby and I are engaged."

There was silence on the wire for a moment. Then Madge said, "But my dear! What a surprise! Toby is sweet and I'm sure you two will be awfully happy. Listen, come and have lunch with me. I want to talk to you. Meet me at Alice McCollier's at noon."

Lindsay jumped out of bed, plugged in the coffee pot and then ran into the bathroom for a shower.

Poppy Cartwright hung up her coat and hat. She took a newspaper out of the pile on the reception bench, went to her desk, opened it, and began to read. In the huge room others were hidden behind newspapers, from which puffs of cigarette smoke arose.

There was a noise at the adjoining desk. Her secretary, Miss Katz, had just come in. She nodded to Poppy.

"Miss Katz," said Poppy, "go upstairs and see if you can get the proofs of the Sunday black and white fashions away from them, will you? The fashion ad. has to go down to wait order this afternoon."

Then she sighed. If they were going to keep her doing fashion ads they'd jolly well better raise her salary so she could dress better. It made you want clothes so much, writing about them. She looked at her memo pad, folded the newspaper and put it to one side of her desk. She took a pencil with a sharp point and began to make notes on a sheet of paper in front of her. The telephones were ringing. People had begun

to move around a little. Things had come to order. The sleep-walking period was over.

Two salesmen were sitting on her desk at eleven. Both wanted presentations by to-morrow. One was tomato soup. The other was a cosmetic account. Face creams. Poppy said, "Well, I'll try to get them both done by to-morrow. But I'm pretty well jammed with work."

Lon said, "Well, I can wait until Monday." Arthur said, "I've got to have the material to-morrow. Boyden said to drop everything else. It is a must. It means a ten-thousand line contract."

"Well, scoot, both of you. I'll get you up something." She made a list of things for Miss Katz to get from the files. That is, if she could find them, poor girl. What she could find, however, Poppy wouldn't have to. Then she looked up and saw Toby. He was grinning, swinging one leg as he leaned on her desk. Poppy felt her spirit expand and fill like a balloon. It rose right up with her and floated. That was what Toby did to her, she thought, laughing, if she didn't look out.

"If you want a presentation for beer or bottles or doughnuts or mattresses you can't have it even if it's for color gravure. I'm too busy."

Toby said, "I don't want anything. Has Lindsay told you?"

It was as if somebody stuck a pin in the balloon. It collapsed inside of her all of a sudden. And yet there was Toby in front of her saying, "She didn't?" Incredulously just like that!

Poppy said in a tight voice, "Told me what?"

"That we're engaged and going to be married when her family get in from that round-the-world trip of theirs. Probably in June. You'll have to get another room-mate, Poppy, old dear."

There were stars in front of Poppy's eyes and she forgot to draw in her breath when the big clock up on the wall ticked a couple of times.

Toby said, "What's the matter, Poppy? Why don't you congratulate me?"

Then Poppy said, "Why, of course, Toby. Lindsay's grand. I hope you two will be awfully happy. I guess she didn't tell me because I was asleep when she came in. And I left before she got up this morning."

"Well, I wanted you to be the first to know."

Poppy stared after him. "That was nice of you, Toby, to think of me."

IT was about forty-three that afternoon that Poppy realised with a certain surprise she had been working tensely since early morning and that she had little or no recollection of the actual process of completing her jobs and yet there they were in front of her, finished and done.

Jean Bourke came up to Poppy's desk. "Would you like to see. I've got a couple of passes for to-night."

"Where did you get those violets? Ummm. They smell so sweet."

"Oh, Johnny Rains dropped in with them. He's doing publicity for the national violet association. He's always giving them away."

"Well," Poppy said, "Introduce me, will you? I love violets. And I don't suppose you know anybody who does publicity for a good dinner right now?"

"Why I know lots of people," said Jean. "Would you like to go?"

Poppy laughed. "I didn't mean it really. Let's stop and have clams and lobster. I'll get my coat."

The telephone on her desk rang. She looked at it. "I don't know whether to answer or not."

"Let it go," said Jean.

"Well, I might be sorry."

She listened to Toby's voice. "I've simply got to have a presentation for Universal Foods by to-morrow morning, Poppy. I'm going to see the space-buyer at nine-thirty sharp."

"But, Toby . . ."

"I know it's impossible, but can't you get something together? Strong woman-appeal, family readership in the better income district . . . testimonial letters and all that sort of tripe? Why, Poppy, you couldn't turn a fellow down on a thing like this. If I land this contract it might mean a raise or even a promotion. You wouldn't want to stand in the way of a young man's success, would you?"

There was a long silence. Then she said slowly, "I'll try to get something together, Toby. I'll have it ready by nine."

She put the phone back in its cradle. "Better ask Ethel to go with you on those passes. I've got a job to do for Tom Tobin. He thinks his career depends on it."

Jean said, "Heavens, Poppy. Why did you tell him you'd do it? Don't be a fool. If he can't get his requests in early, he deserves no consideration at all. You'll have to stay here all evening."

Poppy sighed. "I have a few sheets of that heavy blue stock left. Maybe with jumbo type for the leads and hand-lettering on the cover . . ."

"You really mean you are going to stay and do it?"

But Poppy was already busy on the telephone. "There were some pages that had to be photostated. Yes, pick them up immediately and deliver them by nine to-morrow."

Jean shook her head. "Well, if you're determined, I'll ask Rose."

LINDSAY was in bed when she heard the door open and shut. She saw the light snap on in Poppy's room. She turned over sleepily and said, "that you, Poppy? Where've you been?"

Poppy said, "Go to sleep. I just worked late. By the way, Toby told me. Congratulations and all that sort of thing."

There was a moment's silence. Then Lindsay said, "Aren't you glad, Poppy?"

Thoughtfully, "I don't know, Lindsay. I'd rather see both of you happy than anything else in the world. But are you sure you will be?"

Lindsay said, "Is anybody sure of anything?"

Lindsay was conscious that Poppy didn't go directly to bed. That the light in her room was on for a long while. And then it seemed that she had scarcely shut her eyes when it was morning and there was Poppy with the light on. She stretched sleepily.

"I didn't hear the alarm. What time is it?"

"It's still early. Quarter to seven, I guess." Poppy's head was bent over some sheets of blue paper. She had been pasting and hand-lettering.

Lindsay pattered out in her slippers, thrusting her arms in a negligee which she had thrown over the foot of the bed.

"What's all the midnight oil, Poppy? Anything I can do to help? Is it a jam or something?"

Poppy's face was pale. There were purplish smudges under her eyes. "But,

Poppy, have you been in bed at all? You're quite dressed."

"Well, I'm pretty near through. I drank so much coffee last night that I couldn't sleep so I thought I might as well work. And then I woke up after I did fall asleep."

"But, Poppy, isn't it handsome! What is it . . . all these figures and things and those beautiful pie-charts and graphs?"

"I've worked on it so hard I can't tell whether it's any good or not. I only hope he likes it."

"What are you doing it for?"

Poppy dipped her brush into a pot of poster coloring and filled in a capital C. "It's for one of the salesmen. A rush job for a pretty important account. It had to be ready by nine."

"I wish you'd called me. I would have been glad to paste or letter or help."

"Oh well. You were asleep. And it wasn't your job, anyway."

"I'll squeeze some oranges and put on the coffee."

"I'll take the afternoon off, I guess, and come home and sleep. I feel rather shot."

Lindsay felt in the bag for oranges. She measured out the coffee and filled the pot from the tap in the bathroom. She said as she plugged in the connection, "Getting up so early makes me feel as if I were going on a journey. You know, getting up early to catch a train."

"I feel," replied Poppy, "as if I'd loafed on a course all term and then had tried to make it up in one night's cramming."

It was a dark day. Poppy put the folder in a big envelope and got on the bus at a quarter to nine. She was the first one in the office. She put the envelope down on her desk and went and hung up her coat. Then she came back, sat down and put her head in her hands. She had told Toby she would have something ready for him by nine o'clock. The long hand of the big clock was on twelve. People were beginning to come in now. The door opened and closed rapidly. If this didn't sell that account . . . suddenly her telephone rang.

"Hello . . . oh Poppy. It's Toby. I just thought I'd tell you I can't see the space buyer until noon. If there is any more you want to do on that presentation. He just called me."

Poppy's voice was thin and far away. She hardly recognised it. "I can't think of anything more, Toby. The photostat boy has just come in. It will be all finished as soon as I can paste them up. You might as well come and get it."

"Poppy, what's the matter? You sound so funny."

"Matter? You can't sit up all night and not have anything to eat and feel so very well the next morning, can you?"

She replaced the phone. Then burst into tears. At the same time she began to laugh. Miss Katz came in and looked at her curiously. After a little Poppy got hold of herself. She took out her compact and powdered her nose. She looked up to see Toby in front of her gazing at her anxiously.

"Don't be so worried, Toby. I'm all right, just tired. And Miss Katz. If you'll take this report right away. I think I'll go home and get some sleep. I worked late last night. And if anybody else wants a rush order tell him no."

But Poppy didn't get home. She fainted in the hall and had to be taken to the emergency-room, where a white-capped nurse revived her. Poppy opened her eyes to see Lindsay and Toby standing in front of her.

"Wasn't that silly," she said heavily. "I guess it was because I didn't have any din-

her last night." Then she closed her eyes again.

Toby looked at the nurse with scared eyes. "She isn't really sick, is she?"

The nurse took an instrument out of a boiling bath. "She certainly is sick."

"What's the matter with her?" asked Lindsay. "Do you know?"

"Not right off. It looks like a case of complete collapse to me. I'm going to send her home in a cab after a little while and you call her own doctor. It may be heart, or anæmia or thyroid or any one of a hundred things. But something's snapped."

Toby said to Lindsay, "It's all my fault . . . if anything should happen to Poppy . . . say, I've got to dash. Take this for a cab and I'll come down as soon as I get through."

"So she stayed up all night to get that presentation ready for you," said Lindsay thoughtfully. "Wasn't there anybody else who could do it?"

"No," said Toby. "Nobody can turn out the nifty job that Poppy can."

Toby tiptoed upstairs to the girls' flat in the early afternoon. Lindsay let him in her door. He carried a green-paper cornucopia out of which bright-colored flowers stuck their heads. She put her finger over her lips.

"How is she?" he whispered. "I called at least ten times."

Lindsay sighed. "Everybody in town has called. The telephone is in Poppy's room. I finally wrapped it up in a bath-towel. And Toby, you would bring flowers. Look!" She opened the door of the bathroom. They filled the tub, the wash-basin. "We'll have to move out to-morrow if this keeps on."

"Has the doctor been here?"

"Yes. She gave her something to make her sleep and is going over her thoroughly to-morrow. If she hadn't the poor kid would never have slept through all this doorbell-ringing."

Toby asked her, "Do you love me?" He put his arms around her and Lindsay laid her head wearily on his shoulder.

When Poppy woke up they huddled her up on the couch and put pillows behind her. Then they sat down to watch her eat. And she was hungry. Food tasted good.

"I wanted to tell you that the space buyer was very much impressed with the presentation," said Toby. "If that doesn't sell him I can't imagine anything that will, but it's hardly worth all this."

Poppy smiled rather weakly. She was feeling so much better. The thing she kept wondering about in her rambling mind was whether you looked or felt any different once you were engaged.

Lindsay said, "I'll take the towel off the phone, now you're awake, and I must tell you about your flowers."

After a little Poppy said she was sleepy again and guessed she'd get back into bed. And she said to herself, "If I go to sleep I won't have to look at them holding hands all the time."

THREE days afterwards, Poppy was coming out of the doctor's office. She was thinking over what she had been told.

"I can't find anything wrong with you," the doctor tapped her pencil on the table. "After all these tests your glands are all right. I thought you might have a low thyroid. But the only tangible evidence of anything wrong is low blood pressure . . . which probably means that you are dreadfully overworked or that you've had

a psychological upset. But I warn you . . . you simply must get away . . . take a complete vacation for ten days and stay away from your job for three weeks. Go out into the country somewhere . . ."

Poppy smiled to herself. "Maybe I'll stop and have a cup of tea at a cafe all by myself. I feel like an invalid. I guess that's pretty plain. A psychological upset of some sort. Maybe this is what they used to call a decline. And I guess, Poppy Cartwright, you're pretty poor stuff. If you can't see your very best friend get engaged to a man who's simply crazy about her, and has been ever since he set eyes on her, without getting low blood pressure."

Sometime later she was telling Lindsay in the very telling of it she felt better than she had since she had first heard about it. "The doctor said I must take a complete rest for ten days. She said I was on the verge of collapse," said Poppy, cheerfully.

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"I can get a leave of absence all right. In fact I can take two weeks' vacation if I want to. I hate to take my vacation now and have nothing to look forward to in the hot months . . . but it would be better than four weeks without pay. Whew!"

Lindsay said, "Don't worry about money. I think I've got enough."

The telephone rang. "It's probably someone for you. The whole town has called about you."

Lindsay said "Hello." And the voice in her ears stopped them for a moment so that she could hear nothing except the beating of her own heart.

On the other end, "This is Rufus. How's Poppy? What did the doctor say?"

Lindsay said, "She's feeling much better. Rufus, she must get out in the country and take a complete rest for ten days, and not go back to work for a month . . . Why is sounds grand, Rufus. Wait, I'll ask her . . ."

Poppy, Rufus wants to know why you don't go out to the farm to recuperate? He says I can go along to be with you. But, Rufus, I have some news. I'm getting married. Yes, Toby."

Poppy listening, thought, "Damn it. She is in love with that man. What a mess love gets you in anyway. I can't think of any two people in the world I know who are in love with each other. Somebody is always in love with the other person. Except Clayton and Madge, and Madge had a husband before Clayton I guess, but he died of something. I guess it's just as well that I don't ever expect to get married."

IT was on a Friday that Johnny Raymond drove into town in the old car on some errands, and picked up Lindsay and Poppy who were all ready with their bags packed and waiting in the doorway at twelve-thirty. Rufus popped out of the subway five minutes before to see them off, and to give Johnny last-minute instructions.

"And, Johnny . . . see that Nettie gets their meals. The little one there is not to lift a finger. I wish I were going with you."

"Please come, Rufus."

He shook his head and looked at his watch. "Have to see an important prospect at lunch. Good-bye. I'll be out to see how you're getting along."

They drove out of the city in silence. Poppy said, "It's practically the first of March. I wonder if the pussy-willows will be out."

"Spring comes to Garrison," said Lindsay dreamily. "Poppy, did you notice that grey

hair over Rufus's ears? I never saw it there before."

"Yes," said Poppy. "He looks about ten years older."

"The city doesn't agree with him," said Lindsay.

"You're right there," said Johnny Raymond over his shoulder. "If you'll pardon my speakin' out of turn. But the city's no place for Rufus Haydon. There ain't a Haydon yet who's flourished away from the farm. They bring 'em back there to die, that's what they do. Miss Mamie Haydon . . ."

"Well I wouldn't say it was as serious as all that," said Poppy, laughing, "but in the city most people are overworked, under-slept, overstimulated . . ."

"I'm feeling the need of some good country sleep myself," said Lindsay. "Bullfrogs and early morning roosters and the lowing of cattle in the distance."

THE sunshine was heart-warming. There was a breeze that blew gently. In low spots in the lawn there was squashy dirt that had become green. There were puddles in the road on the edge of which was a great beach of yellow, slippery clay mud, mud that sucked at rubbers and was as slippery as grease. Poppy took off her beret and let the wind blow through her hair.

They walked along the road until they came to the two stone posts. A painted sign said "Rufus Haydon—Private." They waited for the traffic, a milk truck and two cars, and then walked down the muddy edge of the State road to the mail-box. Poppy got there first and took the single letter and gave it to Lindsay.

"It's from Toby."

They walked back single file as Lindsay read it to herself. Poppy was unpeeling the bark from a twig. With the twig held loosely and quietly in her hand, her feet stopped, her heart stopped to listen again for the sound of his voice. But it wasn't there. Only Lindsay saying something turning the letter over to the beginning. How would he begin it? "Dearest sweetheart," maybe? or "Dearest Lindsay," or "Lindsay, dear?"

"Poppy, this letter is mostly messages for you. He misses us both, he says. He wants to know how you are feeling. He says to tell you he got the big account, and that Miss Kats sends her love. He says that Mr. Jackson, the Home and Garden editor, asks for you every day at eleven o'clock coffee."

Lindsay folded the letter and put it in her pocket. "Now if that isn't a funny letter to be getting from your fiancé! Every paragraph begins with 'Tell Poppy.' I read it all the way through so that if there was a private paragraph or two at the end I wouldn't be embarrassed by stumbling into it. But there isn't even an X." Lindsay laughed. "If it were anybody but you, Poppy, I would feel jealous."

Poppy was thoughtful as they walked up to the house. She was thoughtful all through lunch.

Lindsay was thoughtful, too. "There's something about this farm air that gives you an appetite. Do you suppose Rufus and Julia will be up here this week-end?"

"I wouldn't know. Is Toby coming? And do we know anybody with a new car? There's one coming up the driveway."

"Maybe it's for Johnny Raymond."

"No, it's coming in here."

"Hooray! It's Aunt Spiddy and Christy Morris . . . Now what?"

"Now what?" echoed Poppy putting her napkin on the table.

They all sat on the long porch. Lindsay found an old chair for Aunt Spiddy and a

IDLE RAINBOW

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

kitchen chair for Christy Morris. Poppy and Lindsay sat on the edge of the porch and kicked the dry brown grass that was beginning to show green at the roots.

There was quite a little talk before Aunt Spiddy came to the point of her visit. "Lindsay tells me," she said to Poppy, "that you know where there are some Jack-in-the-pulpits. That's what we came up for. I'm digging up some for a garden for one of my clients. A nice shady swampy bit in the city under some privet bushes. I hope they'll grow, but there's no way of knowing. Jack-in-the-pulpits and geranium trees in cement jardinières and ferns and trillium."

Poppy and Aunt Spiddy walked down an overgrown road which had once been the State road running by the house, but now was only outlined by the rows of old trees. Back of the house ran a crumbly old stone wall and a busy, rushing brook, at this time of the year particularly noisy. Across the brook were flag stepping-stones, now entirely hidden in a white, rushing foam over which swirled foamy yellow pan-cakes. Aunt Spiddy was walking briskly ahead in her short plaid skirt, swinging a trowel in her right hand, and carrying a basket. Suddenly she turned around.

"Poppy, I've had a feeling that something is wrong with Lindsay. I came up to see you and to find out if she is really in love with Toby."

Poppy said nothing. "Maybe she is and maybe she isn't. Thank goodness her father's due in another month. You don't think there's any danger of their running off and getting married, do you?" Poppy shook her head. "Oh, no, Miss Abbott."

"Well, that's one thing I wanted to know. But is she in love?"

Poppy broke off a twig and bit the sweet end of it. "I think Toby's in love with Lindsay."

Aunt Spiddy looked straight at Poppy. "You've got something on your mind yourself. I don't suppose you could tell me, could you?"

Poppy laughed. It rang out merrily in the shrubbery. "I've got low blood pressure, that's all."

"Hm. Where are those jacks you were leading me to? I've had low blood pressure myself. And I've had high blood pressure as for Lindsay, I think she's engaged merely because it's something colorful to do. Life is so awfully dull in the spring."

"Isn't it?" agreed Poppy.

"Another thing," said Aunt Spiddy, speaking mostly to herself, when the basket was filled with moist, sweet-smelling dirt and the curled-up fern fronds with heads bent over in white, furry caps. "Sometimes you're glad to know it and then again you're sorry it's true. But life is never the same one half-hour after another, and you might as well live each moment right full up to the brim, because it's a moment you'll never have again. The same set-up never repeats in a whole lifetime."

Poppy nodded her head vigorously, but her eyes were bright with tears. "It's always darkest before dawn."

Aunt Spiddy smiled. "Now that's one thing I've always wondered about. Is it really?"

"I guess the only way you could tell would be to stay up all night and find out. I'll try it some time and keep an accurate report and let you know about it."

Aunt Spiddy dug her trowel in the earth and cut some roots with the sharp edge of it. "Sitting down and thinking your way out of a situation is all very well. Sometimes you get just as far by resigning yourself to it. Do you know what I mean? Not forgetting your objective, but sort of float-

ing for awhile with the current until you get your breath? I believe in fighting, but only as a last resort. Most always I let the other people do the fighting. It saves a deal of energy in the end."

"Do you want any more plants?"

"No. All I want is for Lindsay not to elope until her parents return."

"All right," laughed Poppy. "I promise to warn you if there are any symptoms. Somehow I don't think there will be."

After Aunt Spiddy and Christy Morris left Poppy went upstairs for her nap in a much more cheerful frame of mind than she had been in since she had come to the farm. She sat down at the little desk in the bedroom and opened up a sheet of notepaper.

"Dear Toby—I'm terribly glad about the contract, but you mustn't think that you were the cause of my breakdown. I was a bonehead and a sap to work so hard, and it's nobody's fault but my own."

"It's marvellous here. We are doing nothing but eating and sleeping, as Lindsay has probably told you. My capacity for doing nothing is amazing."

Lindsay's Aunt Spiddy was here to-day for some Jack-in-the-Pulpits. To-morrow we are invited over to the Alexanders' for lunch . . .

SHE chewed the end of her pen awhile and then wrote "darlingtobydarlingtobydarlingtoby I love you love you love you. Forever and forever your own Poppy." The tears dropped unchecked and spotted the ink. She took the letter and tore it into tiny shreds, threw it into the waste basket and then fell face down on the bed shaking with heavy sobs.

Downstairs Lindsay sat in the library writing in square black letters.

"Dear Rufus—Poppy has gone to bed early and I said I'd write and thank you for providing us with this beautiful retreat. It's doing Poppy worlds of good. She has color in her cheeks and has gained two pounds. We weigh ourselves every day on the scales in the barn."

Every day I feel better acquainted with you and the Haydons. On that old cupboard in the kitchen Nettie showed me yesterday the marks she made every year on your birthday to show how you'd grown. Scratches on the kitchen door, some high ones made by a big dog and some by a little one. The big one was Fritz and the little one was a spaniel you called Prince Charlie. And here in the library I can see your whole set of Tom Swift beside your father's Alger boys. I've been surprised to see what an excellent library the elder Haydons gathered together and apparently read. Which one liked Dickens, and which one Kipling? And then there is a Latin Grammar and the translations of Horace. And in front it says "Rufus Haydon, Garrison, N.Y. If ever this book should roam, give it a kick and send it home." And to-day Nettie got out the loveliest old chessmen and showed me the marks of your first teeth on one of the pawns.

"Nettie and I are getting along beautifully. She even consults me about meals which gives me a tremendous kick and makes me feel as if I belonged here. Johnny Raymond has given me a few simple tasks in the nursery which I perform with care and reverence and a growing interest in the whole process of cultivation. And yesterday I took the husks off a half-cupful of very fancy geranium seeds and they are now sprouting. I hope, in a mixture of garden loam and sand.

"I'm beginning to know the Haydons

apart from their pictures. Nettie gave me a lesson from a group photograph in which you wore a velvet suit with a lace collar, and you held your grandfather's watch in your hand. Nettie laughed until she cried when she told me about your cutting off all your curls the next day all by yourself. But they were sweet, Rufus. I think I would have cried, too."

"I'm saving up a lot of other things to tell you when I see you, about your past. Rufus, please, no end of thanks for your generous hospitality to us both.—As ever, Lindsay."

She finished and folded the letter. She put it in an envelope and licked the flap, then stared at it lying on the desk. She sat there for some time and then rummaged for a stamp, put it on the envelope and placed the letter on the hall table beside the kerosene lamp.

Friday was a glorious day. Johnny Raymond drove them over to the Alexanders' for lunch. The Alexanders lived on a hill. The house was grey-shingled with blue shutters and low red brick chimneys. It looked, said Lindsay, like a doll's house beside all the big barns. In fact, it was almost a village in itself, all the houses around and all the little buildings. There were signs of activity. A milk truck pulled out of the stone-gravelled driveway. A collie dog scampered across the green circle of lawn. A man was on his knees doing things to bushes and still another was raking up twigs and dead leaves and a small wet bonfire sent up a curl of blue smoke at the side of the house. Everywhere it smelled of spring while little white clouds blew across the bright sky.

Inside, Terry and Gwen both began to talk at once. They drew Poppy in and asked her how she was feeling, and Gwen took Lindsay aside and put her arms around her and said she hoped she was happy over at Haydon farm. If they wanted anything at all they must call no matter what time of night it was. John had to go down to the city to-day and this was rather a private celebration. They had lunch in a sun-parlor where rows of red and yellow tulips bloomed in window-boxes, and the sun streamed in, touching goblets of water and silverware. Outside a wide panorama of fields and valleys resembled an immense patchwork quilt.

Lindsay felt relaxed and happier than she had for days. The two Alexander girls at opposite ends of the table talked incessantly but seemed completely in accord with each other, so much so that one finished the other's sentences. They always seemed to know what the other was going to say. Lindsay wondered which one was older. Rufus said that they had been left almost without funds about five years ago when their father and mother had been killed in a motor accident. But they both seemed stylish and carefree. One could imagine, thought Lindsay, except for the landscape, that this was the St. Regis and they were all having luncheon together to form a committee to aid the needy musicians or the crippled children. It was hard to think of Gwen and Terry as actual farmers. Rufus said they made an excellent income. The senior Alexander had made a hobby of raising blooded stock.

"Yes," Gwen was saying, "the first year we put down our own sauerkraut. We sunk a barrel and added salt and water. That was all there was to it."

"Last year we smoked our own hams and made our own sausages. We exchanged that blue spruce tree of Rufus' for a quarter of pork."

"And," Gwen said, "I wish you girls lived out here all the time. We're simply mad

about this part of the world, but every now and then we do like a little feminine company. It would save us going to town so often. We couldn't find any sort of inducement for you to stay, could we?"

Lindsay selected a strawberry frosted cupcake and dipped her spoon into the sherbert glass of ice-cream. "It wouldn't take very much. I hope Rufus doesn't find a buyer for the place before Poppy recovers entirely from her blood pressure or whatever is wrong with her."

Both girls stopped, their mouths open, their spoons poised in the air. Terry recovered first. "Lindsay Abbott, you mean to say Rufus is selling the place? I simply can't believe it!"

"It isn't possible. He'd rather cut off his right arm."

POPPY nodded her head. "Honestly, it's been listed since the first of the year. I'm surprised you didn't know about it."

"Well, Rufe did tell us he was going to sell, but he's said that many times before just when the taxes were due, and we didn't think he meant anything by it."

"Oh, I can't bear it if he does sell it. Imagine who might buy it! Somebody who wouldn't let us ride over his fields and fences. Somebody who would dam up the brook for a swimming-pool and begin to improve the property. Oh, it would be simply dreadful. You mean that Rufe is really serious about selling bonds?"

"Of course," said Poppy, "it's all Julia's doings."

Gwen and Terry exchanged looks. Then Terry said, "Let's have our coffee in the living-room."

After a little while they said they ought to go back but the Alexanders said they must see the farm. They found old rubber-trees and goloshes. As they wandered around Poppy and Gwen were separated from the others, and Poppy seized the opportunity to ask, "Isn't there anything Rufe could do except marry Julia?"

Gwen said, "Let's sit down on this stump. The whole business gives me a terrible pain. I can't think of any place where Julia Graham would be really useful. And sometimes I think I just can't sit by and watch her ruin Rufus. And if she doesn't marry Rufe she'll probably marry John, which would be infinitely worse, so I just say to myself, 'Don't you meddle! Then you'll have nothing to blame yourself for no matter what happens.' But Terry says we'll blame ourselves if we don't meddle, because maybe it would have come out better. Well, in the first place Rufe could sell off a few corners here and there and not know the difference, and get plenty of ready cash. He could rent that roadside frontage down there to a roadside inn. Then he has a good thing there in his nursery and green tree food. Most of the big estates around here would hire Rufe as a tree expert, even though they do have their own gardeners."

"You don't like Julia much, do you?" asked Poppy.

Gwen looked at her. "Neither do you."

"I think," said Poppy slowly, "if somebody could eliminate Julia from the contest everything would come out all right. I've got some thinking to do. Some hard thinking. Maybe we'd better get started for home."

Morning streamed in the window, Lindsay threw back her arms and stretched. Then she turned over and shook Poppy.

"Wake up! It's Saturday and Rufe is coming out to-day! Wake up lazy bones!" Poppy yawned and said with her eyes

still closed, "Isn't it pretty funny that you should be so excited about Rufus coming out when you're engaged to Toby and he's coming out, too? Oh-hum!"

"You're half asleep. It's just that being here in Rufe's house and seeing all his things lying about . . . you just get to thinking about him."

Poppy sat up. She flung her arms out wide. "It's wonderful out here, Lindsay. I could stay here the rest of my life and let the old advertising job go hang. Sometimes it seems just criminal to me to stay cooped up all day long in an office when there's all this green sky-free space to move about in . . . and to live in a dirty grubby part of town. After all, we've only got one life to live."

Lindsay was running a comb through her hair. "You sound a little like Aunt Spiddy."

"She is a grand person. Which reminds me of something."

"What?"

"Who's looking after all Rufus' greenery while he is downtown selling bonds? I mean who's feeding his insects and making notes? And going on with his research and all that?"

"Johnny Raymond is doing some of it, and I told Rufus we'd be glad to do anything we could."

"It seems a terrible shame. Listen, he really shouldn't sell the farm."

"No, of course not, but Julia wants him to."

"Do you think he cares for Julia?"

"Well, rather. Wouldn't you say so, when he loves this place but is willing to sell it if she'll marry him?"

"Yes, but I wonder. I mean sometimes the whole thing looks sour to me. I mean . . . oh darn it, if Julia weren't so beautiful and didn't use that expensive perfume. It's the hypnotic effect."

Lindsay smiled. "Poppy lamb, if I thought it was that, I'd go and rifle her dressing table and break every bottle there."

Poppy looked at Lindsay with her eyes wide. "Say, aren't you engaged to Toby?"

"Yes," said Lindsay. "That's true."

IT was afternoon when Julia's roadster drove into the yard with a spatter of gravel. Julia jumped down, looking trim in her beret and her gauntlet gloves. And Rufus got out looking tweedy in his new overcoat and hat. He said right off:

"It has agreed with you, Poppy. You're looking fine. There is color in your cheeks." And then he took hold of both Lindsay's hands and said, "And I never saw you look better. Toby said to tell you he wouldn't be out until the late train. Julia promised to drive into Peekakill to meet him. Hi there, Johnny. How's everything?"

And then all was confusion and bags, and Nettie was fixing a tray with tea-things. Julia went upstairs to her room and Rufe appeared from somewhere in old shoes and an old leather coat that smelled a little like a stable. Cars began to drive in and there was a congregation of people on the porch talking to Rufus.

"Real estate people," said Nettie, her eyes rimmed with red. "And believe me."

Julia had changed into a tea-gown of jade-green. It was soft and misty and unbelievably lovely. Lindsay felt suddenly like a schoolgirl as Julia came down the

stairs. I wonder, thought Lindsay, if she knows that Rufus is watching her? Maybe she waited until he was coming in the door. Julia let a beautiful hand slip down on the polished rail. The back of her gown trailed on the stair carpet.

"I could hate her," thought Lindsay, "if she weren't so bee-outiful. But oh, she is killing Rufe."

Julia went to the kitchen door. "Where are the boxes of flowers I brought up?" she asked Nettie.

Then rather deliberately, it seemed to Lindsay, she set aside the vases which Lindsay had fixed with budding apple blossoms and soft furry pussywillows, soft ones with pinkish casts, doing it on purpose just to show that she was mistress of the house. Julia was shaking the stems of roses from the green oiled paper and arranging them in vases.

Julia carried the bowl filled with red roses, her gown flowing out behind her, to the hall table. Then she picked up the vase of yellow buds and put it on the low tea-table.

Julia went to the door. "Tea, Rufus," she said. And in the tone of voice there was a command. Rufus looked inquiringly in and then said:

"But I'm busy, Julia."

She repeated, "Your tea is ready."

Poppy came down the stairs. "I'd much rather have mine later, if you don't mind, Julia. I have to take my two-mile hike. I've been lazy to-day. Come on, Lindsay, the sooner we start out, the sooner it will be over with. Let's go up to the spring for a change."

Rufus came in the door and looked at the two girls who were going out. "But isn't it tea-time?"

"We won't be gone long."

IT was nearly two hours later when Poppy said to Lindsay in a rather scared voice as she picked her way over a fallen log, "I hope, Lindsay Abbott, you know where we are. It's pretty dark around here and if you don't know the way, I'm afraid we're lost."

Lindsay answered slowly. "I was looking for the tree with a gash in it . . . but I can't seem to find it. I can hardly see you . . . it's getting dark! Wait, I think there's a bit of clearing there. If we head for that maybe we can get out in the open and find some lights somewhere."

"Ouch," said Poppy. "I've stepped in a hole. Oh dear, do you suppose it's a snake-hole?"

"Nonsense, wait until I get to you, Poppy. Maybe if we took hold of hands . . ."

"Lindsay, my heart's beating like a sledgehammer. I swear I can't climb one step farther."

"But we must go to the top of the hill. It's the only way to find a clearing."

"Well, we're not making much progress like this with all these branches whipping our faces. And I don't think we can find one anyway. Did you know the Alexanders lost a blooded cow in these woods and were unable to find it?"

"Cows aren't very bright, anyway."

"Johnny Raymond found a deer last year that had been killed and partly eaten by wild animals. He thought it was wolves."

"Rufus says there haven't been any wolves here in years."

"But what else could have eaten that deer? Oh, why didn't we turn back at the spring?"

"Because you wanted to see the view from the top of the hill," said Lindsay crossly.

"Well," Poppy protested, "Nettie said all we had to do was to follow the path above the spring and we'd come to a clearing."

"And we followed the path, didn't we?"

"Yes," admitted Poppy, "only we've probably been going around in a circle. That's what happened to the woman who was lost on Bear Mountain. And she was dead when they found her."

"But she fell over a cliff."

"Yes, and how do we know but that there is a cliff around here?"

"Because if there was Rufe would have told us."

"That's ridiculous, Lindsay. Rufe didn't know we were going above the spring. Heavens, what was that?"

"It sounded like . . . cannon," said Lindsay.

"That wasn't cannon. It was thunder."

"There, I felt a raindrop!"

POPPY'S teeth were chattering. "I'm cold already. And think what it'll be after we're wet through. It's raining steadily now. People die from exposure."

"I won't!" said Lindsay cheerfully, "not unless there's more exposure than this. I'm roasting. My sweater's a burden to me. Here," she peeled it off. "You take it."

"I won't do anything of the sort."

"Then I'll have to carry it. You better slip it on, Poppy. Remember your blood pressure . . . and honestly, I am too warm." Poppy took it. "I know you're fibbing. You're probably frozen stiff."

"Oh!" It was a flash of lightning followed by a long reverberating rumble of thunder. A spatter of rain came down as if shaken from the skies.

"Lindsay, let's stand still and shout for help at the top of our voices."

It was a moment before Lindsay answered. "Who could hear us with all this wind and thunder and rain? We'd better save our strength. Never mind, we're probably not more than a mile from the house and they must be looking for us by this time. Rufe knew we were going to the spring and he'll come up this way sooner or later. I think we'd better keep moving, though. It will keep us warm, and we may get somewhere."

"But I can't," said Poppy. "I'm just about all in."

"We'll stop a little for you to catch your breath."

"If I ever do catch it, I feel so dizzy!"

Lindsay reached her and put her arms around her as Poppy said faintly, "Something's the matter with me, Lindsay . . ."

"Hark!" said Lindsay. "I thought I heard a bell!"

JULIA GRAHAM was pacing back and forth with anxiety. Dinner stood untouched on the table. Toby was lighting one cigarette from another. Johnny Raymond came bounding up the steps. "They aren't at the spring," Rufus was in the library telephoning the Alexanders.

"Yes, John, that's good of you. How many can you spare? Better take the dog along, too. Do you want to start from here or your house? They went to the spring. Take lanterns. I suppose you could enter the north woodlot from that old wood-road on your place. We've got to search that, too. Of course, they may have gone somewhere else. Do you think I ought to notify the police? There have been an unusual number of hobos on the road lately. And John . . . you might call back in an hour."

"Listen," said Toby as Rufe came out of the study, "I've just got to do something.

Can't I go somewhere, do something? They may be hurt. And Poppy's been ill . . . oh, Lord . . ."

Rufus took Toby by the shoulders. "Ten chances to one they're all right. But you don't know this country and the first thing you'd do would be to get lost yourself. There ought to be a man here, though you can go with us if you want to while Johnny Raymond and I cover the ground from the spring out. But I'd rather have you ring that bell back of the barn. We used it to call the men from the fields. If the girls are not too far away they may hear it. Ring it at five minute intervals. If you get any news while we are gone, ring it constantly. If we find them I'll shoot off my gun."

He turned to Julia. "Call Dr. Shaw and tell him to be ready to drive up here at a minute's notice. Explain what has happened."

Rufus stood in the driveway holding a lantern. The rain rolled in streams off his hat. The lantern lighted up his face. It glistened with raindrops. "Remember, I'll fire the gun if I find them."

Julia watched him go up the road, the lantern light wavering and lighting up the back of his heels. She shivered with anxiety. Then she turned and said, "Nettie, maybe you'd better make up another pot of coffee and have some sandwiches ready. I'm horribly frightened. What in the world is that?"

The bell from behind the barn began to clang in the rain. A gust of wind flickered the flame in the lamp and Nettie pulled a sweater closer around her shoulders, went to the woodbox, picked out two round sticks of birch wood, lifted up the lid on the stove and thrust them in with a quick movement, the flames lighting up and licking at her hand before she put the lid down again.

Rufus hadn't gone far up the hill when a dark figure joined him. It was Toby. "I couldn't see you go on ahead," he moaned. "I had to come along. Thought maybe I'd be of some help. Gave the job of bell-ringing to Johnny's little boy."

Rufus nodded. "All right," and plodded along.

Toby said, "What do you think?"

"I'm trying not to. There are so many things. I can see Lindsay trapped in one of those bogs, or broken and bleeding at the foot of a crag, or one of these escaped lunatics . . ."

"And I keep seeing Poppy crushed under a falling tree . . ."

"Let's not talk about it. Johnny and I know these woods pretty well. They're thick and they're very misleading. It's easy to lose your bearings—and that's probably what has happened. This side of the spring the path is plain, but beyond it's tough and it's dangerous. We'll begin to shout when we reach the spring-house. Of course they may have gone along the highway and been hit by a crazy driver. But my guess is that we'll find them somewhere in these woods. There goes the bell again. Hark! Did you hear something?"

It was one o'clock in the morning when Rufus shot off his gun. One o'clock when he heard the girls shout and saw in the changing path of light from the lantern two bedraggled figures staggering towards him. It was one o'clock when up there in the tangled woods in the Haydon farm he held Lindsay Abbott in his arms and let her cry and sob against his breast, although he couldn't tell her tears from the rain-drops that kept dripping from her hair. He showered kisses on her face and smoothed back her hair and said over and over, "Oh,

Lindsay, if anything had happened to you!" And she murmured back, in long gasping sobs, "Rufus, Rufus, darling! You did come—I knew you would."

Toby had swung Poppy up in his arms and had gone crashing through the underbrush behind Johnny Raymond. Poppy was protesting in a small voice, "I can walk, Toby. I'm not hurt or anything. Just so awfully dripping wet and frozen to death."

And Toby, relieved of his anxiety, tossed her up on his shoulder a little higher and said, "You weigh about as much as a feather anyway. What in the world happened to you?"

Poppy said from his shoulder close to his ear as she bounced up and down with Toby's uncertain footing, "I don't know, Toby, dear. I can't imagine. Just a couple of city slickers lost in the great wild woods. But I'm awfully glad to be rescued."

Rufus kept his arms around Lindsay firmly as if he couldn't let her go. "You were in the most inaccessible pocket in the woods . . . but I was drawn straight to you . . . Lindsay, darling."

"Rufus, I've simply got to tell you. When we were all alone up there in the blackness and I was beginning to doubt the end . . . the one thing I regretted was that you didn't know I loved you. I hated the thought of going out of the world without your even knowing, and I made up my mind that if we ever got back I would tell you, even if you hated me for telling."

The ground seemed to steam as they walked along and there was a pungent smell of evergreens. Lindsay took a deep breath and shivered. Rufus took off his under-sweater and put it around her shoulders. Lindsay noticed that it smelled faintly of tobacco and Rufus.

"I couldn't hate you if I tried . . . any more than I could keep from loving you . . . and I tried hard to do that," he said.

"Darling! We have only a few minutes. You feel it, too, don't you? For this little moment you belong to me. Everything else, everybody else is unimportant. Don't you feel it too?"

Rufus stood still and put his arm around her and kissed her slowly and fully on the mouth. They stood there in a little pool of lantern light. Neither said anything more. They walked down the muddy path along the driveway and into the kitchen where Toby and Poppy and the others had arrived. A car was in the driveway.

"Alexanders," said Rufus, "come in."

Julia said briskly, "Lindsay and Poppy are to take the hottest baths they can stand, Dr. Shaw said. And then they are to drink this hot stuff he sent up. And Nettie, let's have the food!"

BUT we can't stay," the Alexanders cried, "if they're really all right. We wanted to know what happened."

It turned into a sort of party, one of the gayest of the season, John Alexander said, his eyes following Julia as she walked around helping Nettie slice bread, setting things out on the oilcloth-covered kitchen table.

"Terry said to Gwen in an aside, 'She's just being house-wifely to impress him, don't you think?'"

Gwen answered, "I think so, too, and I think we're both cats." She said out loud, "But really, kitchen parties are all the rage."

Then Poppy and Lindsay in bathrobes came tripping down the backstairs and into the warm kitchen.

It was hours after they had been rescued and had finally been put to bed and the kitchen had been cleared away, that the

Haydon farm finally settled down for the night, although the night was nearly spent. Rufus and Julia met at the head of the stairs.

"I've decided not to sell the farm at all," he said, "I thought I'd let you know right away in case you wanted to make any different plans."

"Plans?" said Julia. "What do you mean . . . plans?"

Rufus leaned one hand on the balcony that ran around the stair well. "Why, I was under the impression that quite a few plans depended upon the sale of the farm."

Julia gave a quick little laugh. "I've been going to tell you, Rufus, that actually I didn't mean it. I have been thinking it over and it seems a shame to sell it. I mean I began to realise how much it meant to you . . . once I wondered if you cared more for me or for the farm . . . but now I believe I know."

She stood there hesitatingly, but Rufus abruptly said good-night and walked past her a trifle grimly into his bedroom and shut the door. Julia felt a momentary flutter of panic. "I was going to tell him he could kiss me," she murmured to herself and then closed the door to her own bedroom wondering at the change in herself, that she should be the one to invite a kiss. For a long time she sat in front of the window, letting the smoke from her cigarette curl out through the tiny mesh-holes in the wire screen. Then with a certain decision she lit the lamp on her bureau, recollecting at the smell of kerosene. She sat down at the chair in front of the dressing table and began to smooth cream into the tiny lines on her forehead, into the network of wrinkles about her eyes.

"If I stay up any longer," she said to herself, "I'll look like the wrath of heaven to-morrow."

IT was nearly noon next day before anybody stirred. That is, anybody except Rufus. The clock had barely struck seven when he was up and out in the greenhouse, working with flower pots and trowels and jotting things down in a notebook. Then he came in the house, sat down at the library desk and put in several phone calls. And about eleven he took the car and drove to town for a newspaper and the supplies.

Lindsay turned over and looked at Poppy who woke up and suddenly began to sneeze. "Oh dear," said Lindsay, "I guess you'd better stay in bed. I'll go down and get some orange juice and coffee for you . . . now don't get up, Poppy."

Lindsay slipped into a bathrobe and slippers and padded out into the hall, where she almost bumped into Toby who was reeling with sleep, his eyes bleary and hair standing on end. He tied the cord of his bathrobe tighter and said, "How's Poppy?"

"She's sneezing."

"You don't think she's getting a cold, do you?"

"She's got one."

Toby ran his hands through his hair.

"Lindsay?"

"Toby?"

"Yeah."

"Listen," Lindsay drew him down beside her on the top step of the back stairs.

"Toby . . . does it strike you a bit funny that the one love-letter you write me while I'm

away from you is all full of Poppy? And that last night when you should have been rescuing me, you rescued Poppy? And now this morning the first thing you ask about is not my health, but Poppy's?"

"Gee, Lindsay, I know . . ."

"Yes, I know, too. You poor dear. I know something you don't. You're crazy about her."

"But she doesn't care a hoot about me. She told me so. She's nuts about somebody else."

Lindsay shook her head. "I never thought much about it before . . . but last night . . . and the more I think about it . . . well, anyway, Toby, I want to start the day off right. Let's not be engaged any more."

Toby said, "But . . ." when she interrupted.

"I'm crazy about somebody else, too. It won't mean a thing in my life that I am. Only with things the way they are . . ."

"But, Lindsay . . ."

"It isn't fair to either of us for the present. Don't you see? It wouldn't be honest. My feelings aren't wholly for you, nor are yours for me . . . and Toby, dear, I am fond of you. You know that."

"I think I could think a little straighter if I had some coffee. Don't you smell it coming up the stairs?"

"Yes," said Lindsay sniffing, "and I think there are sausages, too."

Rufus came in as the two were eating. "You don't mean to say this is breakfast! I thought it must be lunch-time. Good-morning, Lindsay."

When she looked up at him something burned quickly through her. Something that was a memory of last night. She bent her head and blushed furiously. "He doesn't act as if he were angry, though. He looks happier than he has since I've known him."

"There's news," said Rufus. "Lots of it. The farm isn't going to be sold, but the north lot is . . . to the Alexanders. They've been wanting it for years . . . pasture land for their cows. I don't know why I didn't think of Gwen and Terry long ago. It isn't good for anything but grazing. The part I'm selling was a whole farm once. There's even a foundation of a house that burned down. It was the Perkins farm. I went to town to-day to have them look up the boundaries. As soon as they get a search of the title I'll deed it over to them."

Lindsay's eyes were shining. "Then that means," she said softly, "that you're not going to sell the farm?"

Rufus smiled. "Yes, that's one of the things it means. I wish Poppy would get up. I need her to see if these ads are all right . . . or make me some new ones. I'm going to put the Haydon Tree Food on the market. What do you think of 'Scientific Free Feeding' as a slogan?"

"You don't want a salesman, do you?" asked Toby.

Lindsay said, "You said once I could be your publicity agent."

"Now what would I need a publicity agent for?"

Toby smiled. "It is important, Rufus. You ought to be mentioned in all the horticultural magazines, in all the gardening pages of newspapers and all sorts of places like that. You ought to have articles written about you . . . you could use a publicity agent, that is, if you're serious about this."

"I certainly am," said Rufus, "for the first time in my life. And I'm quite excited about it. What I really need is some active partners with marketing experience."

"Good," said Toby, "count us all in on it."

The telephone rang. Rufus jumped up. "I hope that's the call I put in this morning. It's about renting some road frontage for a gas station. Not very elegant, but it'd be a good income, and that's what I need to put the tree food over."

"What would you guess has happened?" asked Toby in an undertone.

Lindsay shook her head. "I wonder." Julia was coming down the stairs when she heard Rufus at the telephone in the library. She stopped and listened. His voice came out from the crack in the door, thin and unreal.

"Three hundred feet? And how far back? No, you'd have to have it on the farther side of the hill. I wouldn't want it where it could be seen from the house. Well, I'll tell you, if you drive out to-morrow and look over the ground. I'm sure we can agree on something. Yes, I'll be here all day to-morrow. And any time. All right. What? Well, I'll keep an eye out for you."

RUFUS opened the door. "Oh, good morning, Julia. How lovely you're looking! It's a grand morning."

Julia came down and stood two stairs above Rufus. It made her seem very tall as she put both hands on his shoulders, leaned over and gave him a kiss.

"Did I hear you making a deal over the phone?"

Rufus stood there. "I hope it's a deal—or will be soon."

Julia watched the morning air blow the curtains back. "Rufe, do you love me?"

He didn't lift his eyes from the floor, but watched intently a spot on the toe of his shoe. "That's a funny question for you to ask," he said deliberately.

"The reason I have to know is, I think it would be fun to be married right away."

Rufus stood there for a long time, before he answered. Then he said, "Maybe we'd better go in here where we can be quite by ourselves."

He carefully closed the door and sat down on the couch which had, Julia noticed, a blue monk's-cloth cover. The pillows she had covered herself in an orange and blue cretonne. A silly pattern . . . a parrot with orange and blue plumage. She watched the end of his cigarette turn grey and the ash grow longer and longer. Then she got up and brought over a brass ash-tray and laid it beside him.

Rufus said finally, "Would you mind telling me, Julia, what has changed your mind so suddenly? For six years I have begged, pleaded, teased, coaxed you. For six years you have put me off in one way or another. Then you do a dreadful thing. I think you want to crush all the spirit out of me. I don't know why you do it, but you say that I must sell the farm and then you will marry me. It is absurd on the face of it, but you give me your reasons and I accept them, though wondering at your lack of feeling. You know all the time how much it means to me and still you insist upon your terms. I've been trying to find an answer to it for days and weeks and months. Maybe you'll tell me, now." He rubbed his hand across his forehead. "It's been a nightmare, these past three months. I must have been in a daze to let a woman make such a fool of me. But I seem to have wakened up."

Julia looked pale. "You don't sound like yourself, Rufus. What's the matter?"

"On the contrary I'm quite myself. And I asked you a question. I wish you would answer it."

Julia rose. She stood tall. "Perhaps I have misunderstood you all these years. Of course, if you don't want to marry me."

Rufus pulled her down again. "That's being melodramatic. And it isn't answering my question. Why have you so suddenly changed your mind?"

"I don't know, Rufus."

He was very patient. "There must be some reason. Think hard."

Julia said: "You haven't gone crazy or anything, have you, Rufus?"

"No, my dear. I've never been more sane in my life. Now answer me what I am asking you. First, do you love me?"

Julia was sobbing a little and feeling around for her handkerchief. "Why, yes, Rufus."

"Did you love me enough to marry me all these years?"

"Yes."

"Then why didn't you?"

"All right, if you must have it," Julia flung her head up. "I simply couldn't bear to think of living up here without any money. Going without all the time. No money for clothes. No money for anything."

"And you perpetually having nothing to fix the farm up with and all your fussing around out there in the greenhouses. We wouldn't have been in love five minutes under those circumstances."

"But you had an ample income for your personal expenses."

"I know. But if I had remarried I would have gone to charitable institutions."

"I see."

"I thought if you would get some money from the farm, enough for a small income, that with your salary from the bond house . . ."

"I see."

"But I do love you, Rufus. I always have loved you. You will marry me, won't you?"

RUFUS got up, stood by the window, and then came over and sat opposite her on the couch. He took out a clean white handkerchief from his hip pocket and wiped her eyes very gently.

"My dear Julia, it seems so very simple to me now. I wonder at myself. I wonder. And I get a curious sense of satisfaction in hearing you beg me to marry you. It makes things perfectly even. It seems to be worth a certain amount of the grief. But I don't know what has happened to me, Julia. I seem to be quite cold and indifferent. I have been that way for a long time. I mean capable even of sitting here and analysing my own emotions while you weep. The very fact that you could sit there and tell me that you preferred money to the warmth and love of my heart seems to render everything cold grey ash. Of course it's worldly and wise and very mature . . . we couldn't possibly have stayed in love . . . it somehow stamps me as naive, as somebody with a youthful romantic fixation . . . it all comes down to this, Julia. You have been greedy. You wanted your freedom and my love, too. You wanted luxury. You weren't willing to pay—you weren't willing to make a down payment, even . . ."

Julia bit her lip. She fingered the gold chain that hung around her neck. "If that's the way you feel—I think I might as well go into town. I'd hardly care to stay around here any longer. Anyway—I hate the

place!" She left the room without looking back and went upstairs.

Rufus took the handkerchief with which he had wiped Julia's eyes and blew his nose violently. He was conscious of the faint aroma of Julia's perfume.

Julia closed the door to her bedroom carefully and then threw herself on the bed sobbing. She stuffed her handkerchief in her mouth so that a person in the hall might not hear it. Then she stopped abruptly. Crying, she reflected, would ruin her looks. She went over to the dressing-table and took out two little eye-pads, saturated them in an eye lotion. She put them over her eyes and lay back in her chair. She knew without looking in her mirror that she didn't have much time to lose. She wondered vaguely how much of a salary John Alexander received. Who was his broker, anyway? Two tears crept out from under the eye-pads. Wasn't it just her luck that the only man she had really cared about would turn out to be more or less impecunious? She had tried hard enough to make something of him. But maybe it was all for the best. If he was going to revert to type, it was just as well to know it before marriage as afterwards. Imagine being married to a farmer! Even a gentleman farmer like John Alexander.

IT was the end of March. There was a fine mist in the air. Lindsay Abbott and Rufus Haydon walked up the steps of Grand Central Palace and presented their cards to the man who was taking tickets.

Rufus said, "You'll be disappointed. Haydon Tree Food is on the third floor. Don't you want to see the other exhibits first?"

Lindsay shook her head. "I can hardly wait to see the exhibit set up. I've seen Poppy working on it for days and she says it is simply a knock-out. Toby says our product will sweep the market. By the way, how did you ever persuade Johnny Raymond to sit in the booth?"

"Johnny is thrilled within an inch of his eyebrows. He likes passing out sales talk and literature."

"Oh, how sweet!" They walked down the aisles heavy with perfume, heavy with the moist damp sweetness of fragrance from the heavy-headed luxuriant blossoms set up in stiff garden pots. "And Rufus . . . look . . . real pigeons there. And look at that waterfall . . . it looks and smells just like the Indian Brook Road . . ."

"You said you wanted to come back later. The thing upstairs will drive you crazy. They have everything from bees and honey to tropical fish and flower prints."

"Gwen is supposed to be attending to one of the tables in the Garden Club to-day. She's been working for ages on a competition—some kind of flower arrangement for a breakfast table . . . I hope she gets a blue ribbon."

Lindsay lingered over a brick garden with a sundial in the centre. Somebody had draped a lace shawl over a stone bench and left a book open. She leaned her arms on the edge of it and watched a tiny pool trickle in a corner. "You knew," she said, terribly conscious of Rufus beside her, "that Poppy and Toby were getting married, didn't you?"

Rufus leaned on his elbows. "I didn't know in so many words, but seeing those two together it wouldn't take many guesses."

"It's funny, isn't it, how things can get mixed up sometimes. You know Toby and I were engaged for a while. It was a curious brainstorm on my part. I had a funny feeling that there wasn't any place for me

in the world . . . that nobody wanted me . . . that all my life I had been shifted around from one person to the other and that everybody was glad to get rid of me. It was just after I lost my job, too, and I suppose I was feeling sensitive about that, though on the surface I didn't seem to mind so much. Well, Toby seemed to want to marry me so much, and in a sort of high-minded moment I said yea."

People milled around them on every side and nobody seemed to notice them. Rufus said, "You aren't, by any chance, trying to tell me you didn't love Toby, are you?"

Lindsay said, "Now that I think of it, maybe I am. I've told you plenty of times how crazy I am about you."

I KNOW, Lindsay. And there just isn't any use. Why couldn't it have been Toby? He's much nearer your own age."

"Yes," Lindsay agreed and pulled off a white glove as she traced a cement line between two pieces of brick. "He's nearer my age—but it happened to be you. What are you going to do about it, Rufus?"

He said, "I've been thinking about it most of the time, Lindsay Abbott. I wish I knew what to do about it. You know, of course, that I've worshipped you ever since I first saw you."

"Well, you've never told me so. You've left me to do all the telling," said Lindsay.

"But you see," said Rufus, "I haven't lived the kind of life you have. Everything has happened to me backwards. Then I'm a lot older than you are. That's the principal difference."

"Yes," said Lindsay, "and when I'm thirty-two, you'll be forty-something, and so on. It sounds worse the farther you go."

"Then, I'm more or less starting out in this business. There's hardly any income right now."

"It's hardly big enough for one, in fact."

"And there are likely to be all sorts of hurdles to go over before we really get anywhere?"

"And what are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to see if you would marry me just the same."

"I would, Rufus Haydon. I would, indeed."

"I don't suppose you would kiss me right here and now?"

"I might if you could step over this little brick wall behind that nice ivy screen."

"We might almost be part of the scenery along with the shawl and the open book."

"Do you suppose many people get engaged at the Flower Show every year?"

"And that I wouldn't know."

In the end they held each other's hands tightly and looked into each other's eyes. The kind of a look that stops the heart, and promises all kinds of things. And finally they climbed to the third floor, but missed Gwen Alexander who had gone out somewhere, so Rufus scrawled a note for her and thumb-tacked it on the bulletin board of the Garden Club. It read:

"Save your breakfast-table effect. We'll use it for a wedding breakfast if it isn't wilted on Saturday—Rufus."

Then as they went down the steps in the midst of the rushing river of people which flowed on each side of them, Rufus leaned over and kissed Lindsay. "To make it legal, darling," he said, "and because I love you."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living persons.)

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